

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

March

25c



Jean
Harlow

GARBO
Likes It!

Sensational Story
"Mata Hari"

ERRY EX-WIVES OF HOLLYWOOD

HY LESLIE HOWARD TURNED DOWN BIG MOVIE MONEY



STARTING A NEW PARADE of HITS for 1932!

M-G-M BEGINS THE
SEASON WITH
TWO
SENSATIONAL DRAMAS

WHAT A SMASHING
BOX SCORE in 1931!

THE CHAMP
MIN AND BILL
TRADER HORN
A FREE SOUL
SUSAN LENOX
The SIN of
MADELON
CLAUDET
POSSESSED
(Just to mention a few)
And BIGGER hits in 1932!



Wallace **BEERY**

The old "CHAMP" himself — greater than ever!

Clark **GABLE**

M-G-M's sensational new star

in THE NEW
MIRACLE
PICTURE—
The THRILL
from the
SKIES!



HELL DIVERS

A GEORGE HILL
Production

with
CONRAD NAGEL
MARJORIE RAMBEAU
DOROTHY JORDAN
MARIE PREVOST

Marie
DRESSLER

THE
GREAT STAR
WHO MAKES
YOU LAUGH
and MAKES YOU
CRY BUT AL-
WAYS MAKES
YOU HAPPY!



in
CLARENCE BROWN'S
Production

Emma

with
RICHARD CROMWELL
JEAN HERSHOLT

directed by
Clarence BROWN

Story by FRANCES MARION
Adaptation and Dialogue by LEONARD PRASKINS
Additional Dialogue by ZELDA SEARS

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Charlie Chan's Chance

WARNER OLAND in another amazing adventure of Earl Derr Biggers' master sleuth! With eyes that see all, lips that tell nothing, Charlie Chan unmasks the most sinister crime of his career. Directed by John G. Blystone, with Alexander Kirkland, H. B. Warner, Marian Nixon, Linda Watkins . . . A mighty murder mystery!



FOX

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

March, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIV, No. 5

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF JEAN HARLOW.....	Bradshaw Crandell
GOOD, CLEAN POISON IVY! <i>Caricatures</i>	Marie House 18
THE REAL MATA HARI.....	Gail Hall Wright 20
WHY LESLIE HOWARD TURNED DOWN BIG MOVIE MONEY.....	Malcolm Oettinger 22
MERRY EX-WIVES OF HOLLYWOOD.....	Ben Maddox 24
HOW HAS THE CHATTERTON CHANGED?.....	Ada Patterson 26
THE WORLD'S WORST AUDIENCE?.....	Harlow Peters 28
ARE SALARY BUBBLES BURSTING?.....	Alma Whitaker 32
MEDALS AND BIRDS!.....	S. R. Mook 52

PERSONALITIES:

JOE BROWN PUTS ON THE DOG.....	30
WHO SAID "TANTRUMS"? <i>Nancy Carroll</i>	Ronnee Madison 51
THE OUTLINE OF JEAN HARLOW.....	Mortimer Franklin 54
BLONDE WARY OF LOVE. <i>Evelyn Knapp</i>	Helen Howard 58
WHO WANTS TO STAY AT HOME?.....	Arthur McArthur 81
IRISH!.....	84

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTION:

THE STORY OF GRETA GARBO AND RAMON NOVARRO IN "MATA HARI" TOLD IN PICTURES.....	35-50
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DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. <i>Guide to Current Films</i>	6
ASK ME!.....	Miss Vee Dee 8
NEIL HAMILTON'S MAGIC CORNER.....	Neil Hamilton 13
HONOR PAGE.....	14
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH.....	16
EDITORIAL.....	17
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans 56
FASHIONS.....	60
THE STAGE IN REVIEW.....	Benjamin De Casseres 64
THE BODY BEAUTIFUL. <i>Beauty Department</i>	Margery Wilson 66
CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS.....	68
SCREEN NEWS.....	70
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS.....	Mary Lee 83
CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS.....	85
STUDIO ADDRESSES OF THE STARS.....	87
HOOTS AND HOORAYS. <i>Letters from the Audience</i>	88

GAYEST SCREEN EVENT of the YEAR!

Chevalier! Captivating all the world with laughter and love! Gay, irresistible, romantic! Jeanette MacDonald—beautiful, tuneful sweetheart of "The Love Parade"! Genevieve Tobin, brilliant comedienne! Charlie Ruggles! Roland Young! What a cast! What a swell time you'll have at this Paramount Picture! What a swell time you have at all Paramount Pictures—always "the best shows in town"!



MAURICE

Chevalier

IN AN
ERNST **LUBITSCH**

PRODUCTION

"ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

WITH **JEANETTE MacDONALD**

**GENEVIEVE TOBIN • Charlie Ruggles
Roland Young**



Under the supervision of
• • Ernst Lubitsch • •
Directed by George Cukor
Music by Oscar Straus

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR,

PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

REVUETTES



Sally Blane, Wallace Ford and Joyce Coad do nice work in "X Marks the Spot." This is a fast-moving murder mystery involving a Broadway columnist.

Pictures—pictures—pictures! Let us help you select the best

Class A:

- ★ **AMBASSADOR BILL.** Fox. Will Rogers does his stuff as an American Ambassador. Not to be missed by Rogers fans.
- ★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES.** United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks presents the most interesting travelogue to date. Doug also supplies the film with clever chatter and descriptions. Don't miss this one.
- ★ **ARROWSMITH.** United Artists. Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes and Richard Bennett do justice to the Sinclair Lewis characters. A splendid film not to be missed.*
- ★ **HELL DIVERS.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Thrilling red-blooded drama about air devils. With Wallace Berry, Clark Gable, Dorothy Jordan, Marjorie Rambeau and Marie Prevost. See it.*
- ★ **POSSESSED.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Joan Crawford is splendid as a small-town girl who makes good in a big, if unconventional, way. Clark Gable not as exciting as usual. Blame the part.
- ★ **PRIVATE LIVES.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A delightfully sophisticated film of domestic difficulties. With Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel and Reginald Denny. See it.*
- ★ **OVER THE HILL.** Fox. Bring along plenty of hankies and have a good time. Mae Marsh makes a great come-back in this talker of the old silent classic. Sally Eilers and James Dunn are grand, too.
- ★ **SOOKY.** Paramount. Not quite another "Skippy," but you'll love it! The three little musketeers, Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan, and Jackie Searl, are as delightful as ever.*
- ★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** Universal. Li'l Southern gal in big city speakeasies—operatic menace—happy ending. With Paul Lukas and Sidney Fox. Good, light entertainment.
- ★ **TAXI.** Warner Brothers. James Cagney does it again! He offers grand entertainment in his rôle of "hard-boiled-but-soft-hearted" taxi driver. Loretta Young is a charming heroine.*

★ **THE CHAMP.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You'll be talking about this picture for a long time. Wallace Beery and little Jackie Cooper are superb in their father and son rôles.

★ **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Helen Hayes puts over this self-sacrifice mother-love drama with her marvelous acting. Don't miss it.

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER.** United Artists. Gloria Swanson's best film since "The Trespasser." It's racy, spicy, sophisticated. And you'll like Melvyn Douglas, Gloria's new leading man.*

Class B:

★ **A DANGEROUS AFFAIR.** Columbia. Murder mystery with good comedy. Jack Holt and Ralph Graves are friendly enemies again. Sally Blane is the pretty femme.

★ **BRANDED MEN.** Tiffany. If you have a yen for westerns—here's your meat. A cowboy-sheriff hero; bad, bad villains who frame the heroine's brother; hard riding and plenty of gun fights. With Ken Maynard and June Clyde.

★ **FLYING HIGH.** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Music, dances, beautiful girls and comedy by Bert Lahr. Pat O'Brien, Kathryn Crawford and Charlotte Greenwood, too. You may like it.*

★ **FRANKENSTEIN.** Universal. First, consider your nerves; then see the most gruesome, terrifying film ever produced. Colin Clive, Mae Clarke and Boris Karloff are the principals.*

★ **GOOD SPORT.** Fox. When the wife is away, the movie husband steps out again! But see how a modern wife handles the situation. With Linda Watkins, Allan Dinehart and John Boles.*

★ **HEAVEN ON EARTH.** Universal. Almost a "Grade A" film, about shanty boaters on the Mississippi. Lew Ayres is splendid, and pretty Anita Louise is the girl.*

★ **HIS WOMAN.** Paramount. The sea, complications between Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, and baby Richard Spiro to make things end well. No more—no less.*

★ **MEN IN HER LIFE.** Columbia. Good melodrama involving a society lass who finds that a gentlemanly heart can beat beneath a poor man's vest. Featuring Lois Moran, Charles Bickford and Victor Varconi.

★ **RICH MAN'S FOLLY.** Paramount. A worthy but not altogether successful effort to transcribe Dickens' "Dombey and Son" to the screen. Good work by George Bancroft and Frances Dee.*

★ **SAFE IN HELL.** First National. The story is a rousing, red-meat melodrama, with a spirited performance by Dorothy Mackaill. Donald Cook and Ralf Harolde help the plot along.*

★ **SECRET SERVICE.** RKO. Love-versus-duty. An old-fashioned drama of the Civil War with Richard Dix as a member of the Secret Service and Shirley Grey as a daughter of the South.

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.

(Continued on page 98)

Let SCREENLAND guide you to the best screen entertainment. Pay special attention to our Seal of Approval films. See page 85 for casts of current films

...He takes life's corners
on two wheels!

James Cagney

in

"TAXI"

HONK! HONK! Here comes Jim! . . . Rough . . . ready . . . romantic . . . The fighting-est, loving-est red head that ever skipped a "stop" light . . . He knows what's what . . . He's wise to every bright light on Broadway and speeds thru life to love—after a blow-out or two . . . "Taxi"—a dramatic cross section of life on the wisewalks of New York . . . Speedy . . . thrilling . . . glorious entertainment!

With

LORETTA YOUNG

GEORGE E. STONE

GUY KIBBLE

Adaption and dialogue by
Kubec Glasmon and John Bright

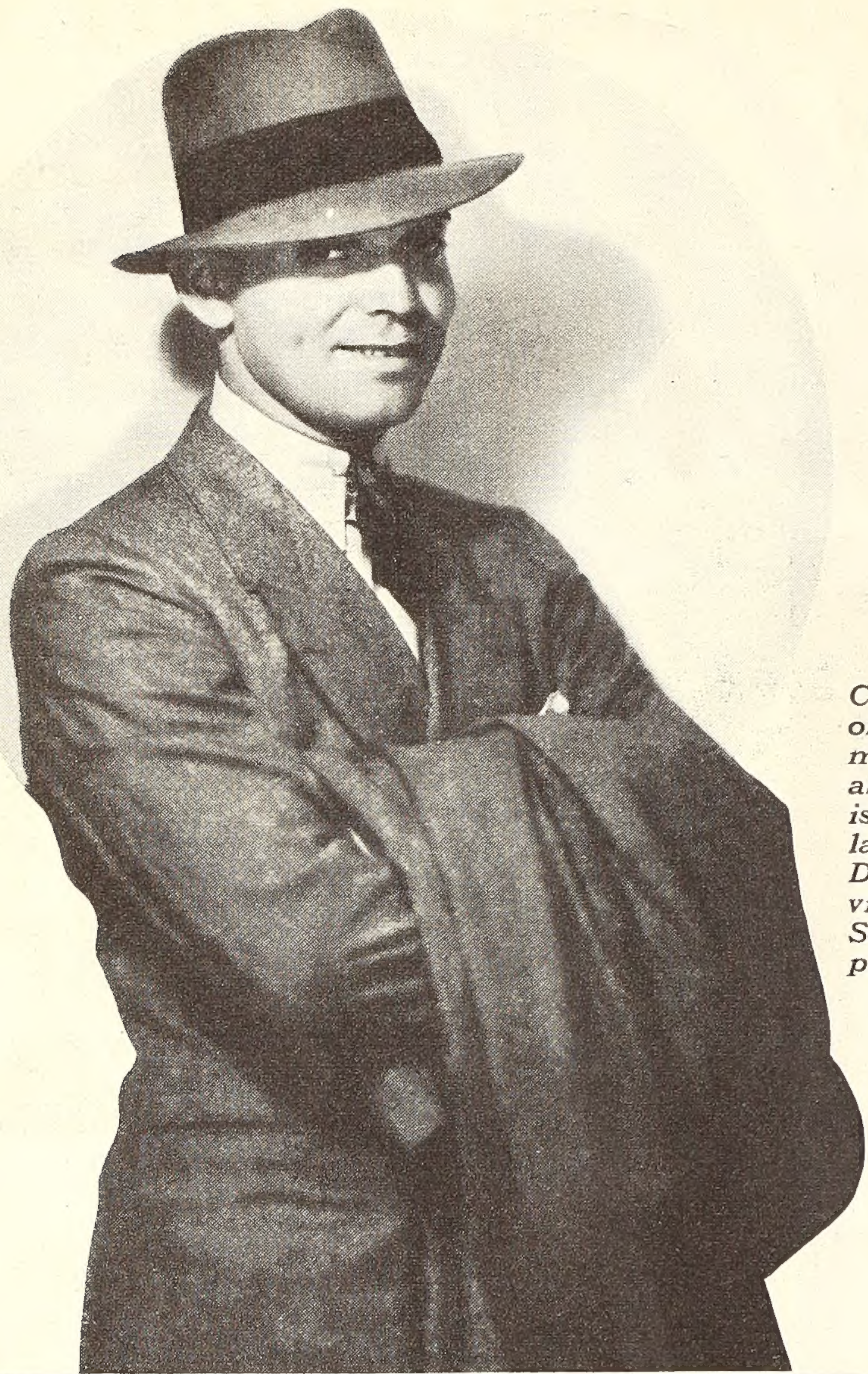
Directed by
ROY DEL RUTH



A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee



Clark Gable—man of the hour, of the month, and probably of the year—he is that popular! His latest release is "Hell Divers," which is reviewed in this issue. See Miss Vee Dee's paragraph about him, below.

Sunny Jim. Even big strong men are seeking information about the answer to sundry maiden's prayers—Clark Gable, none other. He was born Feb. 1, 1901, in Cadiz, Ohio, is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 190 pounds and has gray eyes and brown hair. He has been married over a year to his second wife, Rita Langham; he has a step-daughter who is about sixteen and a step-son of twelve. His present wife is not an actress. Clark has so many new friends scattered all over the world since his advent into pictures that he is swamped with letters; he is pleased, of course, but is still bewildered and says he doesn't quite know what it's all about. He has stepped into one good break after another since the directors "discovered" him—from "The Painted Desert" with Bill Boyd, "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Laughing Sinners," "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and his latest releases, "Possessed" with Joan Crawford, and "Hell Divers" with Wallace Beery, Conrad Nagel and Dorothy Jordan.

Augusta C. You want something fresh about your favorite, Bela Lugosi. With such a dignified gentleman for a subject, that would be impossible. He came to America in 1921 and appeared in many stage productions and silent pictures. He was born in Lugos, Hungary, on Oct. 20, 1888. His real name is Bela Lugosi Blasko. Given name pronounced *Bee-la*. He is 6 feet 1½ inch tall, weighs 177 pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes. Not married. The man you refer to in "The Star Witness" and in Ruth Chatterton's "Laughing Lady" is Nat Pendleton.

Nick B. The sweetheart of all your dreams, Clara Bow, will be seen in another picture if popular demand means anything. My personal nomination on her best release was her last picture, "Kick In." Then Clara lost out and we've been waiting for her to come back with one just as good. She has fiery red hair and agate-brown eyes, is fond of swimming, motoring and horseback riding. Her first screen rôle was a small part in "Beyond the Rainbow" with Billie Dove, but not knowing anything about the art of make-up the tears she was supposed to shed made a wreck of her appearance and the part was cut out of the picture entirely. She was given another chance in Elmer Clifton's "Down to the Sea in Ships" and she made good after being beaten and thrown around and subjected to other realistic bits of acting for 22 weeks, while the picture was in production. Her work in that film made her one of the most popular girls in the industry. She is now married to Rex Bell.

Mary Lou. The radio broadcaster of bed-time story shorts for Columbia Pictures is Eddie Buzzell. Although Eddie makes shorts and can he make 'em, he isn't in the wearing apparel business. Other high and low comedy experts are Clark and McCullough, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy.

Myra B. I can give you a neat comeback on almost any question about the screen personalities but I really can't keep up with *all* the people of distinction. I know Helen Wills is Mrs. Moody in private life but her home address is unknown to me. So far Helen's screen work has

The Answer Girl is here to answer your questions. Please be patient and await your turn. Consult page 85 for the casts of current films, and page 87 for stars' addresses, before asking your questions. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

been exclusively confined to the newsreels.

Natalie F. John Gilbert's real name is John Pringle. He is an American, born in Logan, Utah, on July 10, 1897. His first stage appearance was with the late Eddie Foy when he—John!—was ten. John has been a tire salesman, newspaper reporter, and stage manager with a stock company. He went to Hollywood where he played with William S. Hart as an extra—followed by a two-year contract with Thomas H. Ince, working for \$30 a week for the first year, and for \$40 a week for the second. Not making a great success as a leading man, he turned to writing and directing. His first real success began with his portrayals of romantic rôles in Elinor Glyn's "His Hour" and "The Merry Widow." Then came "The Big Parade" and John was the idol of the silent screen. I don't know what his future plans are.

Carol O. If you adore Jackie Cooper you should see "The Champ." I'm surprised you missed it. Keep watching for it. Jackie was born Sept. 15, 1923. He has blonde hair, hazel eyes, is 51 inches tall and weighs about 73 pounds. In 1928 he was a member of "Our Gang." Hal Roach loaned him to Paramount for the lead in "Skippy." He played with Richard Dix in "Donovan's Kid" for Radio Pictures, then M-G-M offered to buy his contract from Hal Roach and a long term contract was the result. "The Champ" was Jackie's first picture under the new contract with others to follow.

Alida L. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran played in "The Callahans and the Murphys" in 1927. The story was by Kathleen Norris, the scenario by Frances Marion, and it was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sally O'Neil and Lawrence Gray provided the romance. Is that all today, Alida?

Edna Mae. With all the fine compliments you shower upon me, there are just
(Continued on page 10)

SKY DEEVILS

HOWARD HUGHES
Presents

The
**SUPREME
ENTERTAINMENT**

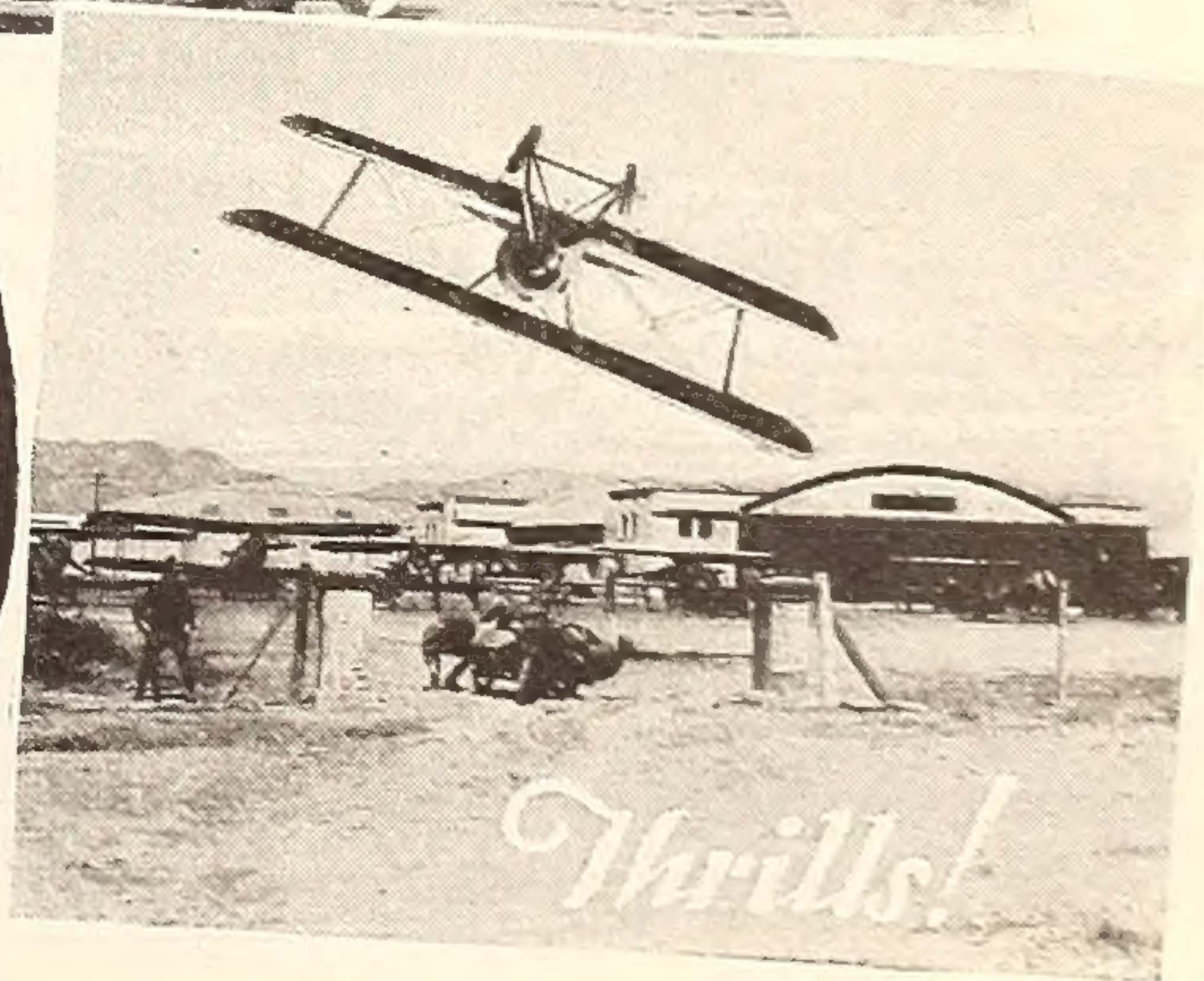
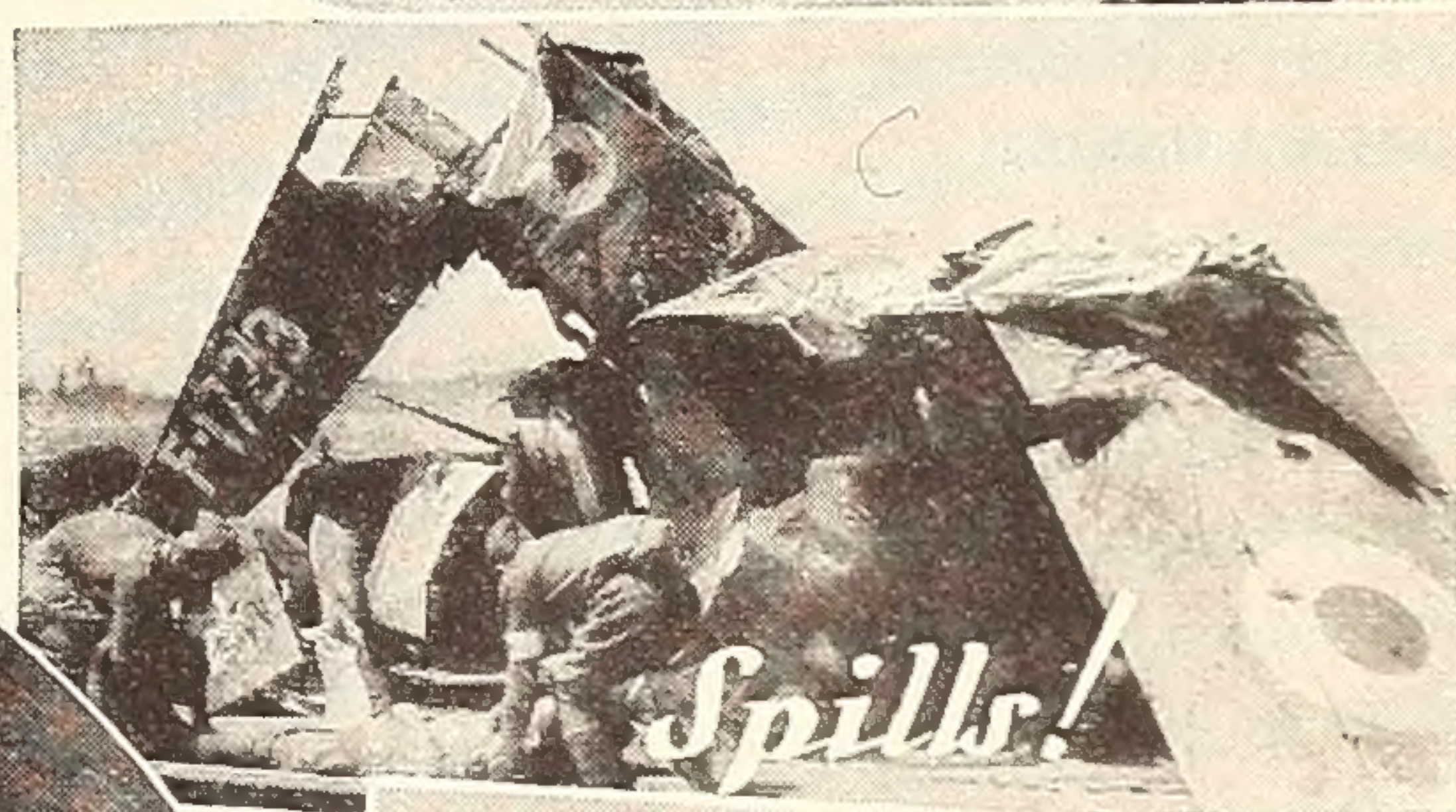
With
**SPENCER TRACY
WILLIAM BOYD
ANN DVORAK
GEORGE COOPER**

Mystery!

*An
EDWARD
SUTHERLAND
Production*



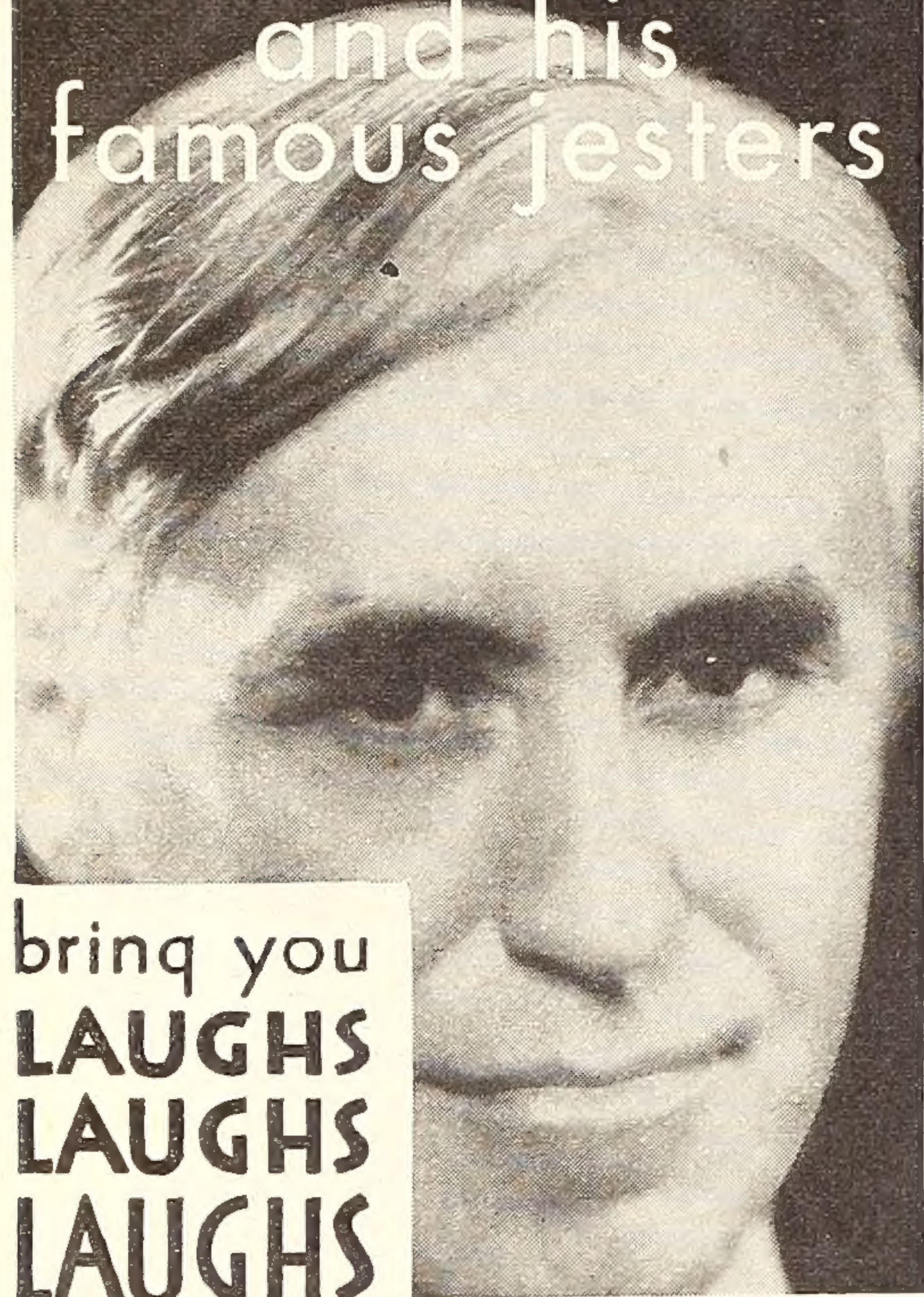
**UNITED ARTISTS
PICTURE**



PRODUCED BY HOWARD HUGHES

MACK SENNETT

king of comedy makers
and his
famous jesters



bring you
**LAUGHS
LAUGHS
LAUGHS**

King of comedy! Maker of stars! His rare sense of nonsense is a marvelous gift to a world now so badly in need of laughs. Laugh yourself to happiness with Sennett and his famous fun-makers.



ANDY CLYDE

The screen's best loved comedy character. You'll love Andy as "Pop" Martin while you laugh at him in

"HALF HOLIDAY"
"SHOPPING WITH WIFIE"

BING CROSBY

Radio's big new hit—a sensation on the air—a riot on the screen—singing your favorite songs in

"ONE MORE CHANCE"
"DREAM HOUSE"



HARRY GRIBBON

Whenever you want a laugh that will strain the buttons on your vest, count on a Mack Sennett Comedy with Gribbon

"ALL-AMERICAN KICKBACK"
"THE POTTSVILLE PALOOKA"

There are always snap and pep and laughs in the show that includes some of Educational's short subjects.



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



"Turn on the emotion for this scene," says director W. S. Van Dyke to Maureen O'Sullivan, the feminine lead in "Tarzan." This is how they take a close-up—note the lights and microphone surrounding Maureen.

Ask Me—Continued from page 8

two things to do about it—one is to get your answer in print pronto, and the other I can't think of at present. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, of French parentage. She attended grammar school in Paris but obtained the rest of her education in America. She has made her home in New York City for the last 15 years. She made her stage debut on Christmas Day in 1924 in "The Wild Westcotts." Her first screen rôle was in a silent picture, "For the Love of Mike," with Ben Lyon in 1927. She played opposite Maurice Chevalier in both English and French versions of "The Big Pond." Her latest picture is "His Woman" with Gary Cooper.

Jean A. You will have your wish about Clara Bow. She is to make films again after her temporary absence from the screen. Her next will be for an independent company and as soon as the permanent title is settled, I'll tell the fans all about it.

Clara is 26 years old, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has red hair and brown eyes. She was married to Rex Bell, whose real name is George Beldam, on Dec. 3, 1931. Now that's settled, come on back, Clara, and make us laugh and cry as you used to do. SCREENLAND has always been your best booster.

Maie C. The screen version of "Peter Pan" was made in 1925 with Betty Bronson as *Peter*, Mary Brian as *Wendy*, Esther Ralston as the mother. "The Green Murder Case" was released in November, 1929. Margaret Livingston is now the wife of Paul Whiteman, the orchestra leader. Margaret was born Nov. 25, 1902, in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has auburn hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. Claire Windsor hasn't been in pictures since the birth of the talkies. Anita Page plays with Buster Keaton in "Sidewalks of New York."

An Idea That Grew Until It Had Remade Thousands of Futile Lives..



... turning failure into success, remolding personality, bringing new personal power and influence, new friendships and popularity, new culture and a richer, bigger life. Basic principles and methods that YOU can use in your everyday life now revealed.

Now in a fascinating book that you may read for five days free!

DO you ever hunger for new activities, new contacts, new friendships? Do you feel dissatisfied because your life is a deadly routine of humdrum happenings? Have you a feeling that somehow, sometime you slid into a rut and now you are only *half-alive* mentally, that you lack the power and dynamic personality to achieve your greatest aims in life?

If this pictures you even in part then this story is for you. It is the story of an idea—and of the power of an idea!

Ten years ago a person like yourself felt life slipping away—nothing really vital ever happening in either business or social life.

Birth of A Great Movement

But that person had an idea, a plan to try, to make new contacts and friends and from this starting point develop new interests that would make life richer in culture, in achievement, and enjoyment.

With this hope that “maybe . . . perhaps” a more vital, less futile life could be lived, there was developed in actual practice a definite plan and methods. From these beginnings, in the next ten years thousands of men and women, young and old, in all walks of life, joined this movement for keeping mentally alive and getting the most out of life. Lead-

ing educators and psychologists endorsed the plan. One enthusiast told another. And so the movement grew. *And in every case the plan worked!*

Now YOU Can Use This Plan

Now, so that new thousands may follow these tried and proved methods, the complete plan has been outlined in detail in a fascinating book.

There is nothing “general” about the recommendations in this book. It tells you in specific terms how to deal with the chief problems and events in your daily business, social, and home life to make them contribute to your greatest progress. The panel on the left of this page suggests the tremendous scope of the contents.

Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Reading this book will be one of the most thrilling experiences of your life. It doesn't call for “studying.” You read it as you would a book of fiction or any ordinary book. It supplies principles and methods that you can put into practice within five minutes—and *reap the benefits at once!*

“Keeping Mentally Alive” will be a revelation to you. So certain are we of this that we want you to read the book at our expense. All you need do to receive the book is to mail at once the coupon below. You may read it and use it for five days without cost. If you don't feel that it is one of the greatest things that ever happened in your life return it at our expense. If you decide to keep it, to help you get the things you want from life, send only \$3 in full payment after five days.

You can't afford to miss owning this remarkable book. So don't “put off”—mail the coupon at once for your copy. Address: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, (Dept. 773), 2 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

What this amazing book offers you...

There is nothing mysterious about the methods put forward in *Keeping Mentally Alive*. Below are listed just some of the ways the book helps you to get the most out of life. If you lack even a few of these personal qualities you are only *half-alive* mentally, seriously handicapping yourself in both business and social life. Divisions of the book tell you—

- .. how to win mental efficiency
- .. how to talk interestingly and persuasively
- .. how to win and hold friends
- .. how to develop a dynamic personality
- .. how to increase personal popularity
- .. how to put your ideas across to individuals and groups
- .. how to add to your contacts, interests, and activities
- .. how to make your working hours more interesting and resultful
- .. how to bring harmony and happiness into your life
- .. how to get more enjoyment from your leisure hours
- .. how to overcome an inferiority complex
- .. how to overcome mental fatigue, boredom, and indifference
- .. how to overcome abnormal sensitiveness, shyness, and timidity
- .. how to inspire affection and loyalty
- .. how to develop your memory
- .. how to develop your imagination
- .. how to get the most out of your reading
- .. how to direct your will power
- .. how to balance mental, physical, and emotional energy
- .. how to be at ease, interesting, and impressive in any surroundings
- .. how to master and use conversational control in all personal contacts

Accept a copy of this vital book for five days' free reading

Tell us where to send your copy of “Keeping Mentally Alive.” Then let it *prove* to you how it can remold your personality and bring out the hidden powers within you—make you the new man or woman you want to be. Tear out and mail the coupon now—before it is too late.

IN MON TUE WED THU FRI SA

5-Day Free Examination Coupon

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YES—send me *Keeping Mentally Alive* for five days' free reading. If I keep it I will send only \$3 in full payment after five days. If it isn't what I want I will return it at your expense within the five days. Send to:

My Name.....
St. and No.....
City and State.....

Strike Down the Band!

He's called little Butterworth, dear little Butterworth. And he can play any instrument without notes—in fact, without music



*Photographs of Charles Butterworth
by Irving Lippmann*

*Text by
Mortimer Franklin*

Here's Charlie as the band conductor, wearing a gentle, pianissimo smile. But we must say he doesn't conduct himself very properly!



First the violin obbligato. "Obbligato go home now," says everyone within earshot, when he begins to scrape his way along.



Sliding to second bass. It may not be such hot music—but think of the wonderful exercise he's getting!



Charlie, being a good critic of his own bugle playing, blows the "mess" call. "Ta-ta-ta," says the instrument—and the audience echoes, "Ta-ta!"



"Here are ten 'plunks' for you—go out and spend 'em," says generous Charles. And as for the 'plunks'—well, would you rather hear 'em or walk 'em?



Look at the big blower now, in his form-fitting tuba! "Oompah is just a bowl of oompahs."



And now he's got hold of a baritone horn. But don't worry—the dentist is coming at last. . . . Why, to extract his toot, of course!

Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner

Are you following these simple lessons in parlor magic? Here's Lesson No. 2

By
Neil Hamilton

IN THE last issue I told you about the trick of vanishing a half dollar from a glass of water, and promised the explanation of it in this issue. Perhaps some of my readers guessed it. However, if not, this explanation and the illustrations will make it clear.

The performer should first provide himself with a circular piece of glass, the size of a half dollar. A heavy watch crystal will do admirably, and can be obtained from any jeweler for a few cents. He should also see that the glass tumbler used has a flat bottom, just about the size of a half dollar. These are quite common.

Before starting the trick, have the piece of glass concealed in the palm of the hand. Pass the coin for examination, and then hold it at the tips of the fingers, and place the cloth over it. Under cover of the cloth the fingers reach down and grip the piece of glass, raising it in place of the coin, which remains in the hand. This glass dummy is then held over the glass of water. When it is dropped in, it can be heard to clink against the glass, but, at the bottom of the tumbler, under water, it can't be detected, and the glass seems perfectly empty.

Of course, while all attention is drawn to the glass—and the magician's attention seemingly is—he can drop the coin to the floor, or, after the glass is shown empty, can plunge his hand in someone's pocket and then bring it out disclosing the coin.



The coin-and-glass trick. Above, how to grip the glass disk in the palm while holding the coin. Left, how the disk is held through the handkerchief preparatory to dropping it in the glass.



No, it's not a hasty lunch. Mr. Hamilton is just showing us one of his own variations on the billiard ball trick. Try it yourself!

Keep up a constant fire of chatter, explaining what you're doing—or rather what you're pretending to do! Call attention to the fact that someone else is actually holding the coin and dropping it into the glass. If you keep your eyes on the tumbler, the handkerchief, and what's supposed to be going on, nobody will ever notice the hand that "goes south" with the real coin.

If you are not good at "making up" talk to go with tricks, there are reliable books with "lines" for all such feats to be had from dealers in magic apparatus and literature.

I always urge all amateurs to rehearse their talk with their tricks, so that they have a complete "script" before they start. It makes a lot of difference in the effect of the presentation.

I will now describe another trick, simple but effective: the "Mystic Pellets." The magician takes three cigarette papers, or, if these are not handy, small bits of newspaper, and rolls them up into three little pellets. He sits at a table and places these before him.

"Now," he remarks, "I will show you an ancient Hindu trick. The fakirs there, by means of hypnotism, mesmerism, plagiarism, or whatever sort of 'ism' it is, can mentally command living bodies to fly through the air to them. Of course I won't try that on any of you because people don't like to fly through the air that way—but I'll illustrate how it's done with these pellets of paper.

"For instance,"—suing the action to the word—"I place two of these in my hand—one, two (Continued on page 111)

Double Feature!

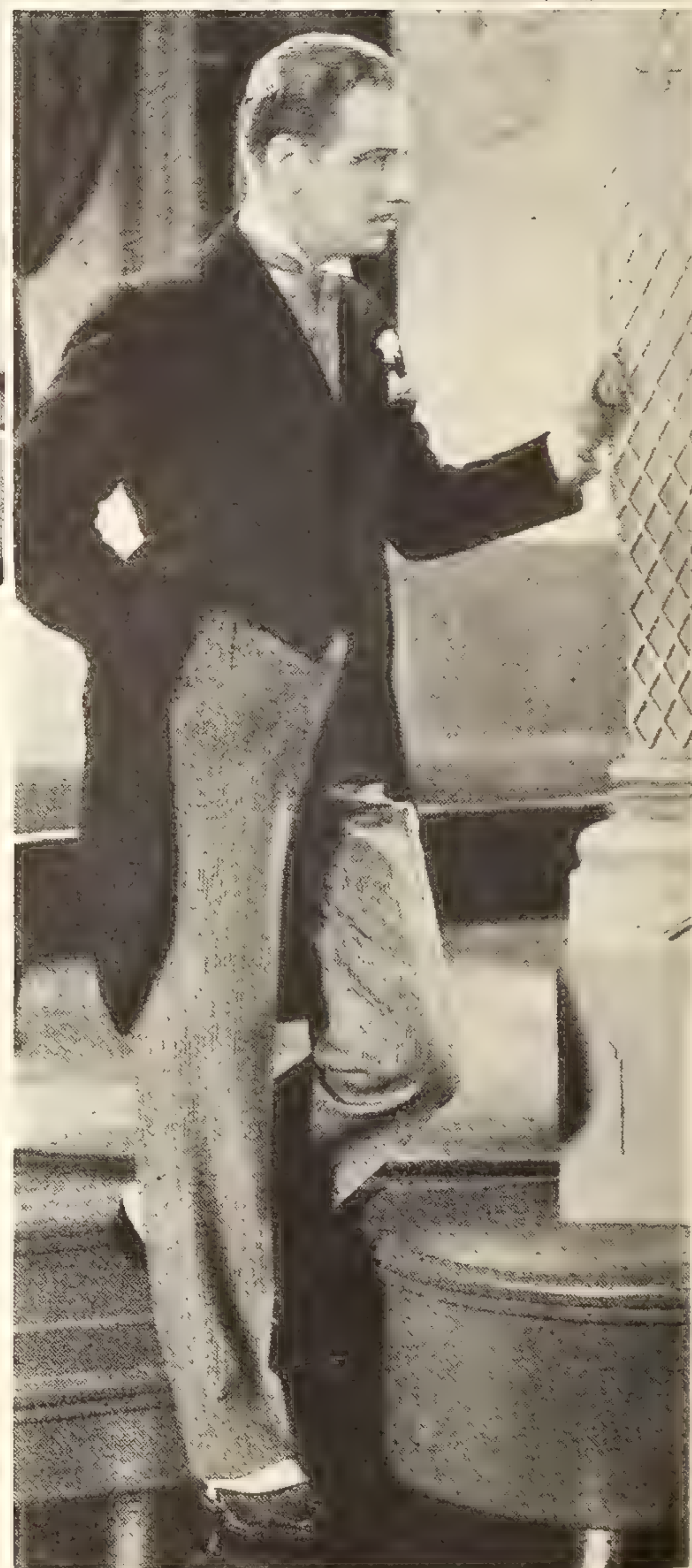
SCREENLAND
presents
Gloria Swanson
and Melvyn Douglas
in "Honor Among Stars"

In other words,
divide our Honor
Page between
you, Gloria and
Melvyn!

Gloria leaves the screen for Michael Farmer—leaves in a blaze of glory. "Tonight or Never" presents her at her brilliant best. Somehow this Swanson girl has the secret of perennial success all sewed up somewhere—either in her Chanel handbag; or her strange, slanting gray eyes; or her one-of-a-kind nose, or—more likely!—in that wise, sleek little head of hers. Whatever it is, Gloria has the recipe.

She has left Hollywood for the time; but if we know our Gloria—and we've known her since Cecil DeMille days—she'll be back. Meanwhile she is the favorite camera subject of the European photographers. We see her pictures with Michael, in the Sunday rotogravures. She looks happy—she looks great. We're proud of our Swanson! And we recommend her amusing new film.

And now—Mr. Douglas. We like him. We think you'll like him, too. He's a new and different leading man. From the stage, he has an excellent voice. He is a splendid foil for Gloria in "Tonight or Never."





Here he is—another “new man in Hollywood.” He is going to stay, having been signed for pictures on the strength of his performance in “Tonight or Never.” See him next in “The Wiser Sex,” with Claudette Colbert.



You want to know about Gloria's new leading man? All right! Douglas played in the original stage production of “Tonight or Never,” in New York, opposite the well-known Broadway star, Helen Gahagan. Just as a matter of record, Miss Gahagan became Mrs. Melvyn Douglas before the run of the play was over. Oh, well—Clark Gable is married, too. You'll just have to get used to the new-style matinée idols, young ladies of the audience!

Swanson shines again, and her new leading man shares her success. Bon voyage, Gloria! Welcome to our screens, Mr. Douglas!





Paramount

*The Most Beautiful Still
of the Month*

GENEVIEVE TOBIN in "ONE HOUR WITH YOU"

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND



AN OPEN LETTER to WILL HAYS —about Helen!



DEAR MR. HAYS:

I want you to do something about Helen.

I know she isn't your sister or your cousin or your aunt—or any relation at all, in fact. But it's all in the Hollywood family, anyway.

You probably have a lot of other things on your mind, Mr. Hays. But I wish you would drop them all this minute and turn your whole attention to this problem. That is:

Get Helen Hayes back on the screen, right away!

You behold in this little girl the most potent picture personality since Mary Pickford. Helen Hayes has the power to pull people—all kinds of people—into the theatres, hold them there, and send them out ready to fight her battles for her. She did it in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." She did it in "Arrowsmith," in a secondary rôle. She can do it again and again. And she has no business being away from Hollywood at this crucial time. Hollywood needs Helen Hayes as it has needed no other actress.

I'm not forgetting Garbo. She is superb; there will never be another star like her. But Garbo has very definite limitations. She thrills, she awes, she disturbs—but she cannot play poor pathetic mothers and self-sacrificing little wives; she cannot pull you to pieces as Hayes can; she is much too magnificent. Have you ever—think back, now—felt *sorry* for Garbo? She may be a great actress—I don't know. She has never had a chance to prove it—and it isn't important, as long as she can look like that. She is the adolescent's dream of Woman—remote, mysterious. While Helen Hayes is a comfortable, lovable, human girl you like to have around.

See what I mean, Mr. Hays? Like Mary Pickford of the silent screen days, Helen is easy to get along with. She can play parts everyone understands. Her problems might be yours and mine—well, mine, anyway. She is the one actress the screen has ever known with absolutely unanimous appeal. Like Maude Adams in the theatre, she can make friends of the whole family and keep them.

Helen Hayes is the most curious combination in the American theatrical scene. She is everything in one small package. Power, pathos, comedy, cuteness. She has been an actress since she was six—about twenty-two years. She can be comic like the kid Pickford. She can plunge into pathos like Lillian Gish. And she can also be very, very charming, as she is proving right now on the New York stage in Molnar's pungent little play, "The Good Fairy."

This girl can do more for the movies at this time than all the conferences and cycles and censorship. In fact, she may be able to help in the good cause in which we are all striving—that is, to make us a nation of rabid, every-night-in-the-week movie fans again.

Please, won't you manage it, Mr. Hays? Thank you!

Delight Evans

GOOD, CLEAN

Just a little gentle malice in movie Wonderland. Kindly send all bouquets, bombs, or legal correspondence direct to the author of these loving, lethal little portraits



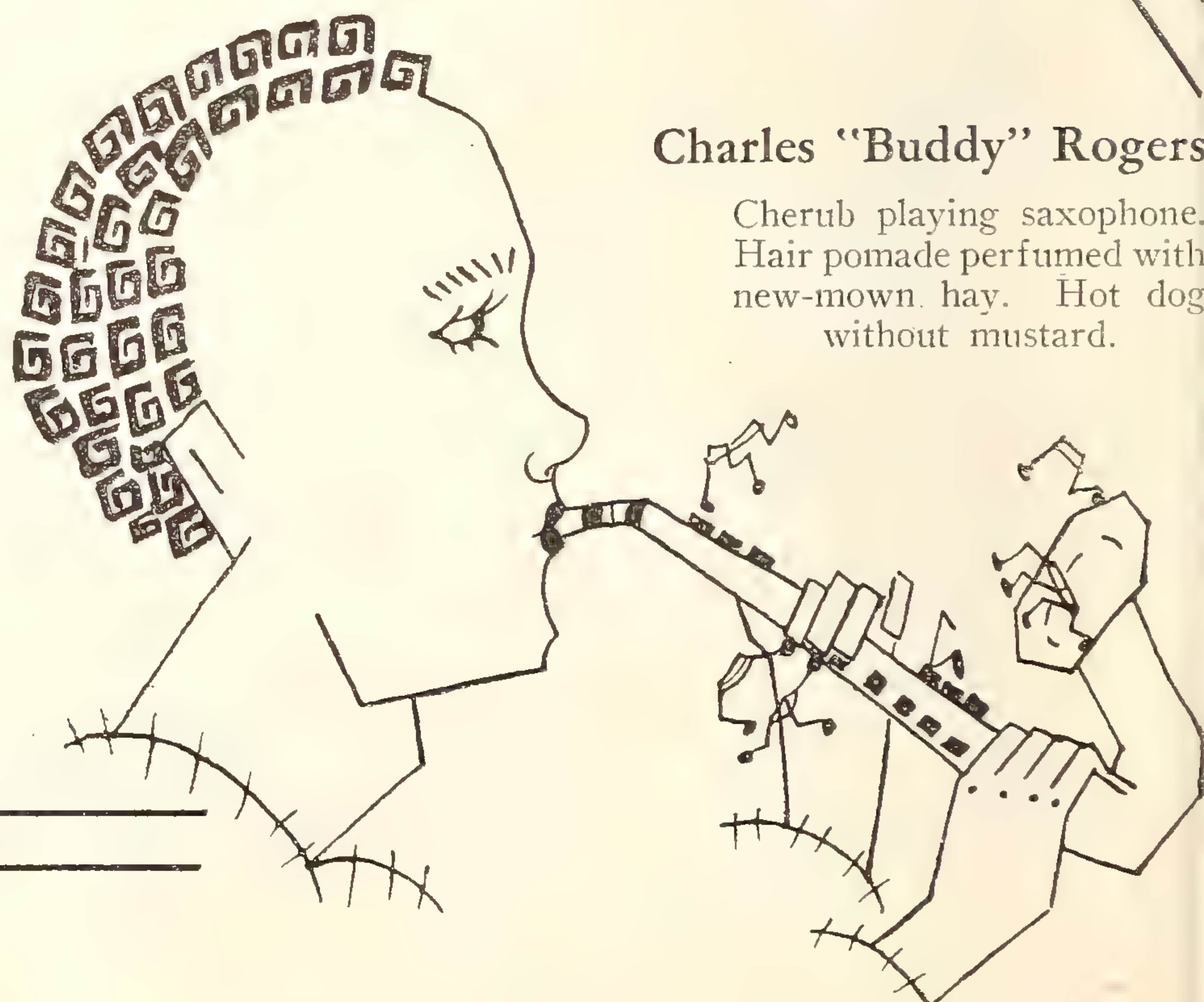
Clark Gable

Billiken with sex appeal. Horny hands of toil in suede gloves. Dimpled dynamite.



Constance Bennett

Portrait of girl whose eyes don't fit her face. Jeweled purse. Very highly polished tortoise shell.



Charles "Buddy" Rogers

Cherub playing saxophone. Hair pomade perfumed with new-mown hay. Hot dog without mustard.

POISON IVY!

By Marie House

Greta Garbo

Sphinx eating ice cream cone. Peacock feathers grafted on amazed chick. Pungent cheese in crystal dish.



Nancy Carroll

Lady of the Moon—face. Pisces-eyed tot. Fire between layers of pie crust.



Mary Astor

Mona Lisa chewing gum. Village choir singer wearing galoshes. Marshmallow-covered ginger snap.



The REAL

Who was she, what was she? Siren, spy, angel, devil?

A photograph of the real Mata Hari, as she looked when her dances and her intrigues were the sensation of Europe. Is Garbo temperamentally attuned to interpret her?



IT WAS sleeting in Paris! Hearth-seekers had long since left the streets to repairing crews, who huddled as they worked as close to the fiery braziers as the conscientious overseers would permit.

Cheiro, world famous palmist—sought after by kings, czars and statesmen—hesitated on the steps of his club; then deciding with that psychic insight for which he is noted, that the night held adventure for him, he dismissed the thought of a taxi and, buried deep in his furs, skidded out to meet fate as it chose to manifest itself.

Perhaps, because he had spent his evening at a let-us-be-up-and-doing-something meeting for starving pussy cats, he was feeling particularly sympathy-alert for the homeless and the cold. At any rate, the sight of the felinely graceful figure of an uncloaked woman, swaying against the whipping wind, caught what was left of his storm-sucked breath and challenged his immediate interest. As she stopped to accept, for a moment, the warm invitation of the glowing brazier he hesitated beside her.

"Mon Dieu! She was a gentlewoman and blue with cold!" Compassion for her distress melted his usual reserve.

"Pardon, Madame!"

"How dare you speak to me?" She turned upon him furiously, her voice tempered to the freezing weather.

"I'm sorry. But you look cold—and since I have just attended a meeting for stray cats I—"

Laughter brought the warming blood to the beautiful face of Mata

How much is truth, in Garbo's "Mata Hari"? version, told in picture with Cheiro's

MATA HARI!

The mystery woman who inspired Garbo's sensational new film is revealed to you by Cheiro, who cherished her friendship. Here is the strange and fascinating real-life story of the most beautiful spy of all time

By
Gail Hall Wright

Hari, later to be known as the greatest of all international spies, but at that moment jobless and alone.

"So, that's what I look like, is it? An English compliment, surely!" She laughed again.

But the figurative ice was broken and it was only a few arguments later that Cheiro was able to persuade her of his honorable intentions and induce her to share a cup of coffee at his hearth-side.

And so began a friendship which is still a cherished memory to Cheiro.

* * *

"Flaming Mata Hari was the most bewitching, the most fascinating, the most intelligent woman I have ever known." Cheiro, privately known as Count Louis Hamon, now of Hollywood, speaks of her with the same respectful awe with which one would recall the frightening beauty of a lightning storm.

"She would have been living today, a powerful English peeress, had not the stars under whose sinister influence she was born fated her for a more dramatic rôle, marking her tiny hand, while it yet clutched its baby toys, for high adventure and violent death. At the very beginning of her career as a spy, before rumors of world war arose to threaten civilization, I interpreted these signs for her and begged her — even while I knew in my heart that her destiny was inescapable—to seek a less hazardous career. But she accepted her

how much fiction
Turn to our story
tures, and com-
revelations here.



THE HAND OF MATA HARI!

Autographed "M. H. Paris. 1900."

Cheiro's new book, "Fate in the Making," explains how the hand of Mata Hari bears out her destiny. Three lines of destiny may be seen going up the center of the hand where they converge in a star at the base of the second finger. A star in such a position is a tragic indication. The double fate line denotes a double life. Where it cuts through the line of life may be taken as the time of a tragic death brought about by double life. In this case, about the 38th year. The double line of head across the palm's center shows great intelligence.

fate proudly and unflinchingly.

"The end must come to us all," she mused. "For ye little people living a safe and stale life it may mean a marble cross in a

village churchyard, a few wilted wreaths and a made-to-order obituary notice. But is that compensation for a sluggish existence? Ah, no! Not for me, Cheiro! For me there may be a bed of limestone, a number in a prison yard, but after all, is that so important? What matter

the manner of our demise if we can first make the short years we have on earth flame with adventure, burn with passion, flash with danger and intrigue? Espionage is the greatest game of all. It is a battle of brains on the chessboard of life, or call it a stage, if you will, with all the world your audience. It gives a woman full scope for her powers as an actress, thus satisfying a craving born of all womankind. She can feed her desire for admiration, her craving for conquest, without considering the stupid rules of society. Conventions need not make her cautious. Nor can domesticity imprison her. Knowing that she is powerfully protected she can lie, steal, charm at will, and while she may be dealing in lives, Cheiro, in the end she cancels the debt with her own.

"However," with a gesture of distaste for the sentiment that prompted the mentioning of such inconsequential matters—"the perfect spy cares nothing for lives—for the ideal spy can have no heart."

"Ah, then, Mata Hari, you will indeed succeed, for yours seems to be entirely frozen."

"Yes, Cheiro," she replied almost sadly. "It is dead—along with my children and the only love I ever knew. All that I care for now is my work and Germany. Do you remember when you told me that Germany was governed, astrologically, by the House of Aries, the same as I, and for that reason my career there would be a remarkable one, though it would end in tragedy?"

Yes, Cheiro remembered. It had been a (Continued on page 101)

WHY LESLIE HOWARD *turned down* BIG MOVIE MONEY

He was a hit—but
he left Hollywood.
Why? Here's your
answer!

By
*Malcolm H.
Oettinger*



Acme

When the voices in Hollywood spoke, saying "Sell us your soul and body for sixty months and we will make you independently wealthy," the blonde young Briton shook his head negatively, shook hands politely all round, and boarded a boat for England. That's Leslie Howard.

NOT many actors would turn down a contract good for half a million dollars in five years. Given the opportunity, not many business men would do it.

But Leslie Howard is an uncommon fellow. Not only is he extraordinarily fine as an actor; he is individual as a person. When the voices in Hollywood spoke, saying, "Sell us your body and soul for sixty months and we will make your independently wealthy," the blonde young Briton shook his head negatively, politely shook hands all round, and boarded a boat for England.

The whole thing forms one of those fabulous tales for which Hollywood is celebrated. The entire legend should

be added to Califfilmia apocrypha.

Leslie Howard was a stage figure of note, establishing himself on Broadway as rapidly as he had made his mark in the West End theatres of London. He was not handsome, he was less than dynamic, and he was certainly disinterested in

pictures. Hence he was slow in going cinematic.

Finally he was cajoled by the Titans of Celluloidia to try a picture or two. They wanted legitimate leading men who could handle their voices in the talkies. So Howard consented.

He appeared in three before one was released, and for some reason best known to themselves the Titans guessed that Howard was not a good bet. They did not think he had enough Gable to goal the girls. So when he demanded a tilt in salary if he was to stay for more pictures they said, "No, you go ahead back to New York."

Then the films in which he had acted began to unreel across the country. In New York they saw Howard,



During his Hollywood visit Mr. Howard played in a shredded-wheat epic called "Never the Twain Shall Meet," with Conchita Montenegro, a part any good actor could have played.



In "A Free Soul" Leslie Howard gave a good performance but his rôle failed to reveal his unusual talents. Above, with Norma Shearer.

and in Boston; in Seattle, Louisville and Houston. And as one they acclaimed the new leading man. Fancy the embarrassment of the Hollywood Titans. Imagine the wires they caused to be rushed after the retreating young Englishman. Picture the smile on his face as he read them!

With passage already booked for London, his home, Howard rejected all offers to come back to the Coast—till included. He was off to England.

That ends the apocryphal legend, which happens to be true.

But it does not end my story. I wanted to know why Howard had turned down Hollywood. It was known, on what is fatuously termed the Inside, that one of the largest companies had offered him a five year contract involving something very like half a million dollars. And it was equally well known, inside and out, that the offer had been refused. I wanted to know why.

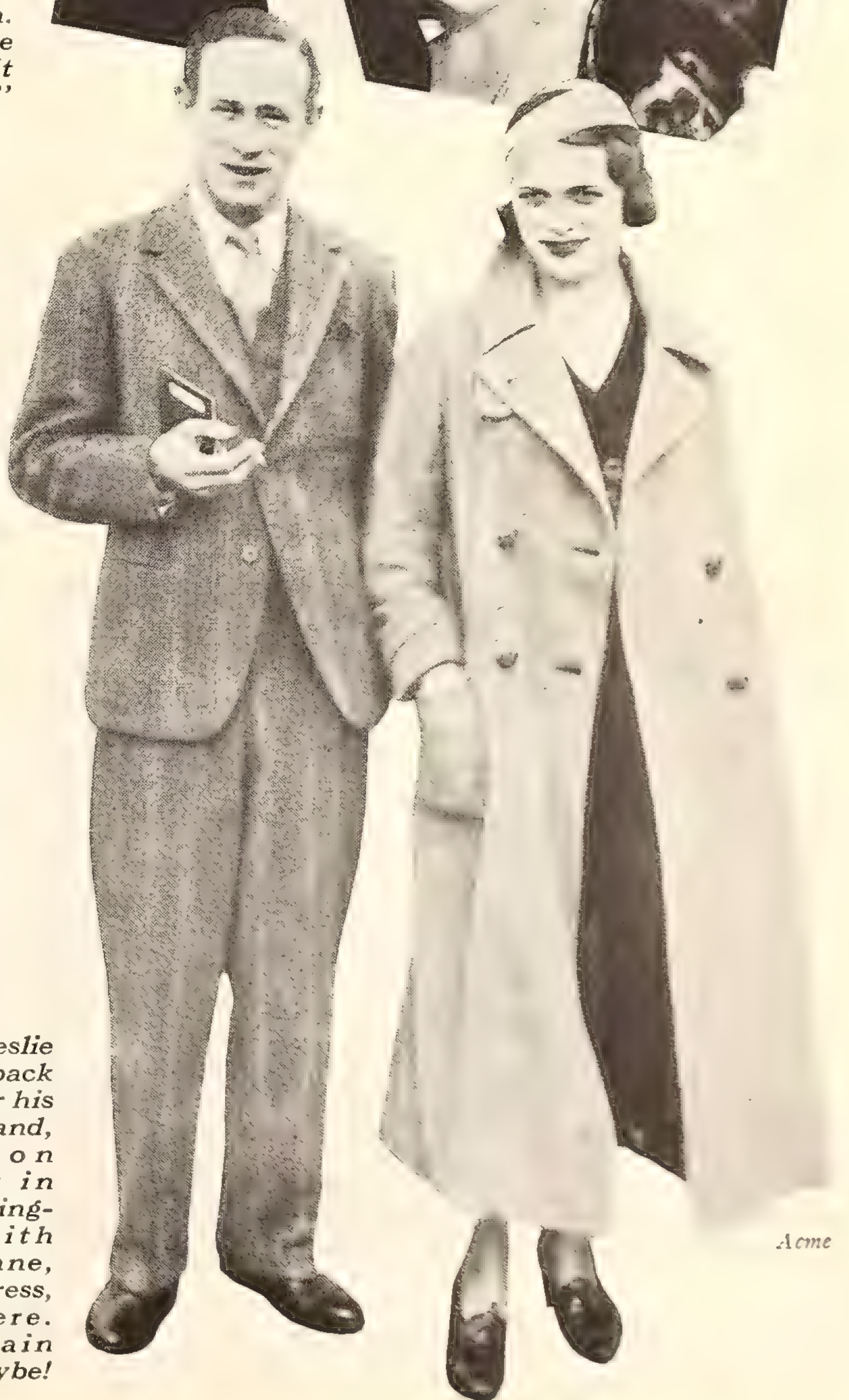
Englishmen are strange eggs, of course, and money isn't everything, but just how anyone—even an Englishman—could conscientiously say "No" to a five year contract weighted with what is known in Hollywood as heavy sugar, baffled me. Nor am I easily baffled.

It was arranged that I should see Mr. Howard high in the Empire Theatre building, in the garret occupied by the publicity minions.

The old place reeked of tradition and stale cigarette smoke. The elevator wheezed as it lifted me to the top floor. Otis Skinner and Ina Claire and Gertrude Lawrence and Maude Adams eyed me askance from dusty posters of the past. A bright young lady named Helen Deutsch gave me a cigarette and a book which she had just written. Thus amused, I settled down to await Mr. Howard.

He came in looking tweedy and British in a brown suit, brown felt hat, woolen socks and Burberry coat. Offstage he wears tortoise shell-rimmed glasses that detract from his appearance to the extent of making him unrecognizable.

Then there was "Devotion," with Ann Harding—and Howard came into his own on the screen. "I liked that one best," he says. "It was a nice thing."



And now Leslie Howard is back with us after his trip to England, playing on Broadway in "Animal Kingdom," with Betty Lynne, English actress, shown here. Movies again soon? Maybe!

His manner is calm, gentle, a trifle diffident. Talking for publication, one guesses, is less than a delight.

He had just returned from his holiday abroad. His crossing, he said, had been cold, drizzly, not like the weather outside at the moment.

"That is one of Hollywood's lovely features, you know. The weather. Always warm. Ideal for tennis, swimming—"

(Continued on page 103)

Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

Why the divorcées of the screen colony are a law unto themselves

By
Ben Maddox

"LOVE is woman's whole existence!"

So said that famous English poet of pre-"Let Us Be Gay" days. He hadn't met a Hollywood Ex-Wife!

These amazing divorcées of movieland are not at all like the usual ex-wives. They have certain characteristics which mark them as Extremely Different. Their lives are a law unto themselves.

To a woman they abhor bridge and golf, the customary pastimes of the average Ex-Wife. Crowds annoy them. They do not belong to country clubs or any kind of women's clubs. Money is no problem. They have plenty. They can marry again whenever they deign to say the word. Their admirers are legion. But what is most important of all—they have jobs which keep them busy. Work which is carried on successfully, despite love-life upsets and the old-fashioned theory that a woman can think of nothing but men.

A Hollywood Ex-Wife may be sorry that her marriage failed, but her grief does not prevent her



Estelle Taylor, ex-Mrs. Dempsey, has a flair for the sensational. A brilliant mind, vivid personality. Estelle would have stood out in any profession. She has had numberless admirers; she is terrifically ambitious. Will she marry again?



She doesn't look or act like a vamp. Just a gay little girl, she seems. Yet Dorothy Lee has been twice divorced before twenty! And she is playing havoc with more hearts.



Will Billie Dove ever marry Howard Hughes? You won't find out any of the answers from Billie. She's the perfect feminine half of a love affair.



"I will not marry again while I am in pictures," says Jean Harlow. "I've always wanted to be an outstanding personality. That desire doesn't fit in with the duties of a wife."

from signing perfectly swell contracts. She knows that kisses are nice, but that, after all, one has a public clamoring for screen appearances. And there are always bigger and better fish in the matrimonial sea!

Irene Rich is the latest recruit to the ranks. The announcement of the end of her third marriage came as a real surprise. She seemed so happy with David Blankenhorn, the wealthy Los Angeles real estate man. Yet now I recall her telling me a year ago that she would never have any pictures taken with her husband. She thought it a poor plan for film couples to pose romantically because the fans would be particularly disappointed if trouble ever ensued. Perhaps Irene had a premonition!

Anyway, she is a different woman from the one who entered into that third marriage. More human. Today Irene Rich even smokes cigarettes. She makes less of an effort to be dignified. With her eldest daughter Frances safely launched on the Broadway stage, she is reviving her own ambition to be a New York stage hit. It is a quirk of fate that her daughter got there first. But Irene Rich is a determined woman, as well as a beautiful and talented lady. She will probably fulfill her wish.

Will she marry again? Certainly, her friends say. They claim that the real reason for her separation from David Blankenhorn was a financial one. He was supposed to be very rich. In reality, one hears it rumored, Irene's own money was drawn upon for expenses for the past year or so.

Our most mysterious divorcée is—guess? You'll never hit it right, for she seems such a frank individual. Nevertheless, it is Billie Dove who causes the local gossips the most talk.

Is she ever going to marry Howard Hughes, or is that romance definitely dead? Who is this rancher, Robert MacKenzie, with whom she has been seen so



much? If she and Hughes are no longer interested, will her contract with his company be renewed?

You won't find out any of the answers from Billie. She's the perfect feminine half of a love affair. Although she once was obviously Howard Hughes' ideal, she even then refused to make any statements as to their intentions. He sent her magnificent bouquets of roses daily—once upon a time. Are those days gone forever? The lovely Dove merely smiles enigmatically and says—nothing!

Speaking of smiling sweetly, Marilyn Miller has the clinging vine line down pat. The men swarm around her because she is such an encouraging listener. Not too intellectual, but always entertaining. She'll get up and do an exhibition toe-dance at any party. This is another

unique ability of Marilyn's. No other woman in Hollywood can gracefully bound through the air as she does! One is told that she was seriously interested in Michael Farmer a year or so ago. They announced their engagement, but now he is Gloria Swanson's husband. Yet the Miller smile is as buoyant as ever.

Loretta Young and Dorothy Lee are a couple of very young divorcées whose affairs of the heart keep the colony talking.

"Mother knew best. I made a mistake in marrying a man with the hope of reforming him. (Cont. on page 93)



Miriam Hopkins is not an Ex-Wife, yet not really a wife. She is neither married to nor divorced from Austin Parker!

Ina Claire, the scintillating center of attraction wherever she goes, is twice a divorcée. She is always sure of success on stage or screen.



White Studio

When Ruth was a stage star. Ruth Chatterton, as she appeared in "The Changelings" with Henry Miller on the New York stage. Right, our Ruth of the movies.

How has the Chatterton Changed?



Meet and compare "Ruthie," nineteen-year-old ingénue, with the Ruth Chatterton of today

By
Ada Patterson

IT YIELDS me a gentle pleasure to recall Ruth Chatterton at nineteen, if only to prove a favorite theory of mine that human nature does not depart far from its original pattern. The twig is parent of the tree. The child is mother of the woman.

I met her while she was playing in "The Rainbow" in New York. A demure little person, of rounded face and earnest eyes. Sedate, because she felt that she owed dignity of demeanor to her experience of three years on the stage, that had begun while she was sixteen. Kindly, because that was the law of her being. Interested because, not having been long on this planet, every experience was a new adventure and being interviewed was a novelty.

She sketched modestly the brief outline of her life. Eligible to the medal that Booth Tarkington promised to anyone he could find who had been born in New York! For everyone who lived on Manhattan Island had been born in some remote spot, opined the genial satirist from Indianapolis. Went to school at Pelham Manor. Joined a stock company in Washington when she was just a year past fifteen. Julia Dean was the leading woman. Miss Dean has retired, at least temporarily, but still holds the admiration of the small actress whom she taught the art of make-up.

"The next year I went to Milwaukee to play in stock. I hadn't any wardrobe. Nor the money to buy one. Julia Dean knew how serious that obstacle was. She wired me 'Don't worry. Trunkful of clothes coming.' That trunkful of clothes carried me through all the rôles I played that summer. Wasn't that nice of her. I'll never forget it."

The pledge made by that soft, girlish voice has been kept. They are still actively friends: Ruth Chatterton in her villa on the hill, Julia Dean in the semi-seclusion of nurse for her invalid mother, a rôle she has played for ten years.

Gilbert Miller, but recently an actor, had seen the ingénue in "Standing Pat" in Chicago. When his father, one of the foremost producers of plays in America, told his son he needed a "personable ingénue" to play his daughter in "The Rainbow" the younger Miller said: "I know the girl. I think she is in town."

"Find her, my boy." The elder Miller, though British, was always in a hurry. "And tell her to come to see me." Then Ruth Chatterton telephoned to ask for an appointment. "You're engaged," said Miller père.

"Don't you want to see me?" asked the bewildered stock graduate. "No. Your voice is enough!"

Ruth recited to me these brief annals, with an impersonal air, as a school girl undergoing a quiz in class at school.

Her air of detachment, of impersonality, impressed me then, as through intervening years it has continued to impress me. She who can view a problem as a problem, not as a personal theme, has gone a long way on the road of philosophy that leads to the house of success.

"There will be stories to tell about you," I predicted. "I will be glad if you will let me know them."

"I will." She spoke with soft distinctness.

A month later, when new photographs of her in the play had been taken, she sent one of the office staff with

it and a fragment of news. "A keeper of promises," I thought. So she has continued to be.

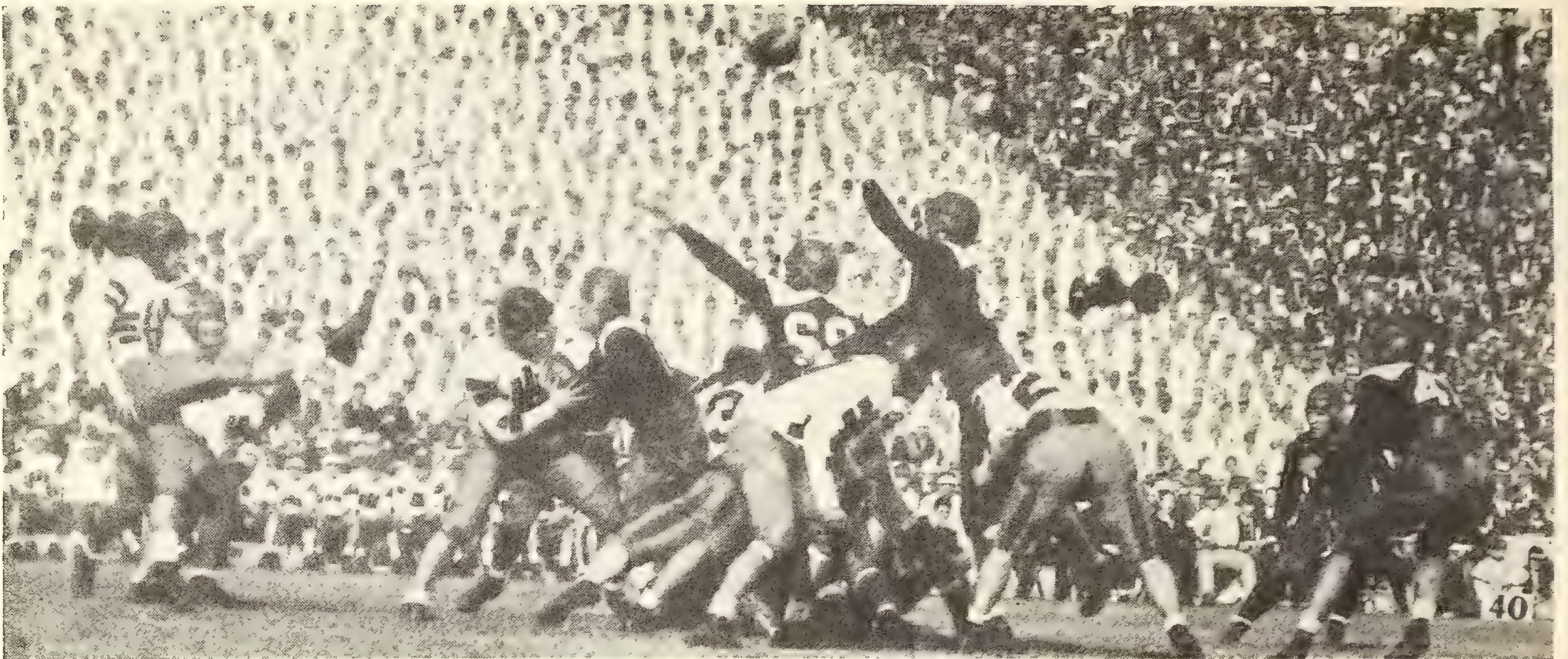
The play of juvenile joys and sorrows, "Daddy Long Legs," came to Mr. Miller's office. In *Judy*, the little charity school drudge, he saw his pink-faced ingénue turned drab, her sprightly mood one of alternate fear and rebellion. He cast her for it, and because she was so convincing as the drudge *Judy* he elevated her name to a place among the stars.

We celebrated this event, she and I, in a luncheon, in a pleasant apartment she and (Continued on page 90)

Her first starring role! Ruth as Judy, in the stage version of "Daddy Long Legs," in which Janet Gaynor was seen recently on the screen.



White Studio



The old Hollywood type of football stories afforded material for criticisms by the college lads. But there is nothing to gey in a film where, not the ball-carrier, but the blocker is glorified.

The World's *worst* Audience?

"THE worst audience in the world."

That's what a theatre manager complained recently after a talkie on which he had heavily banked was geyed unmercifully in his theatre. What kind of audience was this to have ruffed up the manager's ordinarily hard-boiled inner shell? He boasted long experience running picture houses along Broadway and had emerged intact, but now he was without the calm that formerly distinguished him among his friends of the Big Stem. Let us keep you waiting no longer—the manager had been transferred to a theatre in a college town.

This particular theatre man had heard that college

students sometimes played horsey with some of the film fare, but the actuality was far more impressive than he had imagined. 'Way back in silent days the undergraduates of the different seats of learning used to gather in groups at film theatres and proceed to hurl remarks—some only too apt—at the picture. This grew to be a regular ritual first down at Princeton, where the boys had the small village theatre almost entirely to themselves during the dim past when Princeton played football with Harvard.

It used to be the fashion in those days to warn the hero when the villain was sneaking up behind. Such a situation would invariably bring a score of "look outs" from the audience. When a character entered a room in the presence of a lady without removing his hat an ever-increasing chorus admonished him to "take off that hat" until he seemingly complied. Osculation brought raucous noises.



Talkie love scenes usually bring audible sneers. However, Marlene Dietrich's sophisticated films are exceptions. Here's a scene from "Morocco."





Films about college life are not always kidded by the University men. "Touchdown" with Richard Arlen, Jack Oakie and Charles Starrett was received with respectful attention in the college towns.

Rah-rahing or razzing the movies! What kind of pictures—if any— make a hit with college boys?

By
Harlow Peters

while the hero always received a cheer as he started to the rescue. The villain likewise got the Bronx cheer when he wrestled with the girl.

This was all good, clean fun, and nobody minded. But with the advent of talkies the situation became more complicated in large cities where students comprised the smaller part of the audience. Spoken lines offered many more opportunities for horse play, the students quickly discovered.

At first undergraduates did not differ particularly from other members of the audience. When the hero began to tell the heroine how and why he loved her, and then broke into song, there was invariably a reaction of

convulsive mirth from their throats. It sounded foolish to them. Nevertheless, there was probably not a single student who had not heard the same situation again and again on the legitimate stage and thought nothing of it.

Spoken love scenes also brought audible sneers, but in this respect the students were less annoying to others than were the average matinée girls, whose uncontrolled giggles spoiled many such sequences.

After the first shock of novelty wore off there was no point in kidding mechanical difficulties and talkie technique as it has been developed. The collegians have now become more subtle.

"Horsing" has become individualized. Anyone in the

audience is eligible to pass what he fondly hopes is a "bon mot," and right out loud, too. Sometimes these audience sayings mix with the talkie dialogue in laughable fashion, sometimes they are a nuisance, but always they help gray the hair, if any, of theatre managers.

Many a decision has been
(Cont. on p. 92)



Scenes like this give the boys a chance to boo or cheer. Left, "The Girl of the Golden West" with Ann Harding, James Rennie and Harry Bannister.

The students wise-crack when a "torch" film is unwound. But Joan Crawford, above, with Clark Gable, in "Possessed," is a big favorite with the collegians.



He didn't have a family tree, Broadway stage experience, or any other qualifications besides an eager expression and lots of ambition. But he became the mascot of "Fireman Save My Child" and an actin' fool! His name is Notre Dame. See him with Joe E. Brown above and to the left.

Joe Brown puts on the dog

THERE was one actor in "Fireman Save My Child" who never missed a cue, was always on the set every day, wore no makeup, demanded nothing from the wardrobe department, and received no pay.

His name is "Notre Dame." He wasn't even cast. One day, a rather cold wet one, "Notre Dame" hopped over the fence on the Warner Brothers lot, without a pass. He saw some excitement, a lot of warm lights, and strolled over to see what it was all about. Then he saw Joe E. Brown, and liked him. From that time on he was a part of the cast.

No one knew to whom the friendly little dog belonged. They were shooting a scene where Joe came down the pipe in the fire station, answering a call. "Notre Dame" thought this was great, and entered into the excitement, nipping at Joe's heels in a friendly manner.

How a pup with a purpose crashed the movie gate

Lloyd Bacon, the director, called for someone to hold the dog, and the picture to be retaken. Just as they were shooting, the dog squirmed loose, and did the same thing again, just as he had done it before. Bacon started to express his agitation again, when he had a change of heart, and decided that this was a human touch, and "Notre Dame" had a job, and was given his name.

One of the prop boys took him home every night, and brought him to work every morning. "Notre Dame" was a part of the picture—and needed no direction. Watch for his funny little face on the screen!



Just a Couple of Play Boys

Phillips Holmes had to learn to play the violin for his rôle in "The Man I Killed" so director Ernst Lubitsch, a really clever pianist, rehearsed Phil for the scene that reveals Holmes' new talent. Sorry we can't reproduce this with sound effects!



When Clark Gable played in "Sporting Blood" he was said to receive \$750 a week. Now he earns \$1500, according to report.



Ann Harding's latest contract is said to call for \$1,000,000 for two years of forty weeks each. Will Ann voluntarily accept a cut?



Ivan Lebedeff is one actor in Hollywood who, according to report, refused to accept a salary cut—because it was for 60%!



William Powell's new contract calls, it is said, for \$7500 a week. How about it, Bill?

Are Salary Bubbles Bursting?

complications of the foreign market for American films, and secondly a horrid little word, depression, which you may have heard murmured.

The immediate result was that one of the major companies announced an all-round 20% to 30% cut in all salaries over \$35 a week in any and every department. Other companies had done a little judicious cutting previously.

This, however, cannot officially and dictatorially apply to contract stars. So a persuasive method is to be used with them. They may all be asked voluntarily to accept a 20% cut to help the general situation.

So far we have heard of only one definite refusal. That was Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian actor, whose star was just beginning to ascend so pleasantly. So Ivan has been informed, I hear, that his next option will not be taken up.

Ivan, who was understood to be receiving \$1500 a week, was actually getting only \$800. He was asked to accept, not a 20% cut but a 60% one. He offered to substitute a "per picture" contract for two pictures a year and to be allowed to free lance in between. But they could not come to terms. Ivan claimed his fan club had thousands of members, all of whom were under covenant to take at least ten people to every picture in which he appeared, so that he was a first-class asset to producers and theatres on this score.

All free-lance players may find themselves offered 20% less than their former salaries for new parts. Thus the average featured player who would receive \$1000 a week while working on a picture a year ago, is now

MONEY has never been content merely to talk in Hollywood. It has fairly shrieked. We have been boggled with the vast salaries of stars which can reach the dizzy heights of half a million a year, and where \$500 a week was considered paltry pay to fret under.

But the economy enemy seems about to encompass a flanking movement. There has been consternation in the boudoirs and dressing rooms of Hollywood, when the news flew that studio executives were "in conference." Always anxious hours when studio executives get together!

It was known that the subject of debate was that arch-disturber, Retrenchment. Several conditions had conspired to bring this about, mainly and chiefly the



James Cagney is not one of the most highly paid stars in pictures by any means. How would he like to have his salary sliced?



Marie Dressler gets a lot of money every week but the general opinion in Hollywood and elsewhere is—she deserves it!



Can you imagine a producer with courage enough to ask Mr. George Arliss to allow them to slice his salary? Dear, dear, dear!

Economy has hit Hollywood and the stars must prove their good sportsmanship

By
Alma Whitaker

offered \$800 a week, and invited to take it or leave it.

Although we have heard so much about Constance Bennett's \$30,000 a week, which really meant \$150,000 a picture at Pathé, had it not been for her smart contract which made it possible for her to work for Warner's between Pathé pictures, (also at \$150,000 per picture), she would by no means have been the highest paid star.

Connie's present contract with Pathé is now concluded—she paused after marrying the Marquis to finish some re-takes. Hollywood at large is confident Connie will accept a voluntary cut on any new contract if only for the reason that she has been so flooded with begging letters since the size of her checks became known. Jack Gilbert, so it is said, was asked to accept a cut some months ago and declined. His contract soon comes up for option consideration, and the belief seems to be that diplomatic relations between Jack and the studio will be broken off.

It will be interesting to know whether Garbo will accept a cut. The consensus of opinion is "no." For Garbo's attitude has always been one of supreme indifference, evincing a readiness to go home to Sweden on the slightest excuse. It is even probable that Garbo will never be actually approached on the subject.

Ann Harding's latest contract with Pathé is said to call for \$1,000,000 for two years of 40 weeks each. Ruth Chatterton's is recorded as \$350,000 annually. William Powell's new contract is reported to be for \$7500 a week. You can readily see that if a few stars of this magnitude do voluntarily accept a cut, it will greatly alleviate the strain on the exchequers. Barbara Stanwyck, who only received \$20,000 a picture at Columbia, gets \$50,000 a picture, I hear, from First National. Barbara still feels she is by no means overpaid as



All those tales about Constance Bennett's salary caused a flood of begging letters from which she begs to be excused!

in comparison to Ann Harding or Connie Bennett, for instance. But that is nearer the new figure that will be offered to even the most glittering stars of the future if present plans hold good.

For instance, consider the furore Clark Gable has caused. Well, when Clark was in "Sporting Blood" he was said to be receiving \$750 a week. Now it is double that, according to report—\$1500, a sixth of what John Gilbert receives, which seems a big disparity, even if nice boys like Clark should be able to rub along pretty comfortably on \$1500 a week.

James Cagney's struggle with his company was also on the subject of pay. James, we understood, was getting around \$350 a week and struck for double, and finally compromised at slightly (*Continued on page 96*)

The Story of Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," with Ramon Novarro, told in Pictures

Don't miss the
story of the real
Mata Hari, this
issue, page 20

"MATA HARI"

"MATA HARI," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.
Original story for the screen by Benjamin Glazer and
Leo Birinski. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Photo-
graphed by William Daniels. Fictionized by Eve Bern-
stein. Enacted by the following cast:

Mata Hari	Greta Garbo
Lt. Alexis Rosanoff	Ramon Novarro
General Shubin	Lionel Barrymore
Andriani	Lewis Stone
Dubois	C. Henry Gordon
Carlotta	Karen Morley
Caron	Alec B. Francis

Garbo
in her
Most
Exciting
Rôle!





Mata Hari, the most enchanting, the most alluring, the most dangerous woman spy in all history! Cruelly beautiful, beautifully cruel—yet with a woman's soul and a woman's need for genuine love. See what happened when her duty brought her into conflict with a handsome, romantically innocent young officer. Read the story on the following pages.





Noblemen, officers, diplomats—the men who flocked about Mata Hari were playthings in her hands, eager as schoolboys to do her bidding.

STRANGE, aloof, enigmatic! So did Paris describe the woman known as Mata Hari. It was whispered that no man had strength to resist her charms. Only two men in Paris really knew anything about her. One was Dubois, of the French Intelligence Service. The other was Andriani, the Greek proprietor of the Pavilion, and her secret ally in her spying activities. Dubois watched them both closely, patiently, waiting for the evidence that was needed to put them behind bars.

Now a new man was being drawn into her subtly woven net. He was Alexis Rosanoff, handsome, idealistic young officer in the Russian Embassy. Following her to the Pavilion, the smart gambling club where she spent many of her evenings, he won, and bought her acquaintance with, a beautiful ring which he had seen her admire.

"It's charming of you," Mata said to him as he presented the ring to her. She favored him with her sweetest smile, certain that an attaché at the Russian Embassy should prove useful, and also not a little charmed with his youthful innocence.





Alone with her in her apartment that evening, Alexis confessed his burning love for her. He had never loved before—he could never love any other woman. And because Mata Hari knew men, she believed him—and was a little glad.

"I never dreamed I would let you hold me—like this," she said, as he smothered her last words with a kiss.

Rosanoff groped for the light and darkened the room.

"Alexis—"

"Mata, I love you, I love you."

The following evening Mata Hari went to the apartment of General Shubin, commanding officer at the Russian Embassy,—ostensibly to carry on a flirtation, actually to see what information she could wheedle from him.

"Welcome to Russia," he greeted Mata, more than ever enchanted by her loveliness.

"Your Russia makes me shiver with cold," she said dramatically, at the same time looking carefully about the apartment.

"Perhaps a little vodka—"

As they drank, Mata looked uneasily about the room.

"This room depresses me," she said at last. "It feels heavy with affairs of State."

"Perhaps it's the Russian style," Shubin ventured. "The next room," he suggested, leading her toward it, "may please you better."



*"I'm afraid if I stop kissing you I'll wake up and find it all a dream."
"No, no—enough!" But her voice was softly passionate.*

The impetuous Rosanoff incurred Mata Hari's displeasure by coming to her apartment unexpected and unannounced.

"I can't imagine what makes you think I've given you the right to burst in here," she said coldly.

"But last night you said you loved me!"

"Did I? But that was last night! Today I'm very busy. Good day!"

Bitterly disillusioned, the young lieutenant bowed and went his way.



As they walked toward the entrance, he seized her and began making violent love to her. They were standing close to each other, as though they had just embraced, when Rosanoff, bringing documents to his superior officer, suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"I'm sorry, sir," he apologized, taking in the situ-

ation at a glance, his heart burning with what he saw as Mata's unfaithfulness toward him. "You said I was to come tonight with the ship lists."

Shubin, furious at the interruption, sent him back to his room, ordering him to decode the important message himself.





No sooner had he left than Mata Hari, anxious to follow him and secure the important information in his possession, cast about for an excuse to leave the ardent General Shubin. Seeing a peacock decoration on the table, she gave a sudden little scream.

"That peacock—I will not be in the same room with it! It's bad luck. Don't you know that?"

"But I'll take it away. I'll smash it!"

"It won't help; it's been here. I'm sorry, but I can't stay."

No one could stop Mata when she had made up her mind. She rushed away.

Stopping only to pick up her confederate, Andriani, she drove direct to Rosanoff's rooms. Andriani was



Mata, seeking an excuse to leave General Shubin, seized upon a little peacock decoration.

"That peacock! It's bad luck! I can't be in the same room with it!"

"But I'll take it away. I'll smash it!"

"It won't help; it's been here. I'm sorry, but I can't stay."



to wait below for her signal—the darkening of the room.

To win Rosanoff's forgiveness took her but a moment. "Alexis, I want you to forgive me," she pleaded, her cheek against his. He kissed her hungrily, scarcely able to speak. How could he be angry when she was so near?

"I love you more than anything in the world—as one adores sacred things," he told her.

"Now, darling—" she began, but he would not let her speak. Once more his lips sought hers and clung to them passionately.

"Alexis," she was able to say at last, "put out the lights."

He obeyed, extinguishing all the lights in the room except a small lamp burning under a picture of the Madonna on the wall.

"That one, too," she commanded.

"No. I promised my mother the Madonna's lamp would always



"Alexis, I want you to forgive me." Rosanoff kissed her hungrily, scarcely able to speak from emotion. Yet he could not help wondering if she meant the kisses she gave him in return.



burn. I can't do it, Mata."

"But you said I came before everything—"

"That is true, Mata. I would do anything you ask. I would die for you. But—"

"Then turn out the lamp, so I will know that you mean it!"

At last he did her bidding, murmuring: "Holy Mother, forgive me." Then, taking her up in his arms, he carried her into the next room.

A few minutes later the door opened slowly, noiselessly, and



Carlotta, one of Andriani's underlings, saw her doom written in his eyes. "You take me for a traitor! I've never been a traitor, I swear it!" she cried.



Andriani, with the help of a tiny flashlight, found the packet of precious papers on which Rosanoff had been at work when Mata came.

And in the grey light of morning Alexis awoke to find that his love had vanished, leaving this note:

"It is morning now, and I have come to my senses. I will not see you again. The man I love must be rich."

* * *

Andriani still was not satisfied with the theft of the ship lists from the unfortunate Rosanoff. The lists were in a difficult code, the key to which would have to be obtained somehow from Shubin or Rosanoff. The following evening, vexed at the way things were going, he vented his pique upon Carlotta, a young woman spy on his staff, and decreed her death as a traitor. A shot in the back by an innocent-looking porter in Andriani's gambling house, and her career was at an end.

Meanwhile, downstairs at the bar of the Pavilion



"A spy in love is a tool that is no longer useful," Andriani reminded Mata Hari. "I'm not in love," she lied. "I never expect to see him again."



sat Rosanoff, bowed with grief and disillusionment. Seeing Mata Hari at a nearby table, he began flinging insulting remarks at her, to which a Frenchman took marked exception. As they were about to become involved in a brawl, Andriani summoned Alexis up to his office.

"Nonsense, my boy, Mata did not leave you of her own accord," said the spy, when Rosanoff had poured out his tale of heartbreak to him. "She needs money desperately to help an ailing sister."

The young lieutenant, aghast at this purported news, and rebuking himself for having doubted his loved one, resolved to make amends to her and offered to sell Andriani the key to the Russian code in order that he might give the money to Mata Hari. But before the deal could be consummated the Greek was forced to leave his office to quiet the commotion caused by the murder of Carlotta; and during his absence Mata Hari entered his office to confront Rosanoff.

"You don't know what you are doing," she told him. "You are about to become the lowest thing a man can be—a traitor to his country. Get out of here and don't show your face to those who love

and trust you until you've made yourself a man again. Get out!"

Alexis fled. When Andriani returned to find Rosanoff gone and Mata Hari confronting him, he sensed what had happened. But Mata denied his imputations, and insisted that she was true to her profession as a spy. "I'm not in love with him," she declared. "I never expect to see him again."

But she did see him again, sooner than she expected. For Rosanoff came to her in the uniform of a French poilu to bid her good-bye. Having proved unworthy of his trust at the Embassy, he felt that he should go to the front as a simple soldier to serve his country's cause and expiate his contemplated crime.

She bade him good-bye tenderly, realizing at last that she really did love him. "If something should happen to you, or to me, I want you to know that you are the first man who ever made me wish that my life had been different—whom I could love finely and simply."

He held her long in his arms, and then she sent him away.

Several days later Mata received new orders from

"Why didn't you let me know?" said Mata sorrowfully.

"I didn't want you to see me like this."

"I'll never leave you again. I shall be your eyes. We'll go away together—away from the war—away from everybody—and be married."

He started to protest, but she closed his mouth with a kiss.



Andriani. "Your usefulness in Paris is permanently over," he told her, and ordered her to Holland.

"Oh, I'd forgotten," he added, with feigned indifference. "Have you heard that Rosanoff was killed at the front? I read his name somewhere."

"Oh, my God! Are you sure?"

"Maybe he was wounded. Yes, I believe he was wounded."

"Where is he? I must find him."

"Then you *are* in love with him?"

"Yes, yes. I must see him, I tell you."

"You have your orders," he reminded her cruelly.

"Orders! What do I care for your orders? I'm not like the rest of your underlings. I'm Mata Hari. I'm my own master, and I resign!"

As she ran out of the room, he laughed loudly. "The little fool," he muttered to himself. "She ought to know that the only way to resign from our profession is to die."

She found him in an Army hospital, blinded by shell fire. Overwhelmed with pity and love, she swore to wait for him—to stay with him always. He must get well soon so that they could be married. Always she would be his eyes. Nothing else mat-

tered now—her career and duties were forgotten.

As she left the hospital, she stepped into a cab—to find, after it had started, that a man sat there concealed in the shadow.

"Madame, I have a warrent for your arrest."

Mata Hari suddenly felt cold all over. She could not speak for a moment. Then she answered calmly:

"Good work, Dubois. You have waited a long time for this moment."

* * *

To the end Mata thought only of Alexis. Condemned to die, she wrote him that she was at a sanitarium awaiting an operation. Just before the time appointed for her execution, her attorney, Caron, brought Rosanoff to her for a last visit. Totally blind, he was led to believe that he was visiting her in a sanitarium.

"And if the operation is successful," he inquired, after the first fond embrace, "how much longer will they keep you here?"

"I don't know. Not long. We can go away, and be married in Switzerland. But if something should happen to me, you must carry on."

"Of course, dear. But nothing will happen. You

Upon the faithful old Caron, Mata's devoted lawyer, fell the tragic task of telling her that she had been found guilty and condemned to die.

"I tried everything—I spent a whole hour with the President, but—"

"How about Alexis?" is all she said.

"I brought him with me. He's waiting downstairs."

"Oh, bring him, bring him to me!"





must not be afraid."

"And when the war is over, you can go to Vienna. Some of the best eye specialists are there—"

She was interrupted by the guards. They had come for her—to take her to her allotted fate. For the first time she wanted to cry out—to give vent to the feelings which she had been masking for his sake.



But she looked into Rosanoff's sightless eyes and only said:

"Darling, they've come to take me."

"Don't be frightened, dear," Rosanoff urged. "I'll wait right here until the operation is over."

"No, you mustn't. I don't want you to. Monsieur Caron will take you back to the hospital and let you



The time for parting had come.
"Dearest, you are afraid," said Alexis, believing that she was merely going to submit to an operation.
"No, my dear. Goodbye, my beloved. Always remember that I love you."
"Be brave. Close your eyes, and take a deep breath, and that's the last you'll know."
And when the end came she repeated his words, more prophetic than he knew:
"A long, deep breath, and that's the last I'll ever know!"





know at once—just how I am."

"Dearest, you are afraid."

"No, my dear. Goodbye, my beloved," Mata whispered. "Always remember that I love you."

He held her close. "You sound so tragic."

"Goodbye, my beloved," she repeated more lightly. "Is that better?"

"Be brave. Close your eyes, take a long deep breath, and that's the last you'll know."

"I'll remember." She kissed him again and started towards the door.

"I am ready," she said weakly. "A long, deep breath," she repeated his words to herself, "and that's the last I'll know!"

AND so ends the story of a great spy—and a great love. Mata Hari died as she had lived—silent, cold, composed, letting the world see nothing of her true feelings or of the love that pulsed in the heart which her mask of disdain concealed to the end.





IS GARBO in "Mata Hari" greater than Garbo
in "Susan Lenox" and "Anna Christie?"
You decide!

"A little tornado"—that's what you may have heard about Nancy Carroll. Then an extra girl, who'd known an entirely different Nancy in "legit" days, went to work on her set. What did she find? Well, here's her own story about it



By
Ronnee
Madison

Who Said "Tantrums"?

FOLKS, I'm back again!

A year ago I wrote an article about old friends with whom I had worked in shows prior to their dazzling triumphs in pictures; familiar faces who then seemed so remote from my ordinary existence as I stared and thrilled at their picture shadows.

Dreams and forgetfulness from dull reality they brought me, and I often thought and wondered about these people I had formerly known.

Would they be the same human, lovable folks I'd laughed and worked with, worried with when shows were far and few between and jobs more scarce? The grand kids who could laugh at the last nickel and give that to a beggar in order not to have the bother of deciding whether one should save it for carfare or buy coffee and walk home?

Gay gypsies, beloved vagabonds with hearts bigger than themselves and never a fear of the future.

"Tomorrow's another day," they cried, "and one can always wash dishes."

Then! The world changed!

News! Bewilderment! At the close of my last show, I was told to report at the Long Island Paramount Studios for work in a picture then going into production—I who had never thought I'd ever see the inside of a studio, even as a visitor. Well, fate was kind and picture executives generous, for it finally dawned on me that I was actually

going to be allowed to play a small part in a picture!

Ecstasy! Torture! Thrill of thrills! What was the picture? Who was the star in it? A million other exciting questions raced through my mind.

Then, they told me: Nancy Carroll's new picture! I was to play the part of Nancy's personal maid, and the scenes were of just we two, alone.

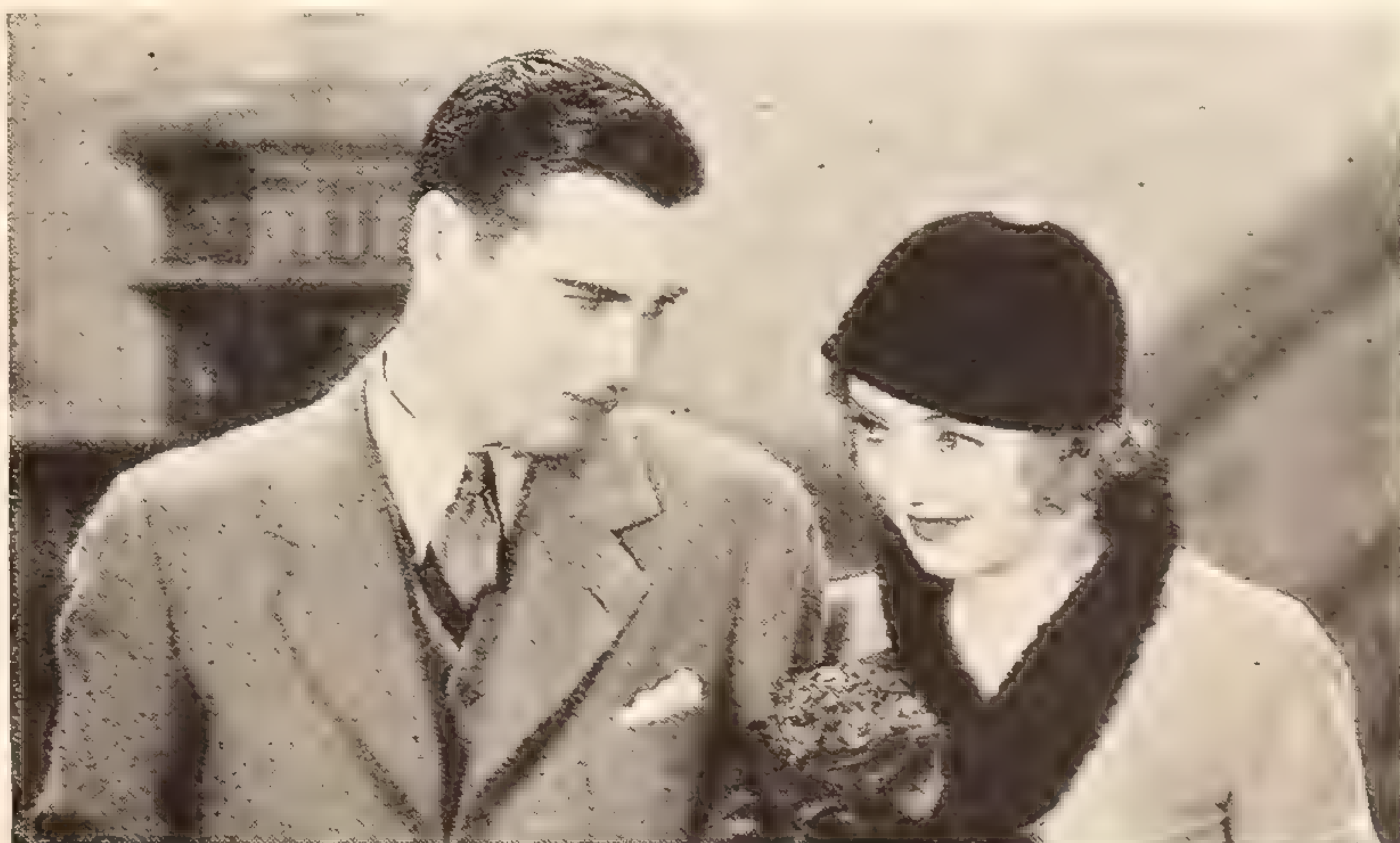
Nancy Carroll! What memories that name brought to me! And what a strange coincidence! I was to do my first picture rôle in her production, and it was in my first show that I as a chorus girl had met and worked with Nancy, then a principal in the same show. We had become good friends during that show and often after its close, we had yelled "Hello" and talked shop together on Broadway. Then she left for the Coast, and I had never seen the flesh-and-blood Nancy again.

But—Nancy Carroll the glamorous screen star! How often hadn't I heard about her; read about her in various

magazines, and seen her fascinating likeness on the movie screens of a hundred different theatres. The new Nancy seemed so far away from the sweet memories of old days. She had reached heights of which I had never dared even dream. She didn't seem real to me. I'd almost forgotten I had ever known her.

And now, I was to meet and play with her, again!

What would she be like? Would she have changed greatly from the
(Continued on page 94)



Richard Arlen turns his tenderest gaze on the brick-topped lass in "Wayward," in which you will soon see them co-starred.



MEDALS *and*

Our Hollywood critic hands out awards—to say nothing of “birds.” Blame him for everything!



A nice, shiny 14-carat gold medal for Phil Holmes for giving the most consistently good performances of any juvenile in the movies.

A whole hothouse for Constance Bennett because she is as charming as she is sophisticated, and she has a grand sense of humor.



One of the best medals goes to Freddie March for being the most perfect host the fussy Mr. Mook has encountered in Hollywood.



Mook awards the bed of petunias to Dorothy Jordan for playing leads ever since she started—and staying unspoiled.

WHEN it's apple blossom time in Normandy it's commencement in the U. S. A. Anyhow, as the fiscal year draws to a close and the studios call in the C. P. A.'s to find out if they've made money and, if so, who made it for them, I'd like to close *my* books, too. Medals for those who should have the bonuses I cannot pay, and that funny sort of noise I can't make that they call “the bird” for those who should have something else.

A nice, shiny, fourteen-carat gold medal for Phillips Holmes for giving the most consistently good performances of any juvenile in the movies. A mention of all of them would fill this whole article but, going back just a little way, look at “Her Man,” “Devil's Holiday,” “The Criminal Code,” “An American Tragedy” and “The Man I Killed.” If you want a *croix de guerre* and a couple of citations, you can have them, too, Phil.

Another medal of the same description for Fredric March for being the most perfect host I've encountered in Hollywood. No matter when you go out there you find some sort of entertainment—cards, tennis, intelligence games, (I don't go out there the nights they play *those*), and stimulating conversation.

And yet another for Chester Morris who is the best company I've struck out here. There is absolutely no limit to Chester's fund of anecdotes. They're like animated cartoons. And to meet him you'd never think he had a couple of millions salted away, would you? Well, the joke's on you—or me—because he says he hasn't.

Twelve dozen American beauty roses for Joan Crawford for having the most vibrant personality on the screen. Clara Bow and Alice White may have had “It” but Joan Crawford has “Hit” and if you don't believe me, try to get into a theatre where one of her

A medal for Chester Morris for being the best company in Hollywood—according to our Mr. Mook. And to meet Chester you'd never think he had a millions salted away, would you? Well, the joke's on you—because he says he hasn't.

A new fur coat, or twelve dozen roses, if she prefers them, for Claudette Colbert—for being better looking off the screen than she is on, which is something that can be said of very, very few screen stars.



BIRDS!

By S. R. Mook



Cartoons by
Edy



A great big overstuffed bird for Kay Francis, says Just-a-Pal Mook, for "going Hollywood" when her salary jumped. We don't believe it!



A medal or a bird for Bob Montgomery? S. R. Mook can't make up his mind exactly, but he is inclined to make it a bird. Why?



What, a bird for this beautiful girl? Why, Mr. Mook! Are you sure that Mary Astor is "unappreciative"? You'll have to prove it, mister.



Ruth Chatterton deserves praise for her technical ability but her "grand lady" air is very wearing, says that old meanie Mook.

pictures is playing. Just try to do it, that's all!

A nice fat bird for Mary Astor for being what I'd call the most unappreciative girl in pictures. According to my information, when she couldn't get work on the screen, Fred and Florence March got her a job on the stage; when her husband was killed it was to them, I hear, that she went and stayed in preference to her father and mother; and afterwards it was Fred, I understand, who was instrumental in getting her a job at Paramount which led, indirectly, to her RKO contract. But when the Marches returned to Hollywood there was never a word of greeting from Mary. Nor has she ever taken her new husband to meet them, at this writing.

A new fur coat, or sixteen dozen roses, if she prefers them, for Claudette Colbert for being better looking off the screen than she is on, which is something that can be said only of a verra, verra few.

A whole hothouse for Constance Bennett because, aside from her beauty, she is as charming as she is sophisticated and, baby, that's saying PLEN-ty.

Wait a moment, Connie. You'll have to give the annex to that hothouse to Florence Eldridge for being one of the best actresses in Hollywood and still being willing to forego the fame that would accrue from that and simply work at being Mrs. Fredric March.

And a medal to Frank Albertson for being the kind of chap I'd like my kid brother to be. Clean-living without being prudish, and a devastating sense of humor that is not above wisecracks.

And, speaking of wisecracks, a medal for Eddie Quillan for being the best wisecracker I've ever come across.

And one for Dick Barthelmess for being one of the most well-bred chaps I've met out here. He knows how to make you feel at home without becoming unduly familiar.

(Continued on page 100)

A brace of the fattest birds in the larder for William Haines for a bad case of inflated ego, according to our critical scribe. But, if Bill ever had such a case, didn't he get over it on his triumphant vaudeville tour?



Just a little bird, not a big one, for Sally Eilers—because, says Mr. Mook, he has been introduced to her ten times and as far as she is concerned, he is still brand new. Say it's not so, Sally. Still being a "Bad Girl," are you?



The Outline of Jean Harlow

The Secrets of Jean's Soul Laid Bare—in a Purely Imaginary Interview. (Well, It's Imaginary, Anyway!)

By
Mortimer
Franklin

Hurrell

DO YOU want to know the REAL Jean Harlow? Do you want to have the secrets of her soul laid bare? To pierce the cloak of mystery that shrouds her? or the shroud of mystery that cloaks her? or the cloak of shroud that mystifies her? No, you *can't* have vanilla!

But come, itsy bitsy fan, grab my index finger and tag along while I go to interview the REAL Jean Harlow, to bare the secrets of her soul, to pierce the—oh, all right then, we won't go all over it again.

First I seize the telephone valiantly, shove my face into it, and boldly bark:

"Harlow, Central, give me Jean!"

In no time at all above three hours a sweet, smooth, undulating voice, platinum blonde in tone-color, greets me.

"Miss Harlow," I jitter, "I want to be nice to the fans and give them the true story of your inner life."

"O. K.," says Jean, "just tell them I eat no sweets except candy, ice cream and cake, and keep to a strict diet of meats, vegetables, sea food, bread, butter, cream, and plenty of—"

"Yes, yes," I emote, "but what I mean is, I'd like to interview you about your soul secrets, to obtain for your eager public the real facts about your—"

"O. K.," says Miss Harlow again, "I'll be at home all evening, and you'll find me in my boudoir if you can shoot your way past the doorman, the butler, the housekeeper and my personal maid." And with that she hangs up the 'phone, and I hang up a record for cardiac palpitations.

Do you want to know the REAL Jean Harlow? Well, then, skip this story. But if you want some good, clean, wholesome fun, don't miss it. All the fun is at our interviewer's expense, not Jean's. What a girl! What a soul! What a story!

So the same evening, with my gun still smoking in my hand and the prostrate forms of the servants strewn my path, I duly confront the willowy star in her boudoir. But what an amazing sight greets me! She is swathed from her neck to her heels in a long, loose, all-concealing gown, and is in the act of putting on over it an even longer cloak in that fashionable new shade known as Spanish omelet.

"What is the meaning of this?" I demand, scandalized. "Here I come, at considerable trouble and expense, to interview you, an actress known chiefly for your lovely figure—and I find you swathed in garments like an Eskimo!"

"Eskimo questions and I'll tell you no lies," she answers, with a naughty gleam in her hair.

"But what am I to tell my readers?" I plead. "How about those ravishing contours? How about those famous stream lines?"

"You really want to know about my stream lines?" she inquires. "Very well!" And without further warn-

ing she hauls off and recites the following poem at me:

GENTLE RIVER

River, gentle River,
Flowing, ever flowing,
I don't really giver
Hang where you are going.

"Those," she declares, "are my stream lines. I wrote 'em myself."

Aha! Now we *are* getting somewhere! While I feverishly jot down this pearl of exclusive inside dope on my cuff, her heart softens, and she goes on to tell me more.

"You want to see me as I really am, stripped of the veil behind which I hide from the outer world? Then look!"

Trembling, I look up slowly so as not to let the tremendous revelation assault my senses too suddenly. Lo! Miss Harlow has put on still another wrap, which covers her up to the chin!

"Yes," she says slowly, solemnly, "now I stand before you revealed, with my soul stripped bare—the true, the genuine, the REAL Jean Harlow."

I grow tense. I grow more and more tense, until I have a bumper crop of the darn stuff. She speaks again in measured tones—approximately six by nine.

"Who are the actresses that play the hottest, the most burning, the most violent love scenes? They're the ones who in private life are coldest, most passionless, most aloof, aren't they? Who are the actors that play the wildest, drunkenest, most abandoned villains? The boys with families, homes and fire-sides who lead model lives, *n'est-ce pas?* Who are the funniest, craziest, side-splittingest comedians? Those whose real lives are the saddest, the most tragic, the most unsmiling, *hein?*"

I nod violently, looking around for a chair with arms to grip.

"Well, then," she concludes, "you see how I am in *my* private life!" Saying which, she throws on three more gowns, two opera cloaks, and over all an enormous fur coat whose upstanding collar hides her ears and nose.

What a night! What a girl! What a story! And I with no direct wire to the editorial office within reach!

"But tell me," I implore her, when I am able to speak; "do you *always* go around like that, when you eat, when you play, when you sleep?"

"Certainly not," she assures me. "When I eat I put on mittens and wristlets in addition; and when I go to bed I add two pairs of woolen socks and a muffler, and wrap myself up in a sleeping bag."

"And your other doings?" I continue, making my pencil gallop like a new star toward an autograph collector. "How do you spend your time? On

The ambition of Mr. Franklin's life was to pierce the cloak of mystery that shrouds Jean Harlow—or the shroud of mystery that cloaks her—or the cloak of shroud that mystifies her. Did he succeed? Read the story. You will be surprised!



We find Jean swathed like an Eskimo. "What's the meaning of this?" we ask. "Eskimo questions and I'll tell you no lies," she answers, with a naughty gleam in her hair.

the screen you are a naughty, saucy, flirtatious little thing. What do you do in REAL life, when all pretense has been cast aside?"

"I spend some time knitting those mittens and socks, but most of my time is spent in reading. Reading—yes, books."

"What books?" I urge.

"Good books, of course," she replies. "Reading good books by the fireplace, with Little Winkie, my twenty-five-year-old Great Dane, by my side."

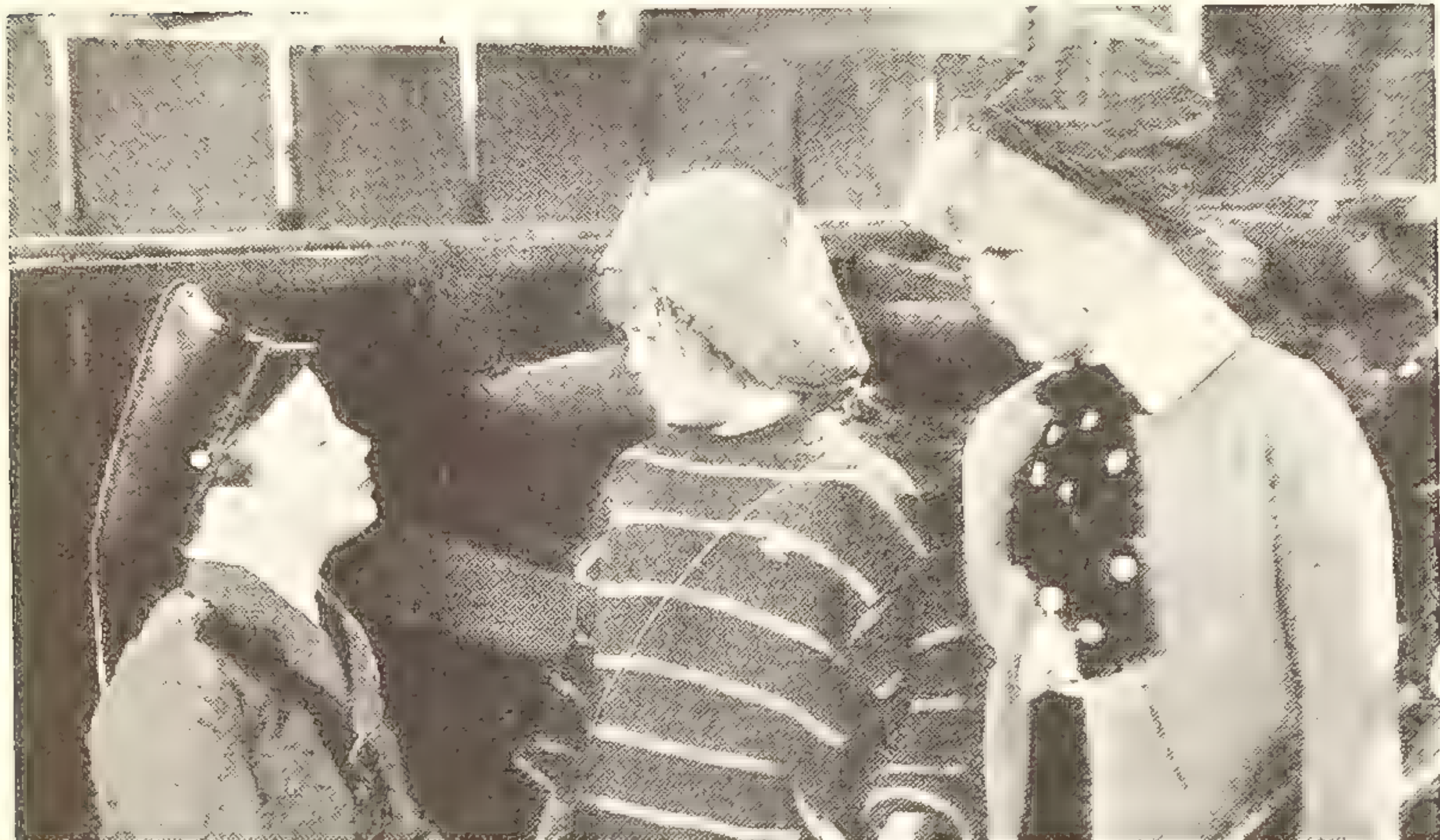
"How affected—I mean, how affecting," I murmur. "And what are your hobbies? Surely you have at least one hobby?"

"No, I am not married," she blushes. "Oh, you mean some little activity that I'm crazy about, some pet quirk in my mind? Certainly—I have two. One is devising a new application of the binomial theorem in plane geometry, and the other is constructing a correlated system of physio-psychological ethics. But my work, of course, comes before everything else."

"Splendid, Miss Harlow, splendid. And now just one thing more. Pray tell me about your—ahem—well, have you a little love-life in your home?"

A (Continued on page 104)

Reviews of the



Jackie Searl, Bobby Coogan, and Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"—sequel to "Sippy" and just as appealing.

Sooky

Paramount



Sequels are rarely satisfactory. Is that so? You saw "Sippy." Now see "Sooky"—if you haven't already. You'll find the further adventures of these incomparable kids just as appealing, just as funny and as fresh, as in their first screen appearance. Here's a kid picture to please both grown-ups and children. The yearning of *Sooky* for a soldier uniform and a Sam Brown belt will wring the oldsters' hearts, yet youngsters will accept it with perfect understanding—it's that well done. It is in the typically "kid" touches that Director Norman Taurog excels. They are so real. There's a "big scene" in "Sooky" in which Jackie Cooper rises to the heights we have come to expect of this great young actor; but the appeal of this film lies mostly in those everyday pictures of the small American boy as he really is. Bobby Coogan and Jackie Searl are fine, too.



"Private Lives" is a brilliant comedy by Noel Coward, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

Private Lives

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Here's one you never heard before! I mean that, unless you happened to see the stage play, you will find "Private Lives" unique entertainment. You won't be able to tell what is coming next; you will be pleasantly teased and tantalized by its smart, staccato action and its brittle, brilliant dialogue. This clever Noel Coward comedy has been expertly adapted to the screen with very few changes. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery play the Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward rôles with charm and humor. Briefly, it concerns two terribly-in-love young persons who find they can't live apart even though each is married to another. They can't live apart—and they can't live together, either—too much temperament! The complications are hilarious. See it if you like sophisticated screen comedy suavely staged in the best modern manner.

By

Delight Evans



Gloria Swanson is at her best in "Tonight or Never." Her new leading man, Melvyn Douglas, is a real find.

Tonight or Never

United Artists



The most gallant lady of the screen, Gloria Swanson, is at her best in this pleasant picture. Meaning that she is brilliant, gay, poised, and not too coy. You'll find no slapstick in "Tonight or Never." Thanks perhaps to director Mervyn LeRoy, whose "Little Caesar" certainly held no trace of cuteness; or possibly to the star's own good sense. As the continental opera singer whose voice is said to lack soul because there has been no man in her life, Gloria gleams and glistens, thanks not only to couturiere Chanel. Enter, of course, The Man. He is Melvyn Douglas, suave and handsome, and you will like him. The love scenes are the most realistic of the month, if that means anything to you. See our Honor Page for further details! It is only fair to the family trade to add that "Tonight or Never" is hardly an appropriate entertainment for the youngsters.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

SOOKY

TAXI

PRIVATE LIVES

HELL DIVERS

ARROWSMITH

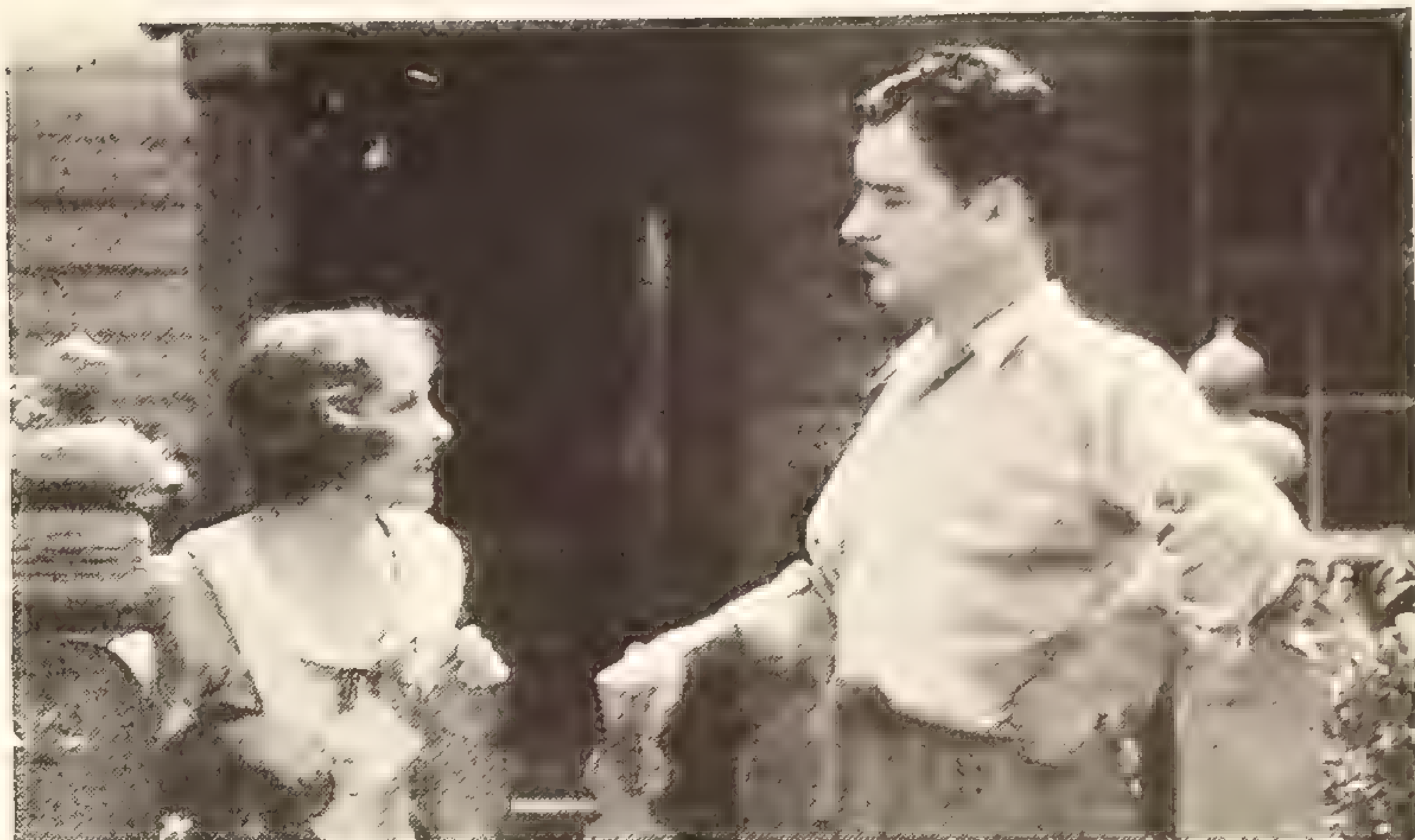
TONIGHT OR NEVER

Turn to page 102 for casts of current films

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month



Sinclair Lewis' "Arrowsmith" makes a worth-while film. Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes are splendid.

Arrowsmith United Artists



Even Sinclair Lewis likes it! He wrote the book; he says it is a fine picture, and he should know. Fortunately, we're in complete accord with Mr. Lewis. "Arrowsmith" is a fine picture. It is honest, human, dignified, and sincere. It's one of those "worth-while" motion pictures we are always crying for. Now that we have one, let's make the most of it. Whether you did or did not read Sinclair Lewis' novel, I'm sure you will like Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes in the screen transcription. As the young medical scientist whose work always comes first, even before his devoted wife, Colman has a big chance, and he makes the most of it. There are grim scenes in this picture, sad scenes, poignant scenes. But the power and pathos of it will touch you. Helen Hayes is tremendously appealing. Richard Bennett is great! Connie should be proud of her dad!



"Taxi," James Cagney's new picture, is NOT a gang film. But Cagney provides excitement. With Loretta Young.

Taxi Warners



NOT a gang picture! Jim Cagney has reformed, all right—that is, he is not hurling any grape-fruit in his new film; but he is still a lovable, hot-headed, fighting fool who just can't make his fists behave. Cagney is at his best—and that's as good as the screen has to offer if you query me—in this human, hearty comedy drama about a taxi driver who can't keep out of trouble. He flies headlong into action to avenge his kid brother, and there is never a dull moment. The love interest is of the strenuous type, with Loretta Young playing Jimmy's bewildered girl friend, now closing the door on his outbursts of temper, then forgiving him and taking him back. But the picture is all Cagney's. The boy makes you believe in him. You'll like this one. Loretta, you'll find, is not only prettier in every new picture, but she is about the most *human* ingénue on the screen today.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

James Cagney in "Taxi"
Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"
Helen Hayes in "Arrowsmith"
Ralph Bellamy in "Surrender"
Boris Karloff in "Frankenstein"
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers"
Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith"
Richard Bennett in "Arrowsmith"
Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never"
Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight or Never"



"Hell Divers" is a real man's picture. Clark Gable and Wallace Beery share the acting honors.

Hell Divers Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Here's one of the big thrills of the month—no, not Clark Gable this time. Wait a minute, he's thrilling, too, but in this case I'm talking about the air maneuvers that make this such an exceptional motion picture. We see 'planes stunting; 'planes cracking up; 'planes landing precariously on battleships. More than a hundred vessels of the U. S. Fleet participated in the Panama Canal zone scenes. It's a film with Uncle Sam's stamp of coöperation. Acting honors belong to Wallace Beery, playing a rough-tough tar with a big heart—and we don't mean Marjorie Rambeau, although she is very much present. Beery and Clark Gable are friendly rivals—each thinks he's the best mechanic in the Navy. Lots of laughs before the sad ending. It's a man picture, but there's Gable for the girls. Dorothy Jordan has little to do—but does it as charmingly as possible.

Blonde

wary of

Love

Why Evalyn Knapp has never been married, engaged, or even reported engaged!

By
Helen Howard

Doesn't look "afraid of love" here, does she? But this is only a scene for a picture, and Evalyn is a good actress. Donald Cook is the lucky actor.



SHE'S been in Hollywood for nearly two years. She's very, very pretty—her mouth has been called, by those who know about such things, the prettiest mouth in pictures. She's twenty-three years old. And her success as a film actress has been outstanding.

And yet, in spite of all this, she has never been married. She has never been engaged. She has never even been *re-*ported engaged!

I'm talking about Evalyn Knapp. Lovely, blonde Evalyn Knapp who doesn't trust love!

She wants it—it's hers for the taking—and she's afraid to reach out and grasp it. She stands off at a distance, and looks at it with longing eyes.

There is a reason for Evalyn's attitude, of course. A long time ago, she was hurt, and like the burned child shunning the fire, she has resolved to keep love at a distance, that it may never hurt her

rience and balance, nor the philosophy, with which to adjust oneself and combat the hurt.

The woman of thirty who is disappointed in love feels badly, of course. But she may be able to shrug her shoulders, say "Ah, well," and carry on, knowing that time will heal the pain, and that another love will come along. To youth, it's a life and death matter.

So it was with Evalyn Knapp. Her romance of high school days is still influencing her life. It must have been a beautiful one while it lasted, because its effect has been so far-reaching. But it was destroyed. The boy disappointed her, didn't come up to expectations. Maybe Evalyn's ideals then, as now, were hard to live up to. Anyway, it broke up and Evalyn, with a broken heart, decided that she must get away from the surroundings that would remind her of happy days now past.

(Continued on page 91)



It's the Real Thing!

The Marquis' title is genuine.
Here's how he proved it

By
Alma Whitaker

THE Chevalier Lucien Brunswick, prominent French resident of Los Angeles, had voiced his concern about the credentials of Gloria Swanson's ex and Constance Bennett's new husband, Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

His doubts were based upon the fact that his lordship's name did not appear anywhere in *Botin Mondaine*, which, he declared, was to France what Burke's Peerage and Debrett are to Britain. He had also remarked that French marquises took their titles from their estates, and that Falaise means a cliff, which was rather a bleak sort of an estate. Coudraye, he expounded, was merely a name.

So we decided to put the matter up squarely to the gentleman, fondly known as Hank in Hollywood, mainly because no one quite knows the formal manner in which to address a marquis, and because he has such a



The Marquis and the Marquise. Connie's full title now is the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye. Here's how they looked on their wedding day.

At the races. Connie, the lovely, expressive-eyed charmer — Henri, the debonair, likable nobleman. And both good pickers!



Acme



"Hank." He's the man whom Will Rogers pronounced the final index of feminine desirability.

jolly mouthful of a name!

Had the beautiful Gloria gracefully discarded a bogus marquis and was she secretly grinning behind her fair hand at Constance Bennett's haste in taking over a doubtful title?

Now a question like that might well have aroused the ire of either a bogus or a genuine marquis. But no, "Hank" was amused.

"It is all rather silly," he smiled easily, "for so many reasons. To begin with, France is a republic now and titles are of no consequence. Secondly, I have tried my best to avoid the use of the title here and to be simply Mr. de la Falaise,

but Americans wouldn't let me. And third, one feels a little ridiculous insisting and proving that one is anything that matters so little. But I want to satisfy anyone who is really interested."

"That means all of us," I told him. "Consider your position. Has not Will Rogers proclaimed you the arch-index of lady movie star standing? If you marry them, they are necessarily the most beautiful, popular, richest."

Here the Marquis, who has charming manners, smiled a deprecating little smile.

"In that case," he said, "let us take this *Botin Mondaine*. It is not an official record of the aristocracy. It is a mere social register which includes any name the owner of which will pay twenty five francs. I omitted to pay. But the *Livre D'Or*, now—that is the French Burke's Peerage. Would you care to see that one?"

I would. I did. And there, under (Continued on page 112)



Black and white are always correct whether it's spring, summer, autumn, or winter. Ruth Hall's evening gown is of black and white chiffon velvet, with slender Vionnet lines and strapped décolletage.

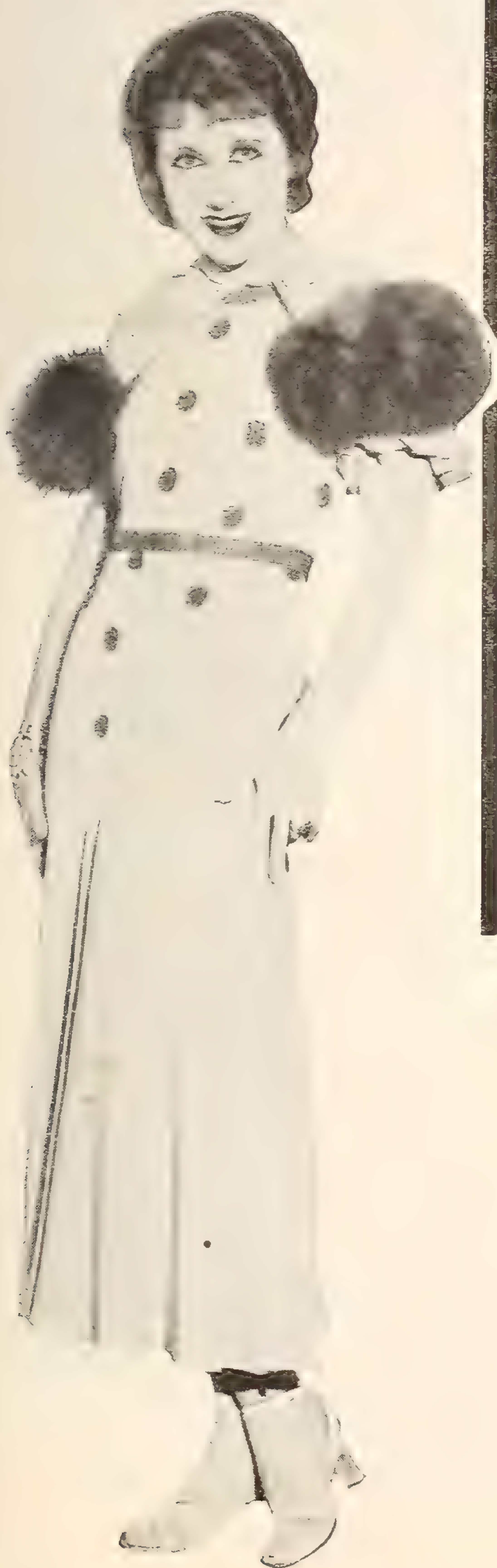


SCREENLAND'S Spring Tonic— Fashions!

Look what Sylvia Sidney is Spring-ing on us—a jaunty tweed hat to match her new gray angora spring suit. The little white yarn pom-poms are a smart touch.

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to—fashions! (Fooled you that time.) Genevieve Tobin's "Four O'Clock" is of rose-beige crêpe, dotted with circles of gold beads. A fox-trimmed scarf completes the ensemble. (Below.)

Otto Dyar



Fur designs create interesting jackets for dinner outfits this spring. Jeannette MacDonald is wearing a jacket of white satin appliqued with triangles of black broadtail fur. Her gown is black chiffon and ciré satin.

Otto Dyar



Clever contrast is achieved in Miriam Hopkins' street frock of beige and brown. The skirt is of dark brown wool and the jacket is of beige dotted with brown. Removable cuffs and collar of beaver make this costume highly practical.

First, Myrna Loy in a simple street frock of black woolen material. The costume is set off with a square-cut collar of white piqué. Then you see Myrna in the same frock plus a matching cape, with a narrow border of caracul.

Here's an outfit that smacks of Paris—and that's where Marion Davies got it. It's a Redfern model street coat of black wool, trimmed with white American broadtail. The fur appears as zig-zagged edging. The black antelope "over-one-eye" hat is of Rose Descat design.



Bull



Clarence
Sinclair
Bull

Ruth Hall's hat may be worn at five o'clock or after dinner. Note the ultra-smart short veil—and those pearl earrings add an extra note of sophistication.



Fashions Look Forward to Spring!



You, too, may have "sun-tan" initials! Joan Marsh had a swim suit made with this very special cut-out-back idea, and then paid a visit to the beach. See the result in the picture to the right. It's the latest Hollywood fad.



Bull

Marion Davies in the very last word in beach ensembles. A dashing Cossack coat of bright red with blue decorations to match her blue bathing suit. It was designed by Mary Nowitsky, of Paris.



Madge Evans' sports hat is of beige felt with a brown grosgrain ribbon around the crown. You'll get an all-around view of this chapeau when you see Madge in "Courage."

Charles
Singer
Inc.



Helen Hayes, that all-embracing dramatic actress, is embraced by Evelyn Roberts in "The Good Fairy," a grand comedy by Ferenc Molnar.

Another screen Helen, Miss Chandler, gets all involved with Leslie Banks in "Springtime for Henry," a delightfully witty farce.



The Stage in Review

Two movie Helens delight Broadway audiences—
other first-night notes for stage and screen enthusiasts

"The Good Fairy"

IN A private hotel dining-room *Lu* was approached by a great Sugar Daddy. She hurriedly said she had a husband, and while the S.D. went off-stage she grabbed the first name she hit on in the telephone book. It happened to be old *Doc Sporum*, impecunious and defunct in glandular attraction.

Well, she was nearly a good fairy to him, for the S.D. was about to hand him a lot of money in exchange for evenings and so forth with *Lu* when it all blew up. The epilogue shows us that *Lu* married a fellow you never suspected.

This is Molnar's latest comedy to reach Broadway. The dialogue whips up some real laughs and there is quite a Continental glamor about the thing. Helen Hayes as *Lu* is good. She is always good. In fact, she is the show. As a further "in fact," she is the show wherever she appears. Walter Connolly bit into his part too deeply. He wavered between Chekhov and a Marx brother.

The production was, as usual, a perfect Gilbert Miller.

"Springtime for Henry"

Macgowan & Reed produced it—salute! Benn W. Levy wrote it—shake! Leslie Banks, Helen Chandler, Nigel Bruce and Frieda Inescourt interpreted it—great applause.

"Springtime for Henry" it is called, and if you like a farce-comedy with brains, brilliant dialogue, original situations, pep, clear-cut characters, Rabelaisian tickles and acting that is perfect, go see this play.

It concerns the affairs of *Henry Dewlip*, rich high-roller, *Mr. Jelliwell*, a husband in the red who is

By

Benjamin De Casseres

fighting mad when *Dewlip* jilts his wife, *Mrs. Jelliwell*, and *Miss Smith*, secretary to *Mr. Dewlip*. *Miss Smith* tries to reform *Mr. Dewlip*, although the dear has murdered

her husband some time back. Complications arise that tickle you incarnadine. It's a play for sophisticated, intelligent, brain-laughing, civilized persons—that's you, dear reader!

The four players were critic-proof. Banks and Bruce are side-splitting, while Helen Chandler, demure, arch, coy, soft-spoken little puritanical murderess, looks almost ethereal. Never has she been completer mistress of a part. That's acting!—without noise. Double salute to Helen—and may she do it again in a picture!

"Sing High, Sing Low"

Well, the Metropolitan Opera House, its good old Gatti and its famous arch-patron had, some day or other, to come in for a sock on the chin—everything else in the world is getting one.

Murdock Pemberton and David Boehm throw the hook into the hooey at Fortieth and Broadway in a labored concoction called "Sing High, Sing Low." Here was a great chance; but, to me, it simply does not come off, although there are some amusing scenes and characters in it. But it is more Frank Sullivan kidding than real satire.

About a girl from the South who comes along with a bunch of clippings and no voice. The arch-patron takes her over; but she flops and marries a sub-press agent.

There's solid picture stuff in this play. Somehow the films can put magic into the dullest plays. And, by the Great Scarab, what a pediculous season it is—for real stage plays!

"The Passing Present"

"The Passing Present," by Gretchen Damrosch, depends entirely on the great talent of Hope Williams to pull it through. I fear the task is too great for even the pugnacious-appearing Miss Williams, who is in a class all by herself: where can you double that head, that uncanny self-possession, that alluring wiggle-slouch, that unchanging but most subtly nuanced voice, that rich lingering on each word, that calm way she has of demolishing anybody she doesn't like? It's simply *sans pareil* ("incomparable" to non-linguists).

The play is a twelfth carbon copy of Tcheckhov's "The Cherry Orchard." It concerns the inconsequential troubles of an old New York family. It moves slower than the repeal of the Bootleg Amendment. It is as windy with irrelevant talk as a radio booster for lemons. It has one good line: "It was *Vogue* that taught me how to blow my nose on the Riviera." Mr. Arthur Hopkins was the philanthropist who produced it.

"A Widow in Green"

Sue is giving a funeral—a rather swell social affair—for the "ashes" of her husband when that very much alive article, having seen the notice in the paper, turns up. We then flicker back to a cottage in the country, where the author, Mr. Lea Freeman, mixes up Freud and Sir Jimmy Barrie to explain to us why *Sue* imagined she was married to *Tommy Shannon* (Ernest Glendinning). We then amble back to the "funeral." Clinch. Fade-out. It's a brittle work, and hollow.

But there is the charming, fascinating and lovely-to-behold Claiborne Foster as *Sue* the widow, then *Sue* the quasi-fantastic, almost Maude Adamish and quaintly qualmish young spinster, and then the *Sue*, again, as the "widowed" ash-holder (a cigar-box with nothing in it).

The play may amuse you mildly in spots; but Miss Foster will allay all your frets about not getting any intellectual sauce out of it. Cecelia Loftus played a housekeeper as that rare technician only knows how, while Mr. Glendinning was a somewhat harmless *Henry*.

"1931"

When you do a propagandist play the first thing necessary is to create a sympathetic main character. We ought to weep for *Uncle Tom* and *Joe Morgan*. But *Adam* in "1931", the new play put on by the Group Theatre, is a truckman who

is brutal, noisy, a disorganizer and an altogether unclubby member of society, even when he had a job. I was glad Fate cotched him at last at 10:55.

The story is pure propaganda and as a play is rubbish. It tells of the decline to Bowery bummary of this *Adam* and thrusts in our faces the worst doctrinaire bilge that I have ever been compelled to swallow.

But—there is Franchot Tone, who gives a great—yes, great!—performance. He brings out every nuance of the pilgrimage of a man who descends from chestiness to "economic collapse." This play will make Franchot Tone. He's far greater than any part of this so-called drama. The rest of the cast may as well have not left that fine first play of the Group Theatre, "The House of Connelly."

"After All"

This play by John Van Druten is one of the solidest and most earnest bits of satire that we have had this season. "After All" is a good title, for the author seems to say, "Well, after all, it's just the same thing over and over—and here's where I prove it."

It's a demonstration in English middle-class life (but which might take place on Washington Heights) that though the wild, young, tin-horn generation may tell their parents to go to! they, when they get married, are just as likely to try to put the snaffle and hobble on their own kids—for life is just a bowl of *apfelmus* when it comes to youth.

Ralph and sister *Phyl* went loose. The boy quit his straight-laced ma and pa and the girl took a married man for a lover. This bite into the Apple of Sin killed off both parents in the second act, and in the third act, the best of the play, we see the boy and girl some years afterward going strong for home and the conventions just as their parents did before them. *Voilà!*

Helen Hays was superb as the mother. She is an actress of great resources and has presence, both dramatically and physically. Walter Kingsford gave a good performance as the father. The girl and boy were excellently done by Margaret Perry and Edmund George. Minna Phillips as an aunt was perfectly laughable and human.

A fine play in a season of dramatic Joe Gums, Zilches, and Nertsies.

"Bloody Laughter"

Maurice Schwartz is the Ajax of Broadway. Time after time he defies the lightning called Flop. He is an actor-producer of ideals. He dares to fly way over (Cont. on page 110)



Hope Williams' expert performance in "The Passing Present" gets SCREEN-LAND'S stage critic all worked up this month. Go West, young lady, go West!



Another "expose"—this time aimed at—(of all things!)—the op'ry business. Ben Lachland, Barbara Willison and Don Beddoe provide some comic moments.

The Body Beautiful

If you want to keep or recapture Youth, *exercise!* Our Beauty Editor gives you "the perfect exercise." Try it!

By
Margery Wilson

*Exercise pictures posed by Miss Leila Hyams, M-G-M.
Photographed by Clarence Sinclair Bull*

First—take a wide stride, the feet wide apart; put your left hand behind you at the waistline. Raise your right arm as Leila Hyams is doing here.

Second—with the arms and feet in the same position turn the body to the left. Note Leila's sensible sweater and wide pajamas—ideal for exercising.

ALITHE, lovely, lissome body vibrant with the lilting song of youth means happiness to every woman. You may have it—and you and you! But it will not be handed you on a golden platter. You must go after it. It will meet you half way—more than half way. The life forces rush into action to rout age and ill health if you will reach out to them and up to them. I mean that literally. In other words—EXERCISE!

If you want to keep or recapture youth—exercise! Youth demands movement, lots of it! Life is the movement of life upon itself, so the scientists tell us. Youth leaves us in exact ratio to our lack of movement. Youth bends and leaps and twists. Notice that as we grow up our movements confine themselves to straight ahead and straight backward motions. A child moves sideways quite as much as forward and backward. Youth tumbles and stands on its head, joyously, mischievously regarding an upside-down world. You and I become sedate and dignified and let the precious singing, surging youth die in our muscles.

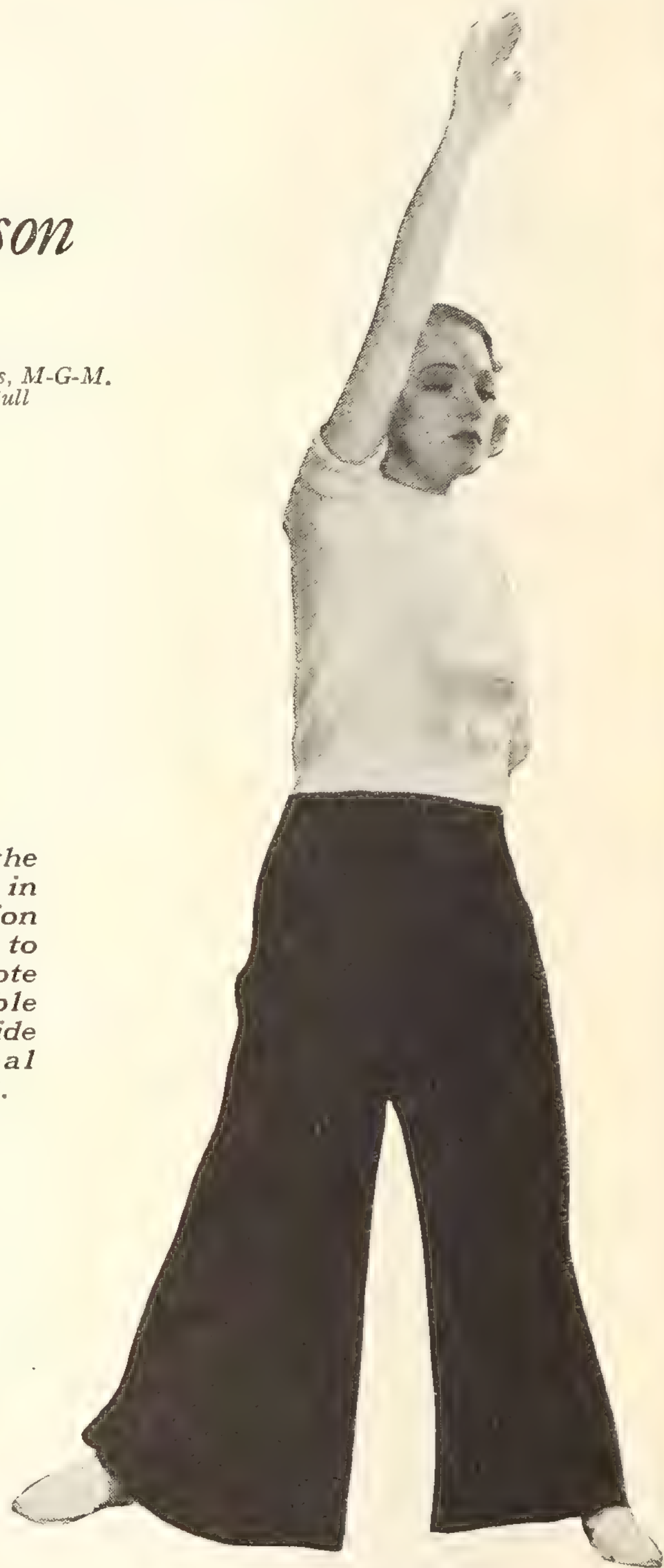
But comes the dawn!—as the old picture titles used to say. Scientific body building steps right up in 1932 and stands us on our heads again; twists us and turns us and teaches us stunts that our grandmothers never saw except in circuses. Everybody's doing it! That is, everyone who can afford it.

But we have a new swanky name for it. Never again

be guilty of so vulgar a term as "physical culture." The exact science of building a beautiful body is known today as ANATOMICAL ARCHITECTURE!

It's a very accurate name, too. First you have a plan, of course. You decide what you want the finished structure to look like. Then you decide on labor, time, and materials. Any number of diversified items come under the head of materials, if we mean by that what goes into the building. This includes everything from diet to correct thinking and constructive emotions. The other day I heard a popular Anatomical Architect say that she wished someone would perfect an X-ray that would penetrate a person's mind so that she could see exactly what thoughts and feelings had brought about the bodily condition.

Other equally sincere workers in this field say, "Keep



your body clean, slim, and fit, and destructive thoughts and emotions will pass you by."

Well, both are true. Work with your body and your mind to find joyous health.

Douglas Fairbanks once said that if every tree you see doesn't dare you to climb it, you're getting old! Most of us don't care to go in for tree-climbing but we *can* find exercises that can be done with much more privacy that will keep us young. Not only that, but we can select just the kind of exercise that will mould the body according to our wishes.

Anything can be accomplished in the way of shaping the body. In one fashionable salon all the exercises are given at first lying on the floor, a silken padded floor, to be sure, but a floor. These are to correct posture and to lift and harden the abdominal walls. This raises the chest too. Every exercise should lift the body and raise the internal organs to a higher position.

To get right down to cases, here is an exercise that will reduce the waist-line and harden the abdominal walls. Drink a glass of water first. Lie down on the floor on your right side, your head on your right arm crooked for a pillow. Relax. Slowly tense the hips and draw them forward, moving only from the waist down. Tense and lift all the abdominal organs. Slowly come up the body with this movement of tenseness until the chest is raised as though it were being pulled up by strings. Relax. Repeat this six times

BEAUTY FOR YOU!

You may have all the beauty help you need from Margery Wilson, our charm editor who is a beauty herself! Make her department your guide. If you wish a personal answer, just write to her and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

dizzy at first just do it two or three times and gradually increase the number.

Now before you get too serious and conscientious about the matter, loosen up with a few somersaults until you learn to stand on your head. I told you before about this but now I am insisting! Put a pillow on the floor, put the top of your

head in the middle of it, place your hands so that with your head they form a tripod for your body. Now put a knee on each elbow. This is probably as far as you will get the first two or three times you try it. As soon as you gain the feel of the position lift your legs straight up. Let someone help you until you gain your balance or do it against a wall.

Standing on your head is a wonderful cure for the blues. It sort of reverses everything inside and out—makes you feel giggly and gay. You couldn't possibly stand on your head and remain sad. It keeps you from taking yourself so seriously and reminds you that life can be very amusing after all. You're never quite the same after you've stood on your head. Like a visit to Hawaii, it gives you a different point of view. You feel—well, go on and try it! It's very youthifying!

And now in a world where we are told that nothing is perfect I am going to tell you about an exercise that is called **THE PERFECT EXERCISE** because it uses every muscle in the body. I will describe it as best I can and you can study the accompanying pictures for the exact positions. First take a wide stride—that is, stand with the feet far apart. (But only for this exercise; never stand with your feet apart any other time. Keep the feet together for a pretty body-line.)

All right, now, take a wide stride. Put your left hand behind you at the waistline. As you inhale raise your right arm, elbow stiff, out from the side. While the arm is coming up turn your body from the waist to the left. Let the right arm pass in front of your face as you bend down on the left leg, keeping the right leg rigid, exhaling slowly. Let your body come on down, down, until the chest touches your left knee, at the same time reaching out as far as possible with the right hand, trying to touch the floor before you. Stretch, reach, and twist and bend as far as you can all in one movement. Now slowly rise and do the same thing raising the left arm and bending the right knee, keeping the left leg rigid.

The first attempt at this exercise will prove to you how little used are most of the muscles even though we consider ourselves fairly active people. This is simply ideal for the busy man or (Continued on page 106)



Third—now slowly bend the left knee, keeping the right one stiff; the body bending over with right arm swinging down, and left arm still behind you.

lying on the right side. Now six times lying on the left side. And by this time you will be perspiring, the blood will be surging through your body, and you will be wondering breathlessly how you could exercise so much without moving from one spot! To pull the hips forward corrects a sway back which not only spoils the lines of your body but permits the internal organs to fall forward and down. Pull the hips forward, draw the organs back and up. Tense hard—as hard as you can. This is an excellent exercise for both beauty and health. It's one of the best to be found. If it makes you

Fourth—the body bends until the chest touches the left knee, and the right hand touches the floor in front of the left foot. Keep left arm in same position throughout.



Critical Comment



THE CUBAN LOVE SONG
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The high spot of this film is Lawrence—call him Larry—Tibbett's singing of *The Peanut Vendor*. Tibbett is still a far better singer than he is an actor. This rowdy romance of three musketeers in the Marines, Tibbett, Jimmy Durante, and Ernest Torrence, is only fair. Lupe Velez is a sizzling senorita who never quite convinces. Durante is as funny as the plot permits.



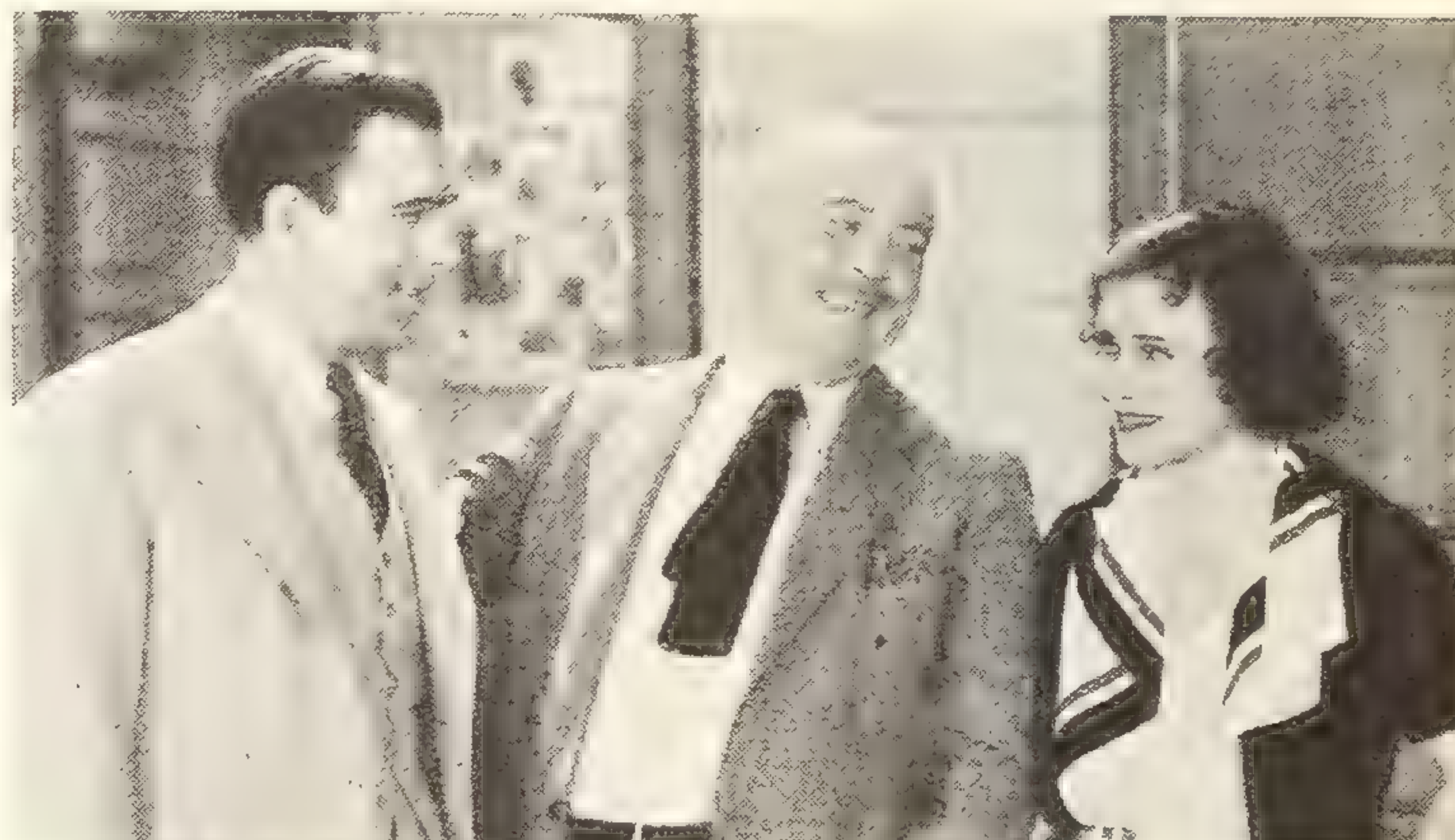
THE CHEAT
Paramount

And still she suffers! Tallulah Bankhead's current vehicle is an old-fashioned model with a 1932 chassis, the results being far from smooth. The star strives nobly as a spoiled wife with gambling debts, a sap husband ineptly played, and a pursuing villain stagily acted by Irving Pichel. Tallulah gives "glamor" a new meaning. She's alluring. But how she needs a hot story!



RICH MAN'S FOLLY
Paramount

A picture to think about! Men will like it. And there's appeal for women, too. George Bancroft is fine as the man bound up in his work and his son, whose ruthless pride almost destroys him. Perhaps the most touching scene on the month's screen is the death of the little son, beautifully played by David Durand. Frances Dee as the neglected daughter is surprisingly good. See this one.



FLYING HIGH
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

For movie musical comedy addicts, this piece will afford you enough fun to make it worth your while. It presents Bert Lahr of Broadway, and he is a howling success as an aerial "inventor" who breaks the altitude record. You'll enjoy Lahr if you like your comedy fast and not too fussy. Charlotte Greenwood helps; pretty Kathryn Crawford and Pat O'Brien are pleasantly present.



THE STRUGGLE
United Artists

D. W. Griffith turns very, very serious and gives us a preachment on the evils of bootleg booze. He paints a lurid picture of what happens to *Jimmy*, a genial mill-worker, his wife, and their little daughter when *Jimmy* yields to the demon rum. *Jimmy* becomes a bum before our eyes, the wife suffers, and it's all pretty sad. Hal Skelly, Zita Johann, and Edna Hagen are the players.



THE GUILTY GENERATION
Columbia

Thanks to two nice young players, Constance Cummings and Robert Young—you remember him in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—this gangland melodrama has its redeeming features, involving a romance between the son and daughter of rival racketeers. Leo Carrillo plays the head bad man with plenty of menace. But we thought we had seen the last of gangster films.

on Current Films



HIS WOMAN
Paramount

Gary Cooper as a sea captain with an adopted baby! Claudette Colbert as a lady with a past! And these two smart young players almost make you believe it. You'll like Gary, going very nautical on his good ship *Christine*. And the baby, Richard Spiro, is guaranteed to send all the women in the audience into gurgles of delight. He's a real, sure-fire baby star.



HEAVEN ON EARTH
Universal

You've been asking for a "different" picture. Here it is. You'll enjoy the southern flavor of this drama of Mississippi shanty-boaters, feuding with the steamboat folks. Lew Ayres, with a convincing drawl, is splendid as a boy brought up to hate the shanty-towners, only to find he is one of them. Anita Louise is appealing. A good, honest picture of little-known American life.



GOOD SPORT
Fox

There are some likable actors in this picture so you may find it fairly diverting. It's a pseudo-sophisticated comedy drama about a wife who tries to beat the gold-digger at her own game. The trouble is—she falls in love! Linda Watkins is the wife; John Boles the other man, and there are lots of pretty girls around, including gorgeous Greta Nissen.



SURRENDER
Fox

Not the usual movie, this will be interesting to those who enjoy studying screen technique and clever direction. Viewed strictly as a show, however, it fails to entertain. Warner Baxter plays a French war prisoner, Leila Hyams a proud Prussian girl, but their romance is shadowy, and the superb performances of Ralph Bellamy and Alexander Kirkland easily win first honors.



FRANKENSTEIN
Universal

Wear your hair nets, ladies! "Frankenstein" is a thriller, a chiller, and a hair-raising shocker. If you like horror movies, this is your meat and treat. Expertly directed by James Whale, this story of a man-made monster who leaves havoc in his wake will hold you spell-bound. Boris Karloff, Colin Clive, Mae Clarke give splendid performances. Don't take the children!



SAFE IN HELL
First National

The most hard-boiled picture of the month—but frankly billed as "NOT for children." Dorothy Mackaill gives a splendid if sordid performance as a bad, bad girl fighting against fate—and a collection of the most determined heavies ever assembled in one film. Plenty of low-down atmosphere. Don Cook plays a sailor lover, and Ralf Harolde is chief, and convincing menace.



Wide World

And so they'll be married! Joan Bennett and Gene Markey tell us so themselves, and so does the beautiful star sapphire and diamond ring on Joan's finger. Here they are—yes, it's Joan behind the lorgnette—at the International Polo Match at the Riviera Country Club, Beverly Hills.

SCREEN NEWS

Clark Gable to appear with Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus"! Isn't that chap getting the breaks, playing opposite all the lovely ladies? He had to take a test like the rest of the boys, after which none other would do, however. How do you fancy him as the minister?

It seems that Garbo, after a certain amount of hemming and hawing, has agreed to play the part of the dancer in "Grand Hotel" after all. This will be her second successive rôle as a dancer—the first, of course, having been in "Mata Hari."

The announcement of Joan Bennett's engagement to Gene Markey, made at a dinner given by her titled big sister, came as something less than an overwhelming surprise to those of us who had been keeping an eye on these two young romanticists. Joan, you know, was married once before at an early age, and obtained her divorce not long afterward. Following her début in movies she became interested in John Considine in a fairly sizeable way, but that incipient romance was cut off through the severe competition offered Joan by Carmen Pantages.

As for Gene, he is one of the more captivating of the movie writers, and has been seen at various times in the past with Lois Moran, Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire. In fact, he sort of considered himself engaged to Ina when he happened to read in a news-

Learn the latest from our
"Coast-wise" reporter



Acme

Vacation party. Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards, Nancy Dover, Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable breathe deeply and relax at Del Monte, Calif.

paper one day that she had eloped with John Gilbert. That's what impressionable young people get for reading the newspapers!

Still, all hands seem to be happy now, and don't be surprised if Joan and Gene are married by the time you read this!

Helene Costello said Lowell Sherman, her husband, was a "fat old man" and "a ham actor," according to that gentleman's divorce complaint. Helene, as we know, is sister to Dolores Costello, who is married to John Barrymore. Both girls married divorced men several years older than themselves. Helene had, however, been married before—to Jack Reagan. We insist, no matter what Helene's opinion, that Lowell is only a teeny-weeny bit over weight, and we deny the "ham" epithet.

A year ago the Duncan Sisters were worth a million dollars. It slipped through their hands like water and now they have filed a suit in bankruptcy. Rosetta and Vivian came from a small town called Covina, out amongst the orange ranches, and had a hard struggle at first. Of course "Topsy and Eva" won them their fame as a stage play—it did not go so well as a picture. Someone should have taken their money away from them, put it in trust and given them an allowance of around \$100 a week to live on. But they're plucky



It's Loretta Young—and you'll have to believe it! This is how the gentle art of make-up transformed her into a Chinese girl in "The Honorable Mr. Wong."



And here's the real thing—Anna May Wong in an Oriental costume for "Shanghai Express." She plays a Manchurian lady—and now you know what those battles are about!

dears, no whining, and promise to pay off all their creditors some day.

Fritzi Ridgeway is another girl in the throes of legal battle. It seems her gorgeous desert hotel at Palm Springs is heavy with mortgages against it and the mortgagee, just like the film villain variety, has become very unpleasant about it. Nobody loves a mortgagee!

Pat O'Brien and Eloise Taylor, his wife, had a perfect orgy of in-laws recently, when they entertained their respective parents and showed them Hollywood. Pat and Eloise have been married just a year but had not met each other's family before. While they were stage-playing it wasn't possible, but when Pat was recalled to film-land for a picture, domestic reunions seemed to be in order. We understand they both passed the examination.

Charlie Chaplin had his press-agent woes in London when the lady sued for services rendered, which included getting Charlie out of dining with the prime minister's son. Anyway, he had to pay the fair p.a.

Charlie has been working on a play about Napoleon, which may later be a picture.

Mary Nolan set her spouse up in business



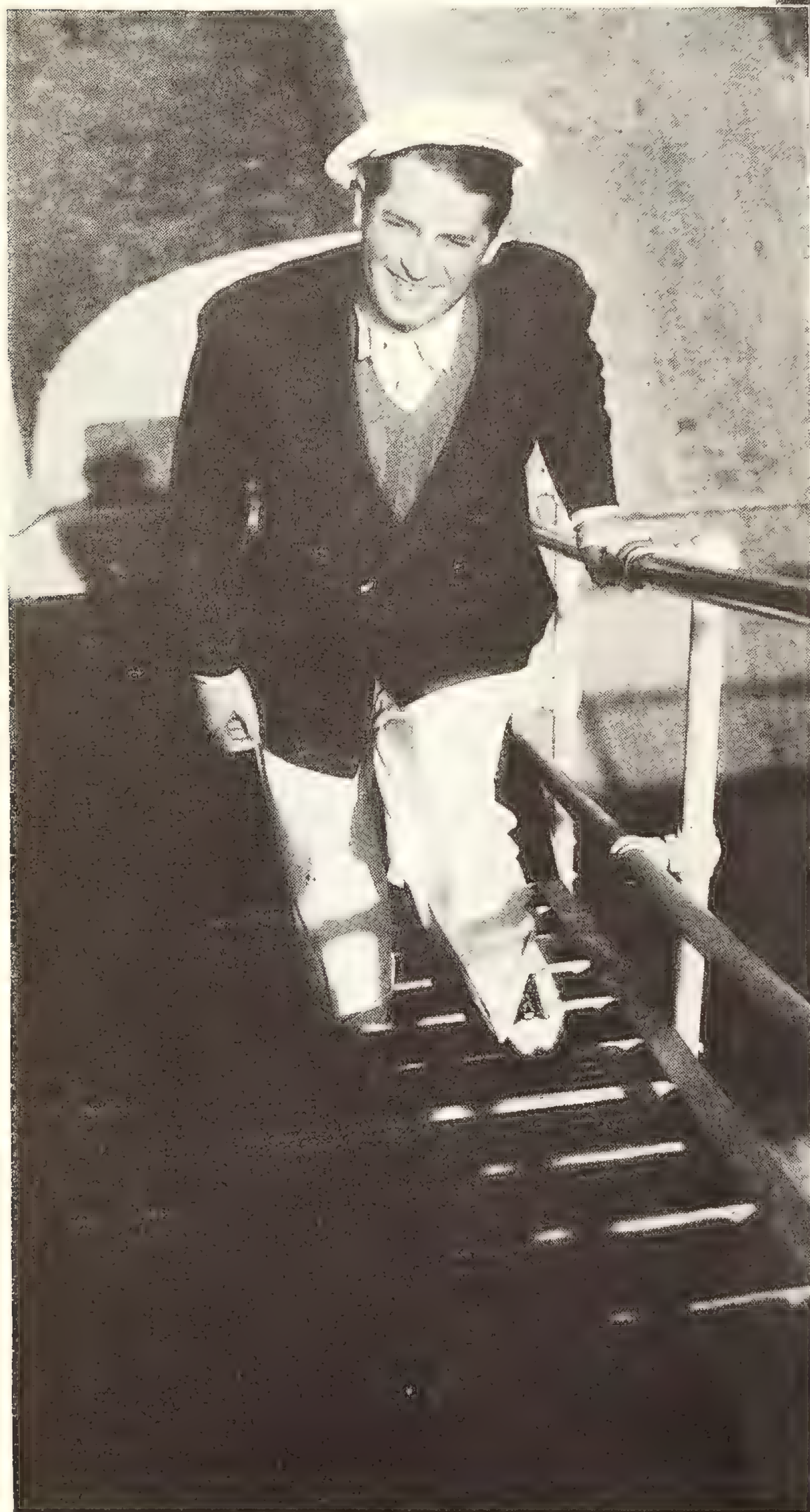
Wide World

Just as handsome as ever, if somewhat less romantic. The team of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell dance together off-screen, at a Hollywood party. At right is Mildred Davis Lloyd.

and he lost the lot. Quite a test of romance, but they've weathered it happily, vows Mary, and now that she is to be *Becky Sharpe* in "Vanity Fair," and has a nice contract, the silver lining is bursting through nicely, thank you.

At Edmund Goulding's wedding party (he recently married a dancer, Margaret Moss) Lupe Velez was dividing her affectionate ebullience between Jack Gilbert and Ramon Novarro. Ramon, however, who was acting as a sort of best-man-cum-assistant-host, was not entirely faithful to Lupe. I mean, he told all and sundry that Greta Garbo is the most wonderful, most beautiful, etc., etc., girl in all the world. Then, too, he kissed a couple of newspaper women, just to be impartial.

Another bonanza for extras in Hollywood when Edward Griffith, directing



One moment with Maurice Chevalier! He's rushing to see the rushes of "One Hour With You," his next talking, singing, and grinning vehicle.



Anita Page puts on a broad-brimmed hat, Renaissance gown and massive ear ornaments, and goes medieval on us.

Constance Bennett in "A Lady with a Past," required several hundred extras as passengers in the boat scene. You cannot imagine the wild rejoicing when a call like that goes out from a studio!

Anita Loos of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame, is writing scenarios and dialogue on the M.G.M. lot. The tiny author wrote Lenore Ulric's current stage vehicle, "The Social Register."

Since various critics made some rude remarks about Constance Bennett's slim charms in the artist-model picture "The Common Law," the young lady has taken strenuously to a fattening diet, they say.

If you have read the Katherine Brush serial, "Red-Headed Woman," you will have realized what corking screen material it offers. Clara Bow, 'tis said, was offered the part by M.G.M., but stood out for too high a salary. Joan Crawford may do the picture. She's a calculating gold-digger, this heroine, and we cannot quite imagine the popular Joan in such an unsympathetic rôle, but it's a good acting part.

Bob Montgomery and Clark Gable are the latest recruits to polo. Will Rogers started something when he made polo a fashionable sport for actors.

Anna May Wong, lovely Chinese actress, will be starred in a picture version of the stage play "On the Spot," written especially for her by Edgar Wallace.

When she and Sessue Hayakawa played together in "Daughter of the Dragon," that was the time when the hostilities between China and Japan really began. In that encounter, however, it was Japan that had to retreat.

New motion picture babies run to girls—seven of them as against three boys last year. Harold Lloyd, Jr., the incubator baby; Reginald Denny, Jr., and Albert Lee Werker were the boys. The girls were Patricia Fitzmaurice, Judith Fineman (Margaret DeMille is her mama), Sheila Lanfield (Shirley Mason's baby), Mary Esther Ralston, Daryllyn Zanuck (papa the Fox executive), Barbara Bebe Lyon (Bebe Daniel's *chef d'œuvre* to date), and Judith Goetz, whose grandpa is Louis B. Mayer, president of M.G.M.

In the old silent days, Rupert Hughes wrote a story calling for a fist fight to the finish between an Irish politician and his spouse. Audiences were frankly shocked. We've wandered 'way beyond that point now. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery have a rough-and-tumble floor fight in "Private Lives," and Billie Dove and Chester Morris have another in "Cock o' the Air"—most undignified! Bernard Shaw really started

it when he made a king and his lady-love have a floor scramble in the stage play, "The Apple Cart."

Which reminds us, "Cock o' the Air" is rather delicious, clever nonsense. It opens with a weighty conference of the nations in which it is decided to exile Billie Dove, who is so beautiful she is demoralizing all the officers in the war! Billie has a lovely figure and we see a lot of it.

Don't criticize Billie's voice in this—that little song in the garden was furnished by a double. Billie, I vow, would not sing through her nose.

Ernst Lubitsch, director of sophisticated films, may not renew his contract with Paramount. He shows marked leanings toward stage directing. Besides, Ona Munson, slated to be the second Mrs. Lubitsch, is in New York for a stage play. *Voila!*

So Eddie Lowe and the Fox organization bade each other a smiling *adieu* after all. There was a little matter of an additional three weeks' work which the producers claimed was due them on Eddie's contract, but they decided to waive the claim and informed him that he was free to make another connection. No doubt by the time this is in print he will have done just that.

Norman Foster chose a light-hearted way of deciding his immediate future. It seems that First National wanted him to play opposite Loretta Young in "Eight to Five,"



An unusually expressive camera portrait of Violet Heming, stage star, whose first picture, "Almost Married," will soon be released.

A tame bird? Heh! heh! Jimmie Durante fooled us, the big cheat! The feathered pal is painted on the wall.



Bill Powell successfully chisels a cigarette from his best friend, Dick Barthelmess, while director Mervyn LeRoy looks on in approval of his technique.

while at the same time Pathé offered him a rôle with Helen Twelvetrees in "Veneer." The decision went to First National, which suited Norman first rate.

What may very well prove the high point in Norma Shearer's acting career is the opportunity to play the feminine lead in Eugene O'Neill's powerful drama, "Strange Interlude," which has been bestowed upon her after much discussion, fasting and prayer on the part of the studio executives. A good talkie job on this play will undoubtedly mean a great triumph for all concerned. At any rate, the talking screen should prove a perfect medium for those unspoken thoughts which the characters are supposed to convey to the audience.

Rejoicing in Hollywood knew no bounds when Tom Mix, reported dangerously ill, was at last able to talk over the radio to his boy fans. It was remarkable to see the mountains of letters that poured in upon Tom. Two boys, aged seven and nine years respectively, were brought to Los Angeles from San Francisco, a distance of almost 500 miles, just to leave a bouquet of flowers for their hero. Tom says it was the devotion of little fellows such as these that did more to help along his recovery than anything else.

Equally gratifying to large numbers of her friends and well-wishers was the happy outcome of Pola Negri's illness. With her first talkie safely and creditably launched, Pola is waiting eagerly to get back on the job and follow up her comeback with more pictures.

Just to prove they positively had not separated, Mrs. Maurice Chevalier has joined Maurice in Hollywood. The rumor of a separation had been so persistent before that, that Maurice had been fretting considerably about it.

Better watch Melvyn Douglas. He made his screen debut with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never," was promptly borrowed for Ann Harding in "Prestige," and is now to support Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex," having been hastily substituted for the late Robert Ames.

Marion Davies has some cute black pajamas in which she attends informal neighborly parties. Don't let them tell you pajamas are going out. Not with Marion wearing 'em.

Quite a social flutter on the day that Elissa Landi brought her Countess mama out on the Fox lot to watch them making pictures, and introduced her all around.

Lots of titles in town this winter—Lady Ravensdale visiting Marie Dressler; Lady Stanley the house guest of Norma Shearer; Lord and Lady Ebrington visiting the Lawrence Grants; Lady Marshall Cecil visiting around, but Elissa is the only one to date with a *bona fide* title of her very own in the family.

Quite a little competition over this best-

Pete the Pup has just heard that he won't have to work on Washington's Birthday. This snappy toe-dance is his mode of celebration.



Hollywood is becoming a popular place with British aristocracy—and vice versa. Lady Maureen Stanley, guest of Norma Shearer, watched her work on the "Private Lives" set.

dressed-man-in-Hollywood subject. Adolphe Menjou gets a biscuit, of course, but he can be awfully untidy in private. Ivan Lebedeff keeps it up all the time, sartorial perfection *de luxe*. But now Gene Markey, who is beau-ing Joan Bennett, has them all growling enviously.

If Greta Garbo finally decides to do "Black Oxen" we shall see the beautiful Swede as an old woman who



Sleeping sickness! Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, that pair of human dynamos, are doing the sleeping—and do they make their director sick!



Another titled Hollywood caller. Lady Irene Ravensdale, a friend of Marie Dressler, was her guest recently; and from the movie colony, she's delightful!

takes a trip to Vienna and returns a youthful beauty on gland rejuvenation. Corinne Griffith did the story in the silent version and it made mints of money for all concerned, including Gertrude Atherton, the author.

It seems China wants talking pictures, but the Chinese are still making silents and the population cannot understand our talkies. So now arrives in Hollywood Ma Shih Tsiang, the stage and screen matinée idol of Chinese

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diet, when pneumonia: Our Anna has had the darndest luck. But you should have seen how fond friends flocked when Lucile Gleason entertained for Anna at the Dominoes. It will be a matter of personal satisfaction to us if destiny has decided to give her a happy, healthy and prosperous 1932.

Wally Reid's widow hopes to launch William Wally Reid, her son, into a motion picture career. The boy took a test at Universal but nothing has been decided yet. The boy is 14½, and is attending high school. Here's luck, Wally!

The fanatic who has been alarming Bebe Daniels with his ardent attentions for years has finally been popped back into an asy-



The little baggage! Joan Blondell snatches a few winks between shots on the set of "Union Depot." Doug Fairbanks, Jr. watches the gripping scene among the grips.



Let'er buck! Ken Maynard goes in strenuous training before starting to act in "Two-Gun Texas." His subsequent picture, we hear from an unreliable source, will be "Income Texas."



atic sports—three of 'em! Johnny Weismuller is the naming champion who plays in "Tarzan of the Apes." Dubby" Krueger is a comic diver. And Una Merkel is there because she's Una Merkel.

Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have a cozy dinner party together—proving that husbands and wives do that sort of thing, even in Hollywood.

lum. Ben Lyon cannot resist joshing Bebe about her "lunatic admirer," as you may well imagine.

When Will Rogers has settled the Chino-Japanese disturbance for us in the Orient, he will return to make one picture, and then skip off to Russia and settle the five-year plan for the Soviets. It will be a novelty to have some of Will's comic philosophy let loose on those Russians, who are taken so very seriously both by themselves and some Americans.

It was a great day for temperament when Jetta Goudal finally won her case against Cecil B. DeMille's appeal of her suit for damages for wrongful dismissal. The judge said an artist was perfectly right to interfere and try to make a picture more perfect, and well within his rights to argue a bit. So Jetta is now to collect \$34,531.23 from DeMille, after the case has been petering along for four years. It was brought out in the testimony that all the changes Jetta had suggested, really were improvements for her pictures.

We are terribly curious about that 23 cents tacked on to the amount of the judgment!

Greta Garbo's favorite attire is a rough-neck sweater, not necessarily new, a manish skirt, and, on cold days,

an ulster. She also favors a good snow-skiing outfit.

We are solemnly assured that personal appearances are bad for pictures. It seems that when the stars appear in vaudeville, women's clubs, hotel parties, they lose their illusion for the public! Well, a lot of illusions are going a-glimmering this year, for every star that gets the chance rushes into vaudeville between pictures.

"The modern woman hunts for love with freedom and fearlessness," says Rupert Hughes, author of "No One



Black Beauty muzzles in! Jeanette MacDonald was snapped in a pretty sugary moment. Her new singing rôle is with Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You."



Joan Marsh goes paste jewelry one better with something even more economical—and made to order with each outfit! Cecil Holland, make-up expert, draws it right on her with a make-up pencil.

Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer, caught by the camera just before they sailed for Europe, where they plan to stay indefinitely. Don't forget all about Hollywood, Mrs. Farmer.



Acme

Man," in which Carole Lombard appears. "No one man is sufficient to occupy and satisfy the heart of an average woman."

But the question is, Rupert dear, should they be encouraged in that belief? It *does* tangle things up so at home!

Although you have scarcely had time to see Ann Dvorak in "Scarface" and "Sky Devils" yet, her performances are so good that First National has borrowed her for "The Roar of the Crowd." Howard Hughes has

taken up the option on her contract with flattering haste, while many a better known star is being quietly dropped on the wave of economy.

Larry Tibbett says if he ever loses his voice, he's going to be a butler. He says there is so much room for superior ones, the present supply being of highly dubious quality.

But, Larry, the rumor is that these incompetent butlers were in so many cases formerly actors. So do be careful!

Roland Young vows he picked Napoleon and Josephine up in a gutter on Sunset Boulevard. Says he gazed in wonder, then dashed into a drug-store, secured water in an ice-cream pitcher, immersed the pair therein, and now proudly introduces them to all his friends. They are gold fish! It is just as well Roland has the fish to prove it.

Pola Negri says she is positively not in love with anyone and is wedded to her work.

Lupe's sister, Reina Velez, gets a screen break. She'll be a native girl in "Panama Flo." Although she is not known to pictures, she has been known on the Mexican stage for some time. She has also been doing some



And it's not an aviation picture, either! When you see a bird's-eye view of this courtroom scene with Marie Dressler in "Emma," remember what Clarence Brown had to go through to "shoot" it.



The dashing young lieutenant meets Mata Hari face to face for the first time in this scene from Greta Garbo's and Ramon Novarro's first co-starring vehicle, while the technical gentlemen look on and do their stuff.

Spanish versions of American pictures for the past year. Lupe made her learn English.

David Manners is learning the good old tango for dear life. He has to dance it with Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past," the picture that delayed her honeymoon with the Marquis.

Frank Fay, Barbara Stanwyck's spouse, has signed up with Columbia. He'll be author, director and star of "Fool's Advice," in which he will appear, not in his famous dress suit, but as a country club elevator pilot.

Olga Baclanova and her spouse, Nicholas Sussanin, both are working on the same lot. Olga is working in "Freaks," which promises to be one of the most unusual pictures of the year. Nicholas is on the "Arsene Lupin" set, in which he is a mysterious butler. Olga had to work hard to stage a comeback, for after leaving Paramount, she married and had a baby. Then she had to learn English. Next she had to show herself in a stage play before producers would believe in her suitability for talkies in English. But you cannot keep a bright girl down.

Oh, so movie stars are morons, are they? So says Professor Dashiell of the University of North Carolina. So up pops Paramount and points out that 80% of their major stars went to college—and proves it.

So it's just too bad how these colleges are turning out morons!

Mind you, Genevieve Tobin is not superstitious, but just try to get her to wear green. It seems the only stage failure Gene ever had was when she was wearing a green dress.

Lots of excitement when an actor was playing one of those nickel-in-the-slot baseball games in a drug-store, and was just whooping it up that he had "Babe Ruth at the bat."

"Babe knocks out a homer every time," gurgled the slot-gambler.

"Not quite every time," said a laughing voice, and behold! the real Babe Ruth was



"Spanky" is the eloquent name of this young he-man, the newest addition to Hal Roach's "Our Gang."

right behind him. Babe, you see, has been in Hollywood making the baseball scenes for his Universal series.

After a visit in Paris, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer decided that it was imperative to visit Ireland and kiss the blarney stone. Michael, you see, was born in Cork, where the famous stone is located. So maybe Mike has already done the necessary kissing. It will entail Gloria lying on her tummy and doing some fancy calisthenics—but after one has kissed that magic stone one can blarney anybody into doing anything forever after. Anyway, that's the story.

By the way, Gloria's little girl also went along on that honeymoon trip.

Cecil B. DeMille returns from Russia vowing it's a most wonderful country. They wanted him to make a picture for them, propaganda and all. DeMille and his wife travelled up the Volga—remember his picture "The Volga Boatman"? That was taken on the Sacramento River in California, but DeMille says it was a faithful reproduction.

"Oh, Hollywood is simply divine!" declared Talullah Bankhead when



Says Evalyn to Evelyn! The Misses Knapp and Brent go into a huddle during one of the "time-out" periods on the set.

she arrived, and took up residence in one of Bill Haines' houses.

A few days later she was telling us she wanted a nice long trip somewhere. Fickle maid! Or is Bill's antique furniture too much for her?

Mae Murray, the Princess David Mdivani, says she's going to stay in California a long time now and rest and love the baby and all that. Twelve weeks of vaudeville, with five personal appearances a day, have made home and hubby and baby seem better than ever.

Gone are the days when picture stars had elaborate wedding parties after church ceremonies and let all their friends in on their celebrations—à la Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Bessie Love and Bill Hawks, etc., etc. Nowadays they either elope to another state or get married secretly in other people's parlors, all the way from Clara Bow to Constance Bennett, via Richard Dix, Lew Ayres, Mary Astor, Dorothy MacKaill, June Collyer et al.

While salary cuts are in order, we hear Clark Gable got a raise. But it seems that, considering he is the flappers' darling, the stipend was a trifle meagre before the fuss. Clark, we now hear, was only getting \$350 a



A pair of "Working Girls." Dorothy Hall, seated on the prop stairs, plays one of the principal rôles in the picture so named. Dorothy Arzner, below, is the well-known woman director.



Danger! Marlene Dietrich, as Shanghai Lily in "Shanghai Express," is simply loaded with menace. So is Anna May Wong as Hui Fei.

the ante if at all, but anyway Clark went back to work like a good boy.

Just to show you where some of the money goes. Sally O'Neil was sued for failing to pay \$125 for having her name in the motion picture directory! Jeanette MacDonald was likewise sued for an overdue account for magazine advertising.

Edna May Oliver is now her legal name. Her real name was Edna May Nutter, born in Boston. But the court agreed Oliver was nicer than Nutter for film purposes.

Quite a flutter to hear that Mary Pickford is to go into producing again. At this writing Mary has narrowed her choice of stories down to two. Anyway, she is expected to start working early in February. Mary says she will be content if she makes less than a third on the next picture than she did on the last.

The advantage of knowing two languages! Both Josephine Dunn and Jeanette MacDonald get to play in both the French and English versions of Maurice Chevalier's "One Hour With You," and so draw two salaries. Defeat hard times by becoming a good linguist!

(Continued on page 114)



No, Warren William wouldn't turn his back on a lady. He's face to face with Lil Dagover, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," but her reflection is keeping an eye on him.



Nils Asther *and* Company!

Here's the whole happy family—Evelyn Duncan Asther, mama Vivian, and proud papa, Nils. They call the young lady at the left “the International Baby”—you remember she was born in Germany, her mother an American, and her father Swedish. In private life Evelyn is “Little Eva,” for the character played by her pretty blonde mother in “Topsy and Eva,” in which the Duncan Sisters scored their biggest stage success. Now that Nils has mastered that tricky accent, he has signed a new film contract and you'll see him in “Her Cardboard Lover,” the talker version of the comedy in which Marion Davies starred several years ago.

Who wants to stay at Home?

Who indeed, when Sheiks, harem dancers and desert moonlight beckon?

By Arthur McArthur

Claude Flemming with one of his desert hosts. This Sheik taught him a great deal—about Arabian folkways, of course!

IF YOU had Claude Flemming's flair for finding out the untrodden ways and the unseen sights of the world, how long would home and fireside continue to hold their allure?

Flemming was born in the center of Australia, almost within hailing distance of the bush. Plenty of adventure right handy, you might think; but when Claude Flemming wanted excitement he thought it essential to ship on a little sailing vessel bound for distant parts of the earth. And that just about sums up Claude Flemming.

His idea of relaxation is to go away to some far distant place—preferably some place almost inaccessible to man, where the white race has seldom if ever penetrated before, and where the earnest wish of the natives is that their white brethren would stay at home where they belong. His wanderings began at the age of ten with secret moonlight sallies into the bush to pay visits to the rangers and drink in their tales of derring-do. And before he was of age he had circled the Continent of Australia, deserted the ship, and pushed his way home across country afoot, on horseback, and by every other means of

locomotion available to man in the less mechanized areas of the earth.

Back home again among his native eucalyptus and blue gum, he soon embarked upon the relatively quiet life of a wandering minstrel, abetted by a more than passable baritone voice. From musical comedy in London at the Savoy Theatre to Grand Opera at Covent Garden with Hans Richter's company, ending up with Al Jolson at the New York Winter Garden, he ran pretty thoroughly the gamut of the vocal arts.

But this was no more than an interlude; and in due course he was off again, bent on travel for travel's sake—to the gold and opal mines of New Zealand, to the gay capitals of *Mittleuropa*, the hills and the moors of Scotland and England, the Arabian mysteries of Morocco, the burning silence of the Sahara.

Travel for travel's sake, did I say? Quite right—but not solely for his own amusement. He soon formed the habit of toting a motion picture camera and a suitable retinue along with him; and the result has been the unique series of travelogues known as the "Romantic Journeys"—a record of Flemming's (Continued on page 103)



The present meets the past. The explorer contemplates one of the ancient ruins in Morocco, relic of a long-vanished civilization.

Shopping is just an outdoor sport in Morocco. These Orientals should know their rugs—they do!



Score one for the brunettes! She's one of the dancing girls in the Sultan's Palace at Marrakech—and there are 149 more!



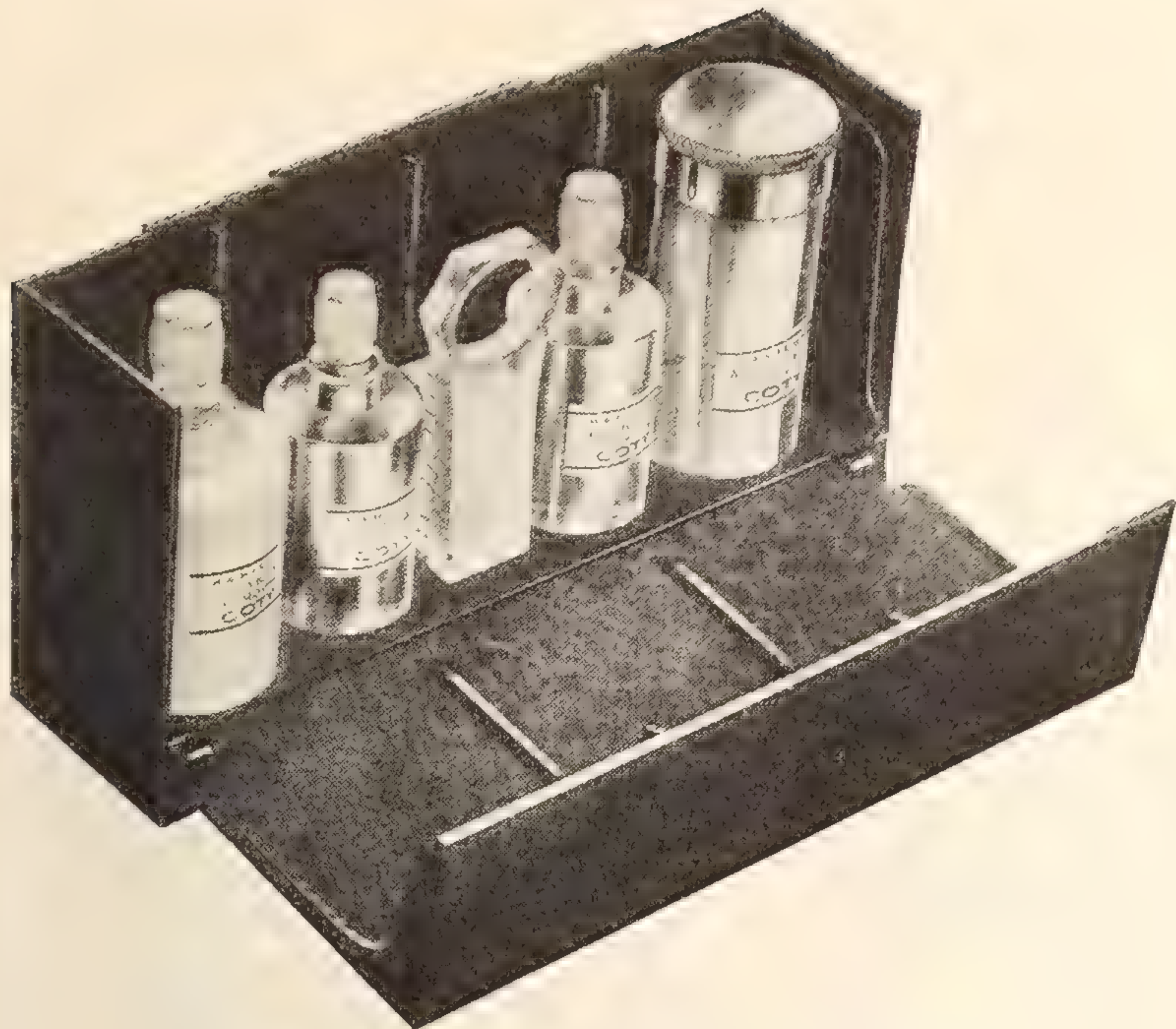
The covered wagon brought up to date. It can't go eight days without gas, but it's a bit nicer than a camel's back.



Look! Billie with Bangs!

Yes—Miss Dove brings back bangs in her new picture, "Cock o' the Air." And that isn't all, either—besides the bangs, Billie offers clever comedy, torrid love scenes, and a really sparkling characterization in this gay film about a beautiful actress who upsets Paris in war-time. Chester Morris plays a dashing aviator to everyone's satisfaction. Billie, by the way, wants to alternate comedy and drama in her cinema future. She's grand in either!





Coty's stunning travel manicure set, housed in a good-looking box—compact and sturdy, a good friend on a journey and a comfortable companion at home! Answers just about every requirement, doesn't it? Mary Lee thinks so.

The Truth about Cosmetics

Follow our friendly advice
on the smartest and newest
aids to beauty

By Mary Lee

I'VE been wondering for ages why some enterprising soul didn't get up a really stunning travel manicure kit—one that could be tucked into an overnight bag or feel equally at home on a trip around the world. You've always been able to get them in paste-board boxes that fall apart or in leather cases that are ruined if you spill something on them, so I just kept on looking and hoping.

It remained for Coty to fill this crying need with the cleverest and most practical set imaginable, housed in a good-looking, sanitary bakelite box. When I saw it I reached out *both* hands for it instead of just one! It's small and sturdy, a good friend on a journey and a comfortable companion at home. Easy to keep neat-looking because one swipe of a wet cloth takes off spots and makes it look like new. That's the great advantage of bakelite.

You'll find a picture of it somewhere on this page. Isn't it a darling? To begin with, Coty's liquid polish is very superior. It has been improved until it does not peel or discolor and lasts longer in the bottle, too, for it does not evaporate so quickly. It flows on thinly and evenly with a brush especially designed like an artist's brush, "hand-domed" soft bristles instead of the usual chopped-off, even fibre kind.

Speaking of brushes, the set contains a sturdy little hand brush, new in design and made of finest Russian bristles. It is very serviceable besides

looking quite smart perched in the middle of the box. There is a generous bottle of cuticle remover which is more than just a word in this case; polish remover, of course, and a fat tube full of orange sticks, emery boards and cotton. You'll understand my enthusiasm when you get one of your own. And you may have all this satisfaction and convenience at Coty's price of \$3.50. I almost forgot to tell you that Coty's polish is perfumed attractively, the perfume having been accounted for chemically in the formula instead of being poured in afterward to dilute the polish. In three shades: clear, medium, and deep. The clear has just a faint tint and is considered very smart this season.

Coty's also make a dressing-table tray set that is quite imposing, and contains larger-sized bottles—\$5.00. Smaller sizes of this type can be had at \$3 and \$4.

Did you notice the swanky-looking jars and bottles pictured on this page? They were especially created for all good little girls who are smart enough to know what their skins really need at this time of year. What with heat inside our homes and winter winds outside, our poor defenseless skins get drier and drier. You can almost hear your face saying "Thank you" when you give it Lentheric's treatment for dry skin, (Continued on page 105)



What with heat inside our homes and winter winds outside, these days, poor, defenseless skins get drier and drier—unless something is done about it. Miss Lee calls attention to Lentheric's skin treatments in their smart, modern jars and bottles.

Irish!

Is the vivacious colleen starting a new vogue in pictures?

IRISH ballads and Irish bacon may have played a big part in Erin's wooing of the heart of humanity, but it needed the devastating and mischievous smiles of the blue-eyed colleens to complete the conquest of the great army of motion picture fans—and isn't that nearly all humanity?

A tour of the studios and a survey of the new films reveal the interesting fact that the blue-eyed Irish girl is today's popular star of the screen, and it is something much more than the rather unflattering and bromidic fable, "The luck of the Irish," or the color of the eye that has captivated the critical movie public.

Nor is this preference for the vivacious maids of Erin, as part of the public's screen entertainment, merely a temporary vogue in eye-color. It may really indicate a deep-seated change in film styles. The blue eyes of the Irish girls that flash across the screens of the world may herald the downfall of the more sophisticated sirens.

A year ago the screen's flickering shadows showed us a variety of dark-eyed ladies whose chief appeal was their nonchalant cosmopolitanism. There was little of the vivacious in them, theirs being the personality that demands heavy drapes and a suggestion of incense to make them appear at home. They were the possessors of that air of infinite weariness in their preoccupation with love and romance.

The vivacious clean-living, clean-looking girl is rapidly displacing the lady of the boudoir. The languorous, dark-eyed "vamps" of early-day films have gone the way of the flapper, while the present trend in pictures is toward the simple, home-ly stories in which love and romance are divested of their usual worldly trappings.

Such stories demand a certain type of heroine, and nowhere in the world are such girls more consistently found than on



Sally O'Neil is as Irish as her name, her freckles, and her two Irish wolfhounds.

the Isle of Erin, and nowhere in the world are such girls more consistently honored than on the screen.

Let's see who these girls are and why they are so successful. Taking Ina Claire first, it's quite easy to realize why she succeeded. A brief chat with her and you are instantly captivated. Her charm and vital individuality refuse to be hidden. Her frankness is perfectly delightful. "I'm just shanty Irish," she laughed. "Annie Claire Fagan is what they named me, and I was born in Washington, D. C., my father and mother coming straight from Ireland."

Ina dropped the last name when she went on the stage. "I'm sort of sorry now," she said, "'Fagan' has much more individuality and character than 'Claire'. I like the Irish, they're such good fighters, and I believe it's because I am of that race that I have 'got over.'"

This blue-eyed, fair-haired beauty admits she is lazy, but when she is at work, she does noth-
(Continued on page 112)



Blue eyes, red hair and all—Peggy Shannon is one of the truest daughters of Erin now playing in films.

Irene Purcell is one of the Celtic lasses who have risen to rapid success in Hollywood within the past year.



Ina Claire; (née Fagan). She likes the Irish. And why not—she's one of them, and glad of it, if you ask her!

Straight from Killiney, Ireland, is Maureen O'Sullivan, who brought a breath of the Ould Sod to Hollywood.



Casts of Current Films

*Reviewed in this issue



Rochelle Hudson is a product of Hollywood High School. She is under contract to Radio.

"A DANGEROUS AFFAIR." Columbia. Story and dialogue by Howard J. Green. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Lieutenant McHenry*, Jack Holt; *Wally Cook*, Ralph Graves; *Marjory Randolph*, Sally Blane; *Florence*, Susan Fleming; *Letty*, Blanche Frederici; *Nelson*, Edward Brophy; *City Editor*, DeWitt Jennings; *Harvey*, Tyler Brooke; *Lionel*, William V. Mong; *Tom*, Fredric Stanley; *Plunkett*, Sidney Bracy; *Tupper*, Charles Middleton; *Peggy*, Ester Muir.

"AMBASSADOR BILL." Fox. Suggested by "Ambassador From the United States" by Vincent Sheean. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Bill Harper*, Will Rogers; *The Queen*, Marguerite Churchill; *Ilka*, Greta Nissen; *King Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Lothar*, Ray Milland; *Prince De Polikoff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *The General*, Arnold Korff; *Senator Pillsbury*, Ferdinand Munier; *Monte*, Edwin Maxwell; *Northfield Slater*, Ernest Wood; *Littleton*, Tom Ricketts.

"ARROWSMITH." Samuel Goldwin. From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Martin Arrowsmith*, Ronald Colman; *Leora Tozer*, Helen Hayes; *Sondelius*, Richard Bennett; *Professor Max Gottlieb*, A. E. Anson; *The Pioneer Girl*, Charlotte Henry; *The Old Doctor*, James Marcus; *Mr. Tozer*, DeWitt Jennings; *Mrs. Tozer*, Beulah Bondi; *Bert Tozer*, Bert Roach; *Henry Novak*, John M. Qualen; *Mrs. Novak*, Adele Watson; *Dr. Hesselink*, Sidney DeGray; *State Veterinarian*, David Landau; *Joyce Lanyon*, Myrna Loy; *Dr. Tubbs*, Claude King; *Terry Wickett*, Russell Hopton; *Twysford*, Alec B. Francis; *Miss Twysford*, Florence Britton; *The Governor*, Lumsden Hare; *Oliver Marchand*, Clarence Brooks.*

"BRANDED MEN." Tiffany. Screen drama adapted from a story by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Rod*, Ken Maynard; *Dale Winters*, June Clyde; *Ramrod*, Irving Bacon; *Hal-a-rod*, Billy Bletcher; *Mace*, Charles King; *The Brother*, Donald Keith.*

"FLYING HIGH." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on the Broadway musical comedy. Adapted by Charles F. Riesner. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Rusty*, Bert Lahr; *Pansy*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Sport*, Pat O'Brien; *Eileen*, Kathryn Crawford; *Doctor Brown*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Smith*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Smith*, Guy Kibbee; *Gordon*, Herbert Broggioti.*

"FRANKENSTEIN." Universal. Based upon the Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley story. Adapted by John L. Balderston from the play by Peggy Webling. Screen play by Garrett Fort and Francis Edwards Farogoh. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Frankenstein*, Colin Clive; *Elizabeth*, Mae Clarke; *Victor*, John Boles; *The Monster*, Boris Karloff; *Dr. Waldman*, Edward Van Sloan; *The Dwarf*, Dwight Frye; *The Baron*, Frederick Kerr.*

"GOOD SPORT." Fox. Screen play by William Hurlbut. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Marilyn Parker*, Linda Watkins; *Boyce Cameron*, John Boles; *Peggy Burns*, Greta Nissen; *Virginia*, Minna Gombell; *Mrs. Atherton*, Hedda Hopper; *Rex Parker*, Allan Dinehart; *Queenie*, Claire

Maynard; *Loretta*, Ethel Kenyon; *September*, Louise Beavers; *Marge*, Sally Blane; *Laura*, Betty Francisco; *Fay*, Joyce Compton.

"HEAVEN ON EARTH." Universal. From the novel "Mississippi" by Ben Lucien Burman. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Stiles*, Lew Ayres; *Towhead*, Anita Louise; *Captain Lilly*, Harry Beresford; *Vergie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Dr. Boax*, Charley Grapewin; *Butler Eye*, Alf P. James; *Preacher Daniel*, Harlan Knight; *Chicken Sam*, Peter Richmond; *Marty*, Robert Burns; *Andy*, Lew Kelly; *Buffalo*, Jules Cowles; *Maggie*, Louise Emmons; *Voodoo Sue*, Louise Beavers; *The Dog*, Fido.*

"HELL DIVERS." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From an original story by Lieutenant Commander Wead. Screen play by Harvey Gates and Malcolm Stuart Boylan. Directed by George Hill. The cast: *Windy*, Wallace Beery; *Steve*, Clark Gable; *Duke*, Conrad Nagel; *Ann*, Dorothy Jordan; *Mame Kelsey*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Lulu*, Marie Prevost; *Baldy*, Cliff Edwards; *Griffin*, John Miljan; *Admiral*, Landers Stevens; *Lieutenant Fisher*, Reed Howes; *Captain*, *Admiral's Staff*, Alan Roscoe.*

"HIS WOMAN." Paramount. From the novel "The Sentimentalist" by Dale Collins. Screen story by Adelaide Heilbron and Melville Baker. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Sally Clark*, Claudette Colbert; *Captain Sam Whalen*, Gary Cooper; *Galson* (*First Mate*), Averill Harris; *Alisandro*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Maria Estelle*, Raquel Davida; *Aloysious*, Hamtree Harrington; *Mark*, Sidney Easton; *Baby*, Richard Spiro; *Agent*, Joe Spurin Calleia; *Captain of Schooner*, Lon Hascall; *Mr. Morrissey*, Herschel Mayall; *Chief Customs Inspector*, Harry Davenport; *Gertrude*, Betty Garde; *Flo*, Charlotte Wynters; *Doctor*, John T. Doyle; *Boatswain*, Edward Keane.*

"MEN IN HER LIFE." Columbia. Screen drama by Warner Fabian. Adapted by Robert Riskin. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Julia Cavanaugh*, Lois Moran; *Flashy Madden*, Charles Bickford; *Count Ivan*, Victor Varconi; *Dick Webster*, Donald Dilloway; *Anton*, Luis Alberni; *Maria*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Miss Mulholland*, Barbara Weeks; *Willon*, Wilson Benge; *Blake*, Oscar Apfel; *District Attorney*, Hooper Atchley.

"OVER THE HILL." Fox. Based on the poems by Will Carleton. Screen play and dialogue by Tom Barry and Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Johnny*, James Dunn; *Isabel*, Sally Eilers; *Ma*, Mae Marsh; *Pa*, James Kirkwood; *Tommy*, Edward Crandall; *Phyllis*, Claire Maynard; *Ben*, William Pawley; *Isaac*, Olin Howland; *Susan*, Joan Peers; *Bill Collector*, David Hartford; *Minnie*, Eula Guy; *Stephen*, Douglas Walton.

"POSSESSED." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Mirage." Dialogue by Lenore Coffee. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Marian Martin*, Joan Crawford; *Mark Whitney*, Clark Gable; *Al Manning*, Wallace Ford; *Wally*, Skeets Gallagher; *Travers*, Frank Conroy; *Vernice*, Marjorie White.

"PRIVATE LIVES." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play by Noel Coward. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Amanda*, Norma Shearer; *Elyot*, Robert Montgomery; *Victor*, Reginald Denny; *Sibyl*, Una Merkel; *Oscar*, Jean Hersholt; *Bell Hop*, George Davis.*

"RECKLESS LIVING." Universal. Adapted from the play "The Up and Up" by Eva K. Flint and Martha Madison. Directed by Cyril Gardner. The cast: *Curly*, Ricardo Cortez; *Bee*, Mae Clarke; *Doggie*, Norman Foster; *McManus*, Tom Jackson; *Alice*, Marie Prevost.

"RICH MAN'S FOLLY." Paramount. From Charles Dickens' novel "Dombey and Son." Adapted by Grover Jones and Edward Paramore, Jr. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Brock Trumbull*, George Bancroft; *Anne Trumbull*, Frances Dee; *Joe Warren*, Robert Ames; *Paula Norcross*, Juliette Compton; *Brock Trumbull, Jr.*, David Durand;



She's new, and she belongs to the blonde faction among screen pretties—Josephine Johnson.

Dwight Kincaid, Gilbert Emery; *Andrew McWylie*, Harry Allen.*

"SAFE IN HELL." First National. Adaptation and dialogue by Joseph Jackson and Maude Fulton. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Gilda Carlson*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Carl Bergen*, Donald Cook; *Piet Van Saal*, Ralf Harolde; *Bruno*, Morgan Wallace; *Gomez*, Victor Varconi; *Egan*, John Wray; *Jones*, Charles Middleton; *Larsen*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Leonie*, Nina Mae McKinney; *Angie*, Cecil Cunningham; *Old Tar*, George Marion, Sr.; *Bobo*, Noble Johnson.*

"SOOKY." Paramount. From the story "Dear Sooky" by Percy Crosby. Scenario by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Norman McLeod. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner*, Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne*, Robert Coogan; *Sidney Saunders*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Skinner*, Enid Bennett; *Mrs. Wayne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mr. Skinner*, Willard Robertson; *Saunders*, Leigh Allen; *Willoughby*, Harry Beresford; *Moggs*, Guy Oliver; *Krausmeyer*, Oscar Apfel; *Hilda*, Gertrude Sutton.*

"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE." Universal. From the story by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Grs. Count Di Ruvo*, Paul Lukas; *Isabelle Parry*, Sidney Fox; *Judge Dempsey*, Lewis Stone; *Henry Greene*, George Meeker; *Tomasso*, William Ricciardi; *Mulligan*, Sidney Toler; *Waiter*, Carlo Schipa; *Waiter*, Samuel Bonello; *Lilli*, Natalie Moorhead; *Cook*, Joe Torillo; *Officer*, Joseph W. Girard.

"SUICIDE FLEET." RKO-Pathé. Based on a magazine story by Commander H. A. Jones. Screen play by Lew Lipton. Dialogue by F. McGrew Wills. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Baltimore*, Bill Boyd; *Dutch*, Robert Armstrong; *Skeets*, James Gleason; *Sally*, Ginger Rogers; *Commander*, Harry Banister; *Holtzman*, Frank Reicher; *Captain Von Stuben*, Henry Victor.

"SURRENDER." Fox. From the play "Axelle" by Pierre Benoit. Adapted by Samuel N. Behrman and Sonya Levien. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Dumaine*, Warner Baxter; *Axelle*, Leila Hyams; *Reichendorf*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dietrich*, Alexander Kirkland; *Elbing*, Ralph Bellamy; *Goulot*, William Pawley; *Claverie*, Howard Phillips; *Vandaele*, Bert Hanlon; *Dominica*, Bodil Rosing.*

"TAXI!" Warner Brothers. Adaptation and dialogue by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Matt Nolan*, James Cagney; *Sue*, Loretta Young; *Skeets*, George E. Stone; *Marie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Danny*, Ray Cooke; *Joe Silva*, Matt McHugh; *Ruby*, Leila Bennett; *Pop Reilly*, Guy Kibbee; *Father Nulty*, George McFarlane; *Truck Driver*, Nat Pendleton; *Polly*, Polly Walters; *The Judge*, Burton Churchill.*

"THE CHAMP." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Story by Frances Marion. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Champ*, Wallace Berry; *Dink*, Jackie Cooper; *Linda*, Irene Rich; *Sponge*, Roscoe Ates; *Tim*, Edward Brophy; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Jonah*, Jesse Scott; *Mary Lou*, Marcia Mae Jones.

(Continued on page 111)

The picture producing companies each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; Cad-do, page 9; Educational, page 10.



Hurrell

LOOKING FOR A RAIN-BEAU?

Sorry, Kathryn Crawford, we couldn't help it. You do look pretty sweet paddling around in your new slicker and rain-boots. And whoever it is you're smiling at over your shoulder, we hope he knows enough not to come in out of the rain!

Studio Addresses of the Stars

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Dorothy Jordan
John Barrymore	Buster Keaton
Lionel Barrymore	Barbara Leonard
Wallace Bery	Alfred Lunt
Harry Carey	Joan Marsh
Jackie Cooper	Adolphe Menjou
Kathryn Crawford	Una Merkel
Joan Crawford	John Miljan
Marion Davies	Robert Montgomery
Reginald Denny	Grace Moore
Marie Dressler	Polly Moran
Jimmy Durante	Karen Morley
Cliff Edwards	Conrad Nagel
Madge Evans	Ramon Novarro
Lynn Fontanne	Ivor Novello
Wallace Ford	Edward Nugent
Clark Gable	Anita Page
Greta Garbo	Marie Prevost
John Gilbert	Duncan Renaldo
Ralph Graves	Norma Shearer
William Haines	Lewis Stone
Neil Hamilton	Norma Talmadge
Helen Hayes	Lawrence Tibbett
Jean Hersholt	Ernest Torrence
Hedda Hopper	Lester Vail
Leila Hyams	

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

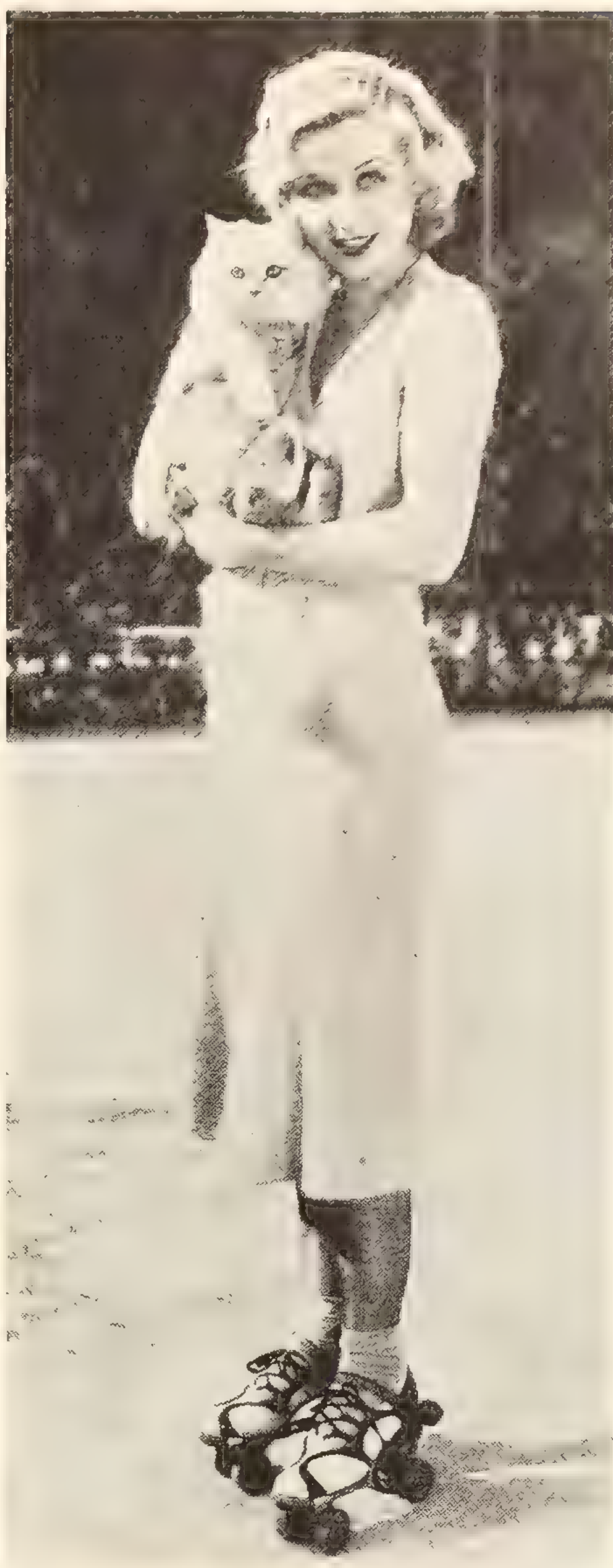
Adrienne Ames	Phillips Holmes
Richard Arlen	Miriam Hopkins
George Bancroft	Carole Lombard
Tallulah Bankhead	Paul Lukas
Ralph Bellamy	Fredric March
Eleanor Boardman	Georges Metaxa
William Boyd	Jeanette MacDonald
Clive Brook	Rosita Moreno
Nancy Carroll	Barry Norton
Maurice Chevalier	Warner Oland
Claudette Colbert	Vivienne Osborne
Juliette Compton	Eugene Pallette
Jackie Coogan	Irving Pichel
Robert Coogan	Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper	Jackie Searl
Frances Dee	Peggy Shannon
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher	Lilyan Tashman
Wynne Gibson	Regis Toomey
Gary Grant	Allen Vincent
Harry Green	Judith Wood
Mitzi Green	

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California

Robert Allen	Evalyn Knapp
George Arliss	Fred Kohler
Richard Barthelmess	Winnie Lightner
Joan Blondell	Lucien Littlefield
Lillian Bond	Ben Lyon
George Brent	Dorothy Mackaill
Joe E. Brown	Mae Madison
Charles Butterworth	David Manners
James Cagney	Marian Marsh
Ruth Chatterton	Ray Milland
Donald Cook	Marilyn Miller
Bebe Daniels	Ona Munson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Dorothy Peterson
Gladys Ford	Walter Pidgeon
Kay Francis	William Powell
Ruth Hall	James Rennie
James Hall	Otis Skinner
Walter Huston	Polly Walters
Leon Janney	H. B. Warner
	Edward Woods

RKO-Radio-Pathé, 780 Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Constance Bennett
Mary Astor	Joseph Cawthorn
Roscoe Ates	Lita Chevret
Harry Bannister	Ricardo Cortez
Louis John Bartels	Dolores Del Rio



A pair of good skates! With Adrienne Doré to speed her on her way, no wonder Tabby looks kittenish.

Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Frank McHugh
Jill Esmond	Ken Murray
Susan Flemming	Pola Negri
Roberta Gale	Edna Mae Oliver
John Halliday	Laurence Olivier
Ann Harding	William Post
Hugh Herbert	Charles Quigley
Rochelle Hudson	Eddie Quillan
Arlene Judge	Charles Sale
Tom Keene	Lowell Sherman
Kitty Kelly	Marion Shilling
Edgar Kennedy	Ned Sparks
Ivan Lebedeff	Helen Twelvetrees
Dorothy Lee	Ruth Weston
Eric Linden	Bert Wheeler
Phillips Lord	Robert Woolsey

Offer Felicitations to These Following March Stars

Lois Moran	March 1st.
Edmund Lowe	March 3rd.
Ray Milland	March 3rd.
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4th.
Conrad Nagel	March 16th.
Donald Dillaway	March 17th.
Betty Compson	March 18th.
Joan Crawford	March 23rd.
Gloria Swanson	March 29th.
Warner Baxter	March 29th.
Doris Hill	March 31st.
Eddie Quillan	March 31st.

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Edmund Lowe
Hardie Albright	Myrna Loy
Luana Alcaniz	Sharon Lynn
William Bakewell	Helen Mack
Warner Baxter	Kenneth Mac-
Joan Bennett	Kenna
Humphrey Bogart	Mona Maris
John Boles	Mae Marsh
El Brendel	Victor McLaglen
Marguerite Churchill	Thomas Meighan
Joyce Compton	Conchita Montene-
Donald Dillaway	gro
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
James Dunn	Greta Nissen
Ann Dvorak	Marian Nixon
Sally Eilers	George O'Brien
Charles Farrell	Sally O'Neil
John Garrick	Will Rogers
Janet Gaynor	David Rollins
Minna Gombell	Rosalie Roy
Warren Hymer	Spencer Tracy
Richard Keene	Elda Vokel
J. M. Kerrigan	Linda Watkins
Elissa Landi	Marjorie White
Cecelia Loftus	

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lew Ayres	Barbara Kent
Pala Birrell	Bela Lugosi
John Mack Brown	Tom Mix
Mae Clarke	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Rose Hobart	Genevieve Tobin
Boris Karloff	John Wray

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Albert Gran
Mischa Auer	Hale Hamilton
Leo Carrillo	Lloyd Hughes
Helen Chandler	Paul Hurst
Helene Chadwick	Ralph Ince
Dorothy Christy	Wallace MacDonald
George Fawcett	Ken Maynard
Carmelita Geraghty	Bob Steele

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Pat O'Brien
Melvyn Douglas	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
Jean Harlow	Gloria Swanson
Al Jolson	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Constance Cummings	Loretta Sayers
Jack Holt	Barbara Stanwyck
Buck Jones	

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Patsy O'Leary
Ann Christy	Daphne Pollard
Andy Clyde	Lincoln Stedman
Bing Crosby	Nick Stuart
Harry Gribbon	

Sono Art World-Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

Hoots *and* Hoorays



Wide World

It's Kay Francis who gets the fans all excited this room and wonder. She's America's own subtle charmer, and the call her the equal of any of the imported gals. Kay is seen with Kenneth McKenna, her director husband.

HOW NOT TO BEHAVE! (First Prize Letter)

Why so much bitterness toward the so-called "sexy" and "triangle" pictures appearing so frequently on the screen of today?

I believe films of this sort very often present just such situations in real life. In seeing this type of picture one is forced to form a mental picture of such things happening in one's own life and home. Often, this is enough to make one come to a fuller and deeper appreciation of the happiness and possibilities of one's own particular lot.

I am no Greta Garbo and my husband is no Clark Gable, but our own lives are full of happiness and understanding. Triangle pictures are a red flag—may we always

heed the moral which such films present.
Rachelle Francis,
205 Blackstone Court,
Grand Island, Neb.

MOVIES MADE TO ORDER (Second Prize Letter)

Hollywood's present enthusiasm for making talkies of the best novels and stage plays is, to me, a cheering augury for the intellectual growing-up of the movies. By all means let us have the work of our leading novelists and playwrights, whose trained literary talents, flavored with imagination, wit and intelligence, usually provide the bright spots on the cinematic bill-of-fare.

Nevertheless, I think it has been amply

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demonstrated by now that the talking screen is a perfectly valid dramatic medium in its own right. Why, then, should producers continue serving us warmed-over fare, however excellent, in the form of re-hashed books and plays, instead of employing these same authors and playwrights to concoct original dramas especially fitted to the potentialities of the screen?

Let the movies build up a corps of authentic creative artists on whom to draw. Then truly will we have some great pictures!

Lilian Pownser,
8060-90th Rd.,
Woodhaven, L. I.

THOSE WOBBLY THRONES (Third Prize Letter)

High on their gilded thrones sit the movie stars, without one iota of protection—thrones won by long years of arduous toil and privation. Take our foreign stars—Paul Lukas for instance. Consider the splendid fight he has made: Always at a disadvantage, burdened by a foreign accent, his difficulties increased by the coming of the talkies, encouraged by no one, and with only his everlasting belief in himself to support him, he overcame all obstacles, and established himself as one of our finest actors of today.

We should remember this when we feel inclined to judge any of the stars harshly. After all, they are stars in name only—in reality they are but pawns pushed about by people's opinions. Why begrudge them their brief blaze of glory, which, "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two, is gone."

Sybil Donaldson,
R. R. No. 1,
Ottawa, Ont.

QUITE A LITTLE ORDER! (Fourth Prize Letter)

I want:
Joan Crawford to stay a brunette;
Charles Farrell and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.,
to get haircuts;
Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in another picture;
Another film like "Daddy Long Legs";
Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable co-starred;

That's the write idea! Send us your own talkie criticisms, flattering or otherwise. But always write constructively, even when picking flaws. The four best letters each month win prizes of \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5, respectively. Please limit your letters to 150 words, and mail them to reach us by the 10th of each month.



Dunn? Why, he's just getting started! Jimmy's a new rave, and judging from "Over the Hill," it looks permanent.

More of fascinating Tallulah Bankhead;
Victor Varconi to get better breaks.

I don't want:

Our favorite stars to look like skeletons;
Norma Shearer in her continued "indiscreet" rôles;

Fredric March without a mustache;
Clive Brook in any more pictures like "Silence";

Nancy Carroll to become a bleached blonde;

Any more gangster or murder pictures;
Warner Baxter to get any stouter;
Charles Rogers to leave the screen.

Dorothy Ruth Pomeroy,
13 Pleasant Street,
Ashland, Mass.

JIMMY BELONGS!

When James Dunn made such a spectacular hit in "Bad Girl" many were somewhat skeptical and thought that his was one of those flashy performances which never could be duplicated. His acting in "Over the Hill" proves his ability. He is superb. His performances are so unstilted, natural, and sincere. Tell me, can you remember when you have seen a scene so tender and poignant as the one when Johnny comes home after he was given up as lost, and finds that his mother has been placed in the poorhouse?

Though "Over the Hill" may be labelled by some as "old-fashioned" I sincerely think no picture in months has been so genuinely loved, not only because of Dunn and Mae Marsh but because of the story itself. Situations which brought about the heartbreak, sadness, gladness, defeat, and triumph are re-enacted every day in real life. That is realism, and not the sordid sex stories which have been hailed and advertised as such during the last year.

Ida Keach,
New Glarus, Wis.

THE TITLE QUESTION

Allow me to tell you how delighted I am to have seen one picture reproduced from

Hoots and Hoorays

a popular novel and retaining its original title: "Bad Girl." I have missed many a good picture by not having recognized the story from its changed title.

Why can't the producers keep the names the authors have given their books, and thus let us know what we are going to see? One is always anxious to see the screen version of a good novel one has read.

Margaret L. Schlotman,
318 North Main St.,
Madisonville, Ky.

FROM "DOWN UNDER"

When you of vast America look at the spot on the map that is New Zealand, you must wonder where we go when the tide comes in. It takes weeks of travel to get anywhere from here, and for many of us travel is too costly.

So I and a million others give thanks from deeply grateful hearts to the great exponents of drama, comedy and all the arts; to the directors, script girls and scene makers, whose art is no less; and to the cameramen who snare the world's beauties and trap the Interesting in their unguarded moments, that they may send to us, via the screen, those things which we should not otherwise see or hear. Without motion pictures we could never feel the thrill of a trip to the Rockies or realize that the Statue of Liberty is such an immense thing.

Mrs. R. A. Winn,
91 Cashmere Road,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

OUR BRAND—AND GOOD!

In the December issue of your magazine a young lady in San Francisco wrote that Greta Garbo is about the only perfect woman in pictures. Nay, nay, says one who has sold hundreds of tickets to the public. Newark, all of it, goes Kay Francis. There is a woman—an American one at that—who has beauty unsurpassable! One who has all the exquisite charm one could hope to possess. She seems to have been cut from a unique pattern that can never be duplicated.

Her speech is that of culture and good breeding, and along with that speech one hears a voice that is beautiful, too! Such an actress must not be compared with any of the no-longer blondes!

Betty Gilhy,
Orange Ave.,
Newark, N. J.

A NEEDLE

I hope every American boy and girl in his teens saw "Are These Our Children?" True, it was tragic, but that's what we need—a good jolt, and, if we could see ourselves more often as others see us, it might help lots. This story laid bare the real facts, without any glamor or romance, of the young lawbreaker who thinks he can get away with it. The boy got exactly what he deserved, and the sooner young manhood and young womanhood begin to realize that they just can't get away with it the more real fun they will have.

It just isn't being done, and this picture proved it clearly, even better than any parent could do. Most sweet young things didn't like it, I am sure, because it wasn't draped with the beautiful—but that's life, whether you like it or not.

Ruth Barnett,
5419 S. Robertson St.,
New Orleans, La.

ON THE OTHER HAND—

Why have recent pictures portraying our modern youth been so grossly overdone? This has been so noticeable that the average youngster cannot find anything comparable in his own life.

Pictures of this sort should teach a vital lesson—but do they? "Are These Our Children?" has just been shown in our local theatre, and it is interesting to note the discussion it has caused. All the young people agreed that it was a good picture, but extreme; and they insisted that none of their crowd lived such extraordinary lives.

"Phew! I still think I'm a good little boy," one young man remarked, and he was typical of his set. In fact, it gave them a feeling of satisfaction with themselves, so that a picture that was meant to teach a "Great Lesson" failed to do so.

D. Maple,
Box 193,
York, Neb.

(Continued on page 107)



"The Sin of Helen Hayes" is that she waited so long before joining the movies. Two pictures—and the fans are hers!

How Has The Chatterton Changed?

Continued from page 27



Louise Dresser and Mary Forbes in a scene from "Stepping Sisters," film version of last season's comedy success on Broadway. Mary Forbes, right, is Ruth Chatterton's mother-in-law, and, of course, Ralph's mama.

her mother occupied in a quiet street in the city's East Side. She sat at the head of the table, discoursing on what she believed was right, and what wrong, with the theatre.

"Absurd, adorable little creature!" I thought, dismissing her theories of stage management and writing a study of her as "Sweet and Twenty." But I was wrong. It was a mistake not to give heed to those immature ideas. For while she was still in her twenties I was to see her as producer of two plays. She translated "La Tendresse" (Tenderness) from the French and appeared in it with Mr. Miller.

The next year actresses who might have mothered her resented the youngster's suggestion: "Don't you think you should play that in a lower key?" Or "That scene, could be improved by a quicker tempo." "How dare that child dictate to us?" the elders dared each other. Late in the season the reason seeped into their consciousness. "That child" "owned the show" and was putting forth her own ideas of direction as was her indisputable right. They were sound ideas.

It was at that time that Henry Miller said to me: "I doubt if Ruth Chatterton could write a check for five thousand dollars today. She hasn't the slightest interest in money for itself. I have never known an actress who had the money sense. You know how Nazimova slaved with the little Russian company, in a Third Street hall, making her own costumes? After Margaret Anglin and I found her there and I brought her uptown to give special matinées of Ibsen plays, what do you think she did with her first week's salary, ninety dollars?"

"Bought a new dress," I offered.

"No. She spent it all for a gold cigarette case!"

"But Miss Chatterton is wise in another

respect," Mr. Miller went on. "She is investing her time, and so well that she will learn all that is to be learned about stage production and direction. She and Laura Hope Crewes are deep students of stagecraft. When their youthful beauty passes its loss will not be a tragedy to them."

Six months before her departure for Hollywood Miss Crewes told me that she gladly would play her last part on a stage. "I want to teach," she said, "and to direct." Her success in these capacities in Hollywood is known by all who know their Hollywood.

While "Ruthie," as her friends know her, was creating Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" at the Empire Theatre, that had housed Maude Adams' performances of *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister," *Maggie Shand* in "What Every Woman Knows," and *Phoebe* in "Quality Street," I accepted her invitation to "call me up any time between waits. There is a telephone in my dressing room, you know."

"So glad to hear from you. No, I am alone. I was studying my Italian lesson," came in the Chatterton voice by the dressing room telephone.

"Why Italian?" I asked.

"Because I think everyone should be able to think in three languages. I can think in English and French. It will give new shadings to my reflections if I can indulge them in Italian."

The blaze of one's name spelled in incandescence above theatres on the longest street in the world, Broadway, does not foster modesty. Yet I never knew a star, or woman in the home, more modest than Ruth Chatterton. Only once I heard her repeat words that had afforded her gratification. Permissible indeed was that indulgence, delivered with hesitant words and cheeks through which a pink tide poured: "I met Sir James Barrie in Lon-

don. When he learned that I was to introduce his "Mary Rose" to the American theatregoers he said, 'You look like the little maids I have dreamed.'"

Across the luncheon table at her home in New York leaped flashingly a dominant Chatterton trait. The tall, blonde, definite-featured woman whom Miss Chatterton addresses as "Tillie," her mother, had said: "Ruth carries her childhood admirations to a ridiculous extreme. Persons that she admired then she still sees with the same eyes. They may have frightful faults and mannerisms that make them ludicrous. But she still admires them."

"I see those faults and mannerisms," came in even, incisive tones across the glistening oak of the round table. "But I don't talk about them."

Ruth Chatterton had voiced the essence of good breeding.

Snobbery is as far from her as disloyalty. While she reigned in the unstable realm of Broadway, brilliant actresses, dowagers and débutantes of Millionaire Row on upper Fifth Avenue, might receive tickets from her for seats far back in the crowded theatre, but one steadfast-eyed, smiling, shabby woman always sat near the front row. Her address was an Old Ladies' Home. She had been a neighbor of Ruthie's in her before-success era. Always she received tickets for the smart first nights of a Miller-Chatterton play. Always she was sent for to receive a hug and pat from the star who pushed her way past circle upon circle assembled for congratulations to bearishly bestow them. At Pelham Manor lived an aged woman whom Miss Chatterton called "Aunt Lily," the title being outside the boundary of consanguinity. The greatest compliment Ruth Chatterton paid a friend was to say: "Would you like to drive out with me to Aunt Lily's for tea?" The friends who went to the simple, faded little home, receiving the hospitality of the old friend, named the little house "Ruth's fount of inspiration."

When she reached a city the first persons she telephoned were old actors or actresses she had known in stock, bidding them to a Lucullan feast.

Romance was approaching the Broadway star of ten years' shining. It came about through the apparent commonplace of a youth's being engaged for Miss Chatterton's leading man in her first musical comedy. Storms gathered above and about that offering by the Shubert brothers and their co-producer, Henry Miller. Mr. Miller, one of the undisputedly greatest stage directors, too, was one of the most irascible. He had chided players mercilessly at rehearsals and wept upon their shoulders in pleas for forgiveness when the flood tide of his wrathful impatience had passed. He told me that "he would give the world if he did not become furious with anyone who happened to differ with him."

The young woman whom he had raised to a place among the theatrical stars dared to differ with him at a point in rehearsals of "Magnolia Lady." Tired, nervous, irritated by an obstacle to his will, he turned the flood of his fury upon her. His words were whips. The Americans in the cast well knew the Miller eccentricity. Miss Chatterton herself might have overlooked it. But to her side came a pale, young man with angry eyes. He bowed.

"Permit me to escort you from the stage, Miss Chatterton," he said.

She hesitated. Looked at the wrath-distorted features of her impresario of a decade. Slowly turned, took her leading

man's arm and left the stage. Mr. Miller stamped from the stage and the theatre. He never returned.

"Poor Mr. Miller!" It was her dressing-room comment upon the incident to me. "He does not know musical comedy. He isn't well. He is very nervous."

It was characteristic of her large endowment of forgiveness. It is a signal quality of hers that she holds no grudge. Life is a fast-rushing stream. We must guide well and wisely our beats upon the stream. We cannot afford to draw up to the bank for indulgence in animosities. Time cannot wait for bickerings.

The incident that might soon have been forgotten by her generous nature was the beginning of the wooing of "Rafe."—Ralph

Forbes declared that he longed to conduct Miss Chatterton off the stage from any disturbing scene in her life.

So, the same year, they were married.

It is conceivable, in the light of her extraordinary character, that she may have said, in their brief separation, "Poor Rafe!" For the reconciliation seems to be permanent.

The chief interest of the girl star was—human beings! The gamut of her interest was wide. It reached from archbishops to gangsters, from the Marx Brothers to John Galsworthy. It still does.

I hope I have convinced you that Ruth Chatterton, the girl, was, indeed, mother of Ruth Chatterton, the woman. That the twig of tender sympathies and broad inter-

ests has become the tree of a deep-rooted kindness and world-wide range of sympathies.

An unique woman who even idolizes her mother-in-law! "Mary Forbes is so good that snakes won't bite her. She puts pans of milk in her back yard and friendly rattlesnakes slide up and breakfast with her. There never was such another woman," Ruth asserts.

By nature conciliatory, "Ruthie" Chatterton fought only for causes she deemed worthy. So, too, Ruth Chatterton.

Both have said, in my hearing, "I won't fight until my back is against the wall. Then I fight hard."

Militant only when necessary. Then mightily militant.

Blonde Wary of Love

Continued from page 58

That, really, was the reason Evalyn went to New York to begin the stage career which led to her success now in the movies. Many stories have been written about her need to train the Kansas City accent out of her voice, about her all-consuming ambition to be an actress, about dramatics occupying her thoughts since she was a tiny child.

All of that is true. But it was the broken love affair that gave her the impetus, forced her out of the rut of high school, collegiate and stock company theatricals. Granted that she had the desire to improve, she still might never have made the break from home ties if her heart had not cried out also for a change, new scenes,

new faces, that she might forget the despair in her soul.

So Evalyn went to New York, studied, and made Broadway, all in a year. She traveled on the road, played jerk-water towns and big cities. She met thousands of people, charming, cultured and interesting people, who had something worthwhile to offer her. Men found her attractive and sought her company, her friendship, her love. But Evalyn never favored one of them more than another. Her emotions were still numbed. It takes time for a wound like that to heal, and Evalyn had no desire for a new love to replace the old.

When Evalyn's stage success at last at-

tracted the attention of Hollywood, she signed willingly enough on the dotted line, and left New York for new fields to conquer. But her thrill at becoming part of the Cinema City was all wrapped up in the thought of making pictures, seeing new sights. Tales of Hollywood's handsome men, famous stars and eligible escorts left her cold. Hollywood society opened its doors to Evalyn, but she remained outside. She just wasn't interested.

A beautiful girl in the public eye can't remain long without at least one devoted boy-friend, however, and pretty soon those who watch for budding romances began to notice that Evalyn was being escorted places by an unusually handsome, tall, and dark young man, just the kind girls dream about, while a certain yellow roadster was parked pretty steadily in front of her apartment.

Evalyn's close friends—and don't think that she hasn't plenty!—discovered that he is a non-professional, with plenty of money and all of the little social graces. In short, everything a girl could want. Anyway, that's the way it looked on the surface, and people went around saying, "I'm so glad for Evalyn. She deserves a break." To make it all the more certain, a big, framed picture of the young man occupied the place of honor on her living room table, inscribed, without shame, "To Evalyn, who will make me the happiest man in the world the day that she becomes my wife."

That went on for about a year. Evalyn is constant. When she finds a boy-friend she likes, she doesn't spoil things by playing around with others. But the wedding bells didn't ring. Nobody knows just what happened. Evalyn doesn't broadcast her personal affairs. When she feels hurt or sad, she stays by herself until she gets over it, instead of crying on the shoulders of her friends. All that Hollywood knew was that the yellow roadster suddenly stopped calling, and that its owner was seen no more in the company of the blonde Miss Knapp. He, too, had failed to "measure up."

Later, when Evalyn had her tragic fall from a Hollywood mountainside, he was among the first to call on her at the hospital. She refused to see him.

"When I'm through, I'm through," she said when friends remonstrated with her. "The fact that I fell down a cliff doesn't change anything between us. He knows that I wouldn't see him if I were at home—why should I when I'm here?"

During the filming of "The Millionaire,"



Donald Cook and Evalyn Knapp first met when playing together on the stage in stock, and renewed their friendship when both came to Hollywood. Will Donald make her change her mind about falling in love?

Hollywood thought that a romance was budding between Evalyn and David Manners. Certain it is that they took a great liking to each other. They had lunch together every day. But that is as far as it went. All of Manners' invitations to affairs outside of studio hours were systematically refused.

After the friendship had cooled, it was discovered that Evalyn had lacked information about Manners' marital status—whether he was married, just separated, or legally divorced. She didn't think it polite to ask. So she turned him down.

The last picture Evalyn made before her accident was "Side Show." In it she played the romantic lead opposite a young man she had known previously in her Kansas City stock company days—Donald Cook. Everybody suddenly remembered that Evalyn had been thrilled when Warner Brothers placed him under contract, hoped that he would remember her—as though anyone could ever forget this slender Daughter of the Jinx. And sure enough, they did start going places together. But Evalyn, questioned by intimates, remained noncommittal. She just *wouldn't* get enthusiastic.

Nevertheless the friendship has flourished. It has lasted for nearly a year—a long time in Hollywood. Cook was among the most regular of Evalyn's callers



*It never rains but it showers!
Some of Jimmie Durante's
thoughtful feminine friends
gave him a shower.*

when she was ill, her most steadfast of companions when she was convalescent.

Moreover, the romance, if such it be, has everything in its favor. Cook is free. Unless appearances are deceiving, he is devoted to Evalyn. He is near her own age, with a status in the film world equal to her own. He is cultured, intelligent, college-bred like herself. Sentimentalists, watching from the sidelines, believe that they would be "the" perfect couple.

But Evalyn? She isn't saying—yet. Pinned down, she admits quite naturally, without a trace of embarrassment, that she thinks young Mr. Cook is very nice indeed, and my, isn't he good looking? Yes, of course, she does like him a lot.

Liking, however, isn't love. Has Evalyn, once more, felt the divine spark, and hidden it until the time comes to let it burst into flame? Or is she still afraid, remembering the pain of another love, hoping, fearing, and holding herself back? Or—and this may also be true—does she still feel that "Mr. Right" has not yet come along?

Well, nothing but time alone will supply the answer. The ingredients for a Big Romance are all there. The dish is mixed, and ready for the flame. If it is never to come to a boil, it will be because Evalyn herself has turned off the fire.

And all that the rest of us can do is watch, and wait.

The World's Worst Audience?

Continued from page 29

made for screen characters by student audiences. Where a question is asked that calls for an answer of "yes" or "no" the boys are usually ready with some good advice. Strange to say, they often guess correctly. If the heroine hesitates to say whether she will go with the villain the undergrads call out "yes." This, of course, is right, for anyone can tell you that if she spurned the villain too soon there wouldn't be any story. If the picture is a little too sugary, however, the actors are advised to do the wrong thing. Applause follows the death of any character who proved boring. If you happen to feel about the production the way the students do you are sure to have a good time hearing the sly innuendos every time the virtuous heroine guards her honor, or when the rather slight hero talks rough to the Beeryan villain.

Talkie horse operas, otherwise known as westerns, have opened up new material for the students. They like westerns because there is so much noble talk littered around scenes laid in "them hills." Any high-sounding speech such as "Unhand me, you cad!" results in appreciative applause, while great deeds or bad ones bring, respectively, cheers or boos.

Football stories were formerly raw meat for the collegians, since the Hollywoodian type of play that prevailed offered many a laugh to varsity and near-varsity players attending the cinema. However, since the advent of big west-coast teams and Notre Dame as backgrounds for these films they have had the respectful attention of students. There is nothing to guy in a football picture where, not the ball-carrier, but the blocker is glorified.

Talkies about college life, curiously enough, get rather decent treatment from the undergrads. Time was when such efforts resulted only in crude caricatures, thus bringing the scoffs of university men. Motion picture producers, however, finally realized that it was impossible to make a film that gave a true slice of college life and still provided enough color for box

office success. They therefore took to semi-burlesque, starting with "Sweetie," which made fun of all the hallowed college traditions. Did you ever try to make fun of anybody who had already begun to ridicule you? It's quite a job. When the other person is a bunch of machinery before and behind a silver screen you have no chance whatever. The students did the sensible thing—they enjoyed the burlesques.

Despite the feeling of theatre managers on the subject, college boys are not always in scoffing mood. They make an extremely critical audience—at least they do in such large centers as New Haven, Boston, Ithaca, or Philadelphia—but when a talkie offers something they want they generally give it rapt silence. They prefer three types of pictures—comedies of the semi-slapstick order, sophisticated comedies, and films of glamorous description featuring

some beautiful star who has caught their fancy for the time. Heavily sentimental, mother-love, and religious themes fail to win their approval. Musical comedies are liked if of the first order, but they still rebel against sudden song interpolations in otherwise straight stories.

What makes managers see red is that, where the collegians are in a minority, the larger part of the audience must suffer for their pranks. The admission money paid by the drab little lady who likes sentiment is worth just as much as that of the student who wisecracks when a "torch" film is unwound. Yet, the manager points out, the undergrad is unthinking enough to spoil the pleasure of the majority merely to satisfy his own private superiority complex.

The theatre man is in a tough spot. He can not afford to alienate the students because they are an important part of his patronage; still he has an ever-increasing difficulty in pacifying his regular customers when their complaints flow in. His ushers are trained to keep close watch on the audience to quell student remarks, but this activity, coupled with occasional flashing on of auditorium lights, has scant effect on college humor if the boys are in the mood. What can he do? The answer is "nothing."

Nevertheless, honest-to-goodness gems do drop from this spontaneous form of humor. This one happened in New Haven during a showing of Jack Gilbert's "Way for a Sailor." You remember how-er-red blooded the dialogue was? This had been going on for some time until the scene was reached where Gilbert brought Leila Hyams home after their marriage.

As they entered the room he said: "Take off your hat, dear," meanwhile playfully helping her. That done, he spoke again: "And now the coat," with the same manual aid.

Just then a voice from the audience broke in with the identical tone and inflection as Gilbert's: "And now the dress."

Boys will be boys!



*Here's the "Star Witness"—
Chic Sale to you. Watch for
him in "Old Man Minick."*

Merry Ex-Wives of Hollywood

Continued from page 25



Edward G. Robinson may be a bold, bad film gangster but he can take Marilyn Miller for a ride like this any time. Marilyn is stage-bound and Eddie is Europe-bound.

Next time I'll know better!" admits Loretta frankly. However, next time will be about ten years hence. She is only nineteen now, and it is so much fun being back in circulation. The Young household—she lives with her mother and her two actress sisters—is a particularly gay one. Loretta's thoughts have matured far beyond her age, but she still likes to run around with a jolly crowd. She makes being an Ex-Wife a positive pleasure!

Mervyn Le Roy, Warners' ace box-office director, is one of Loretta's most consistent dates. Ricardo Cortez also gave her a rush, but doesn't seem so interested at present. But it will take a very persuasive man to rush her off her feet again.

Little pint-sized Dorothy Lee is a good subject for a lot of talk. She doesn't look or act like a vamp. Just a gay little girl who bubbles along carefree and light-hearted. Yet she has played havoc with the hearts of three men and is very likely to upset a great many more. Married at seventeen to Robert Booth, a youthful stage actor, their romance ended when her success was greater than his. Fred Waring of the Pennsylvanians Orchestra put her across on Broadway and she promised to marry him. Then Jimmie Fidler, fan magazine writer, stepped in and Dorothy, to pique Fred, suddenly said "I will" to Jimmie.

As Mrs. Fidler she was very much the ultra-modern wife. Jimmie presumed that she would settle down, but Dorothy became increasingly desirous to go places. After seven months she said goodbye, getting her second divorce before her twentieth birthday. She is going with Marshall Duffield, U.S.C. football player, Joel McCrea, and many others of the younger set in

Hollywood. The most athletic girl on the screen, she craves brawny men.

When it comes to creating gossip, no two stellar Ex-Wives accomplish more than Estelle Taylor and Jean Harlow. Both of them have a flair for the sensational. Their clothes, their thoughts, their style of living. And both are terribly ambitious. When they love it is with the greatest passion. Yet they keep a weather eye out for themselves.

Estelle has had numberless admirers, though of late she has been away from town on a vaudeville tour. A brilliant mind, an obvious siren, Estelle is a woman who would have stood out in any profession. Jean Harlow, on the other hand, impresses as a more intentional vamp. She seems to strive for an effect which is innate with Estelle.

"I will not get married again while I am in pictures," La Harlow says. "I've always wanted to be an outstanding personality. That desire doesn't fit in with the proper duties of a wife. It would not be fair to a husband for me to continue acting."

Other women do not care much for Jean Harlow. Her insistence on skin-tight clothes and her extreme exotic appeal make her a potential home-wrecker in the eyes of every wife. But does Jean worry? Not much! She says that high-powered yarns about her are a great help. They build up a glamorous legend which she figures helps the box-office. Do you agree?

Ina Claire and Pola Negri have probably been hurt more by the failures which have attended their marriages than any of our other Ex-Wives.

"Now that the mess of marriage is over we can be good friends," John Gilbert told

her. He and Ina surprised the colony when they started going to parties together less than a month after their divorce. Evidently they are not seriously interested again, for John has been dating Lupe Velez and other flaming ladies. While Ina, the scintillating center of attraction wherever she goes, was on the verge of a third try with Robert Ames.

When Ames died in a New York hotel recently, a telegram was found reading, "Darling: I am necessarily delayed. Ina." She had planned to meet him and they were considering doing a play together. Ames had been married and divorced four times.

Ina Claire's personal future is uncertain, but she is always sure of professional success. When her screen days are ended she can return to the stage where she reigned supreme.

What of Pola, grand mistress of love? She has had two divorces, due to the fact that neither time did she marry a man she loved. She has had three great loves, and all of them have died tragic deaths. Only one was a world-known personality—Rudolph Valentino.

Yet Pola continues to seek romance. Since she has been back in Hollywood this time she has not found anyone she really likes, being for the time concerned with re-establishing herself as a star. With that job done, it won't be long now until we hear of a new "great passion." Though I think Pola is sincere, I also have a suspicion that she gets a kick out of her emotional ups and downs.

It is a real accomplishment for a Hollywood Ex-Wife to be popular with the other woman in pictures. There is something so exciting about a gay divorcée. But Hedda Hopper, Betty Compson, and Colleen Moore are praised to the skies by their feminine friends.

There is always a twinkle in Hedda's eyes. She lives in a tiny English cottage in Hollywood and specializes in intimate dinner parties. With her grand sense of humor she is never at a loss to meet any situation. Dressmakers who know say that she has the best taste in clothes of any of the actresses. Certainly Hedda is the most contented of all our movie divorcées. She has a seventeen-year-old son who is the apple of her eye. Men flock around her, but she apparently has no intention of abandoning her happy ex-wifedom.

You will never see Betty Compson without a man trailing somewhere near. Yet she, too, is a favorite with the women. A good scout who never lets a friend down. Beautiful in a rather artificial way, she has had many loves. For years she and James Cruze lived in a huge mansion and held open house to the picture crowd. Betty finally got fed up on parties.

One of those things which could happen only in Hollywood occurred when Cruze cast her for the lead in a production of his right after their divorce. It was named "She Got What She Wanted"! For days he presented her with elaborate bouquets. Before it was finished, however, they had a fight. They didn't speak for months. Their ex-wedding anniversary rolled around and Betty called Cruze up and invited him to dinner-for-two to celebrate the occasion!

Last year her engagement to Hugh Trevor was announced. But after several spats and reconciliations they called it quits. Now Betty spends a great deal of

her time alone in her big house on the boulevard. But is she through with love or her career? Don't be silly!

Colleen Moore has had the unique experience of being the mental hazard which broke up her ex-husband's next marriage. He couldn't get her off his mind, so his second bride left for Reno a month after their wedding. Meanwhile, Colleen, with several million dollars salted away, is stepping out as the very spirit of the Ex-Wife. She has acquired sophisticated hair-dress, a Parisian wardrobe, and a number of gentlemen attendants. Those flaming youth pictures she used to make were not taken

from life, but today Colleen is getting in her delayed good times.

The funny incidents that one sees in Hollywood are countless. Mae Clarke, for instance, got a divorce on the grounds of cruelty and then went to dinner and to the prize fights that night with her just ex-ed husband!

Miriam Hopkins is perhaps the most advanced of all our stars who have failed at marriage. She is neither married nor divorced to Austin Parker, playwright. That deserves explanation! She is married, but they are separated. They can't stand to live together and yet they don't

want to be legally freed. So they keep the colony excited by being on-again, off-again friends.

It's a problem, being a divorcée, in most places. But not in Hollywood. Here the Ex-Wife is the true belle. Mellowed, worldlywise, beautiful, she is the captain of her own soul.

And, to paraphrase Anita Loos of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" fame, the Hollywood Ex-Wives know that a ring on the third finger looks good, but when you can earn yourself diamonds and bank accounts why be annoyed with a husband?

Who Said "Tantrums?"

Continued from page 51

old Nancy? Would she recognize me, and if she did, would she acknowledge the recognition? Should I say, "How-do-you-do, Miss Carroll," when we met, or just, "Hello, Nancy"?

Had so many of those stories been true? About her high-hattedness; her outbursts of temperament; her indifference and unkindness to extras and supporting people in her casts?

I wouldn't believe it. Surely, I argued with myself, Nancy hadn't changed so radically from the sweet kid I used to know. I was soon to find out, for the call came, "On the set at nine tomorrow, made up!"

No need to tell you, I was on the set and made up, long before the gong struck nine. And a good thing it was, too, 'cause the studio had forgotten to send me a copy of the script—(Oh, yes, I even had lines to speak)—and I had to cram part of the dialogue into this excited brain before we rehearsed the first scene. And all about me, glaring lights, yelling, shouting, cameras being moved into position, carpenters hammering here and there on different sets, a million and one other details being readied for the day's work.

Suddenly, the director at my side. Was I ready? Of course I was! Much display of confidence but actually weak in the knees. "Come along, then, and we'll go through the scene." Following the director, and after playing hide-and-go-seek with numerous lamps, cameras, and other debris, found myself on the set in which I was to play. A faintly familiar voice back of me and introductions by the director.

I was facing—Nancy Carroll.

One look at her and I knew. I said, "Hello, Nancy." And with a smile that will always be one of Nancy Carroll's greatest attractions, she just put out her hand and said, "Hello, Ronnee."

For the next ten minutes we completely forgot there was such a thing as a movie production. We talked and talked.

Old friends, what were they doing, she wanted to know. Where had this one gone? What had that one done? Do you remember when? Giggles, more giggles, reminiscences. Just two girls who hadn't seen each other for a long time, meeting again and each trying to ask a hundred questions before the other answered one.

But the show must go on—and we were eventually induced to stop visiting for a while and get down to work.

What glorious, exciting days followed. Nancy, grabbing me as I rushed to a set and making me re-powder my face, which always seemed to get shiny, before I faced the cameras. Giving me pointers about lights, angles and colors which amazed me, as I did not think they were important, but found out later just how dreadfully important they really were. More scenes of my own with Nancy—and what a trial I was to her, with that shiny face of mine!



And now it's three-piece pajamas. Ruth Weston's are of black velvet cut in points, while the blouse and jacket are of two-tone figured chiffon in black and white.

But—where was the temperament? The high-hattedness, the unkindness? Goodness knows! I didn't see any of it. Laughs, jokes, good nature, serenity and peaceful discussions, were all I ever found.

Well, good things coming to their inevitable end, my glorious work was soon over, and after saying goodbye to one of the nicest crowds of people I had ever worked with, I finally left, after having wished Nancy good luck and happiness, and she in return expressing the sincere hope that we meet soon again.

Nancy changed? Nancy temperamental? Oh, how untrue all those unkind things they had attributed to her!

It seems to me that when people reach heights, others misunderstand them a great deal, not realizing that such a position demands far greater responsibilities, greater worries, than anything else. They must be so careful, these celebrities, in judging the rare gold from the great amount of dross that surrounds them in their new positions. If they seem momentarily cold and indifferent, it is only because they have had to cultivate a surface armour against the petty misunderstandings and outrageous demands on their time and persons that inevitably come to those who have risen in the world.

Of course, one is apt to change materially. Finer clothes, more luxuries, a different mode of living; but fundamentally, they are the same human beings at heart that they were originally. It only needs a little tolerance and genuine sincerity and understanding on the part of those who approach them whether in the name of friendship, business or otherwise, to bring these qualities to the surface.

No, Nancy hasn't changed. And she never will to those who really know her and love her. She's prettier than she was a few years ago, if that is possible; she's still a kid in lots of ways, as she always will be. And one thing more so many people seem to have forgotten—she's Irish, that lass, and that means fight in her country.

So try and down her, you critics; it simply can't be done!

She wants to return to the stage for a while, and here's one who's rooting for her. Come back and do a good dramatic show or two, Nancy, until that old gets-in-the-blood longing for the footlights is satisfied again, and you'll return to bigger and better pictures with an enviable reputation as a dramatic star of undisputable ability.

Read the fascinating fictionization of Constance Bennett in "Lady With a Past," in the April issue of SCREENLAND, out March 1st.

19 *Joyce Compton*20 *Jean Harlow*21 *Frances Dade*22 *Noel Francis*

Not afraid of the Birthdays Ahead

*They know the Secret of
keeping Youthful Charm...*

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them give their own peach-

bloom skins the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties!—keep their skins youthfully smooth and aglow with this fragrant white soap!

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 605 use Lux Toilet Soap!

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way. Begin today!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

26 *Laura LaPlante*27 *Barbara Bedford*28 *Lois Wilson*29 *Anita Stewart*

Are Salary Bubbles Bursting?

Continued from page 33

less than that. So neither Clark nor James is likely to feel that a 20% cut should be required of them.

Clara Bow's contract with Sam Rork is \$150,000 a picture, I understand, with a new option for each successive picture. This will probably stand "as is" under the circumstances.

George Arliss, according to report, is in the \$10,000 a week class. A 20% cut would bring poor George down to \$8000 a week. Of course it is dreadfully hard for us to be properly sympathetic regarding these figures, but the stars look as woeful about it for the most part, as though they had been cut from \$25 to \$20 a week and would now have to give up their life insurance or something! But, after all, it's comparative, isn't it?

Will Rogers is said to get \$25,000 a week while working on a picture, but nothing between times. That, too, works out at around \$150,000 a picture. As distinct from this it is highly interesting to learn that Joe E. Brown has to rub along on \$1700 a week, but he gets it all the time. Norma Shearer is said to receive \$6000 a week all the year around; with, possibly, rather less for Joan Crawford, or around \$25,000 a picture. Columbia pays Jack Holt \$40,000 for fourteen weeks' work each year, I hear. Richard Dix and Lowell Sherman are regarded as \$5500-a-weekers; and the \$5000-a-weekers reputedly include Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, Ramon Novarro, Wally Beery, Leo Carrillo, Lew Ayres, Marie Dressler. Which, you may note, seems to give Marie Dressler \$1500 a week more than Garbo, if our information is really correct!

Although all of this information is unofficial, and studios decline to confirm or deny, it has been derived from what I consider a reliable source, and much of it has appeared in the news columns in connection with court cases, divorces, etc.

Billie Dove is said to receive \$4500 a week from Caddo. Warner Baxter jumped to \$3500 a week after "In Old Arizona,"

according to report. Charlie Farrell, Janet Gaynor, Lew Cody, Buddy Rogers, Robert Montgomery, Victor McLaglen, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are amongst those whose services are said to be obtained at the rate of \$2500—although, of course, men like Lew Cody are not under contract, so must depend upon free-lance pictures. Lew is kept busy all the time, however. Lupe Velez is a free-lancer who gets around \$2000 a week and works pretty regularly. A vast majority of the featured players or those playing second leads range from \$750 to \$1000 a week.

Any good new prospect coming along now, however, are being signed up at commencing salaries of \$250 a week—but Garbo started at that, so that's no great hardship. In fact, all the newcomers to starry realms may as well get used to the idea that the days of dizzy salaries are passing. One executive, speaking unofficially, tells me that the day must not be far distant when \$1000 a week will be regarded as fancy pay. He doesn't quite agree with the fellow who declared no actor or actress anywhere was ever worth more than \$500 a week, but he foresees a drastic paring down all round.

Stars who just sign up for one picture come off pretty well, if John McCormack, famous Irish tenor, is a criterion. He received half a million for "Song O' My Heart," we're told. Dick Barthelmess prefers this system, and gets \$187,000 a picture, I hear. George Bancroft is said to get \$100,000 a picture. Walter Huston reportedly gets around \$50,000 a picture. Lupe Velez sometimes works on this plan and has received as high as \$35,000 a picture. Joan Bennett gets about \$25,000 for every picture she is in, according to my information.

Pola Negri and the studio are both very secretive about her stipend, but a little dickie bird whispered that her contract calls for three pictures rising to \$8000 a week. Little Colleen Moore used to get \$10,000 a week in the good old silent days and was worth every dime of it, yet just now there don't seem to be any offers embarrassing her with their urgency. When Estelle Taylor was shining in silents, she made between \$25,000 and \$35,000 a picture. Now, however, in spite of her fine work in "Street Scene," she goes off on vaudeville tours.

Perhaps those vast fortunes which have been piled up by stars in the past will never reach such startling totals again—Chaplin, in spite of divorce settlements running into millions, is still credited with an income of \$150,000 a year, whether he makes pictures or not. Harold Lloyd makes around a million on every picture, I understand. The Talmadges, Marion Davies, Tom Mix, the Barrymores, Corinne Griffith, Dick Barthelmess, the Gish girls—all those people who worked for themselves, as it were, managed to tuck away fortunes of \$2,000,000 and more. Estelle Taylor tucked away nearly a half a million. Noah Beery piled up handsomely against a rainy day. Mary Miles Minter was said to have saved \$750,000 out of her salary in the dear dead days beyond recall. Jack Gilbert, whatever his present status, is rated in the millionaire class. Rod La Rocque was a wise boy and "laid by" to the tune of half a million, as did his wife Vilma Banky. And Mary and Doug, Sr., have a million or two put by to assure suitable independence in their old age.

So it is not upon these that the blow

will fall. The ones who will feel it most are the free-lance players, well-known, even popular, but not protected by contracts, dependent upon recurring new jobs. This type swarms in Hollywood, competition is fierce, and those once in the \$500 a week class, the \$400, \$350, \$250 a week class are those who will be affected by the cut the most. If they escape with a 20% cut they'll be lucky.

Many an established star now, began at around \$200 a week. That sounds generous enough if one's tastes are reasonably modest. But their expenses exceed anything we outsiders know about. Agents take their cut, press agents chip in, contributions to casting directories demand their whack. A certain good standard of living must be maintained. One must own a car if only because studios are situated at such distances. There are usually relatives to be supported, old parents, young sisters and brothers. Free-lancers often have to provide their own clothes for modern rôles—only fancy costumes being furnished. I personally know one young man getting \$250 a week, when he works, who has had to spend around \$150 for clothes to enable him to accept a part. Patsy Ruth Miller's dad once told us it cost him \$20,000 to maintain Patsy in that social status which enabled her to later win important rôles.

And directly one gets into the higher money, the demands are far greater. Secretaries, maids, chauffeurs, grand houses all become necessities. Contributions to charity have to be considered on generous lines—so is it any wonder that many stars hire business agents and pay them a handsome percentage to take care of their money for them? One such agent manages the incomes of some twenty stars, pays their bills for them, okays all purchases, allows them a rigid amount of spending money, budgets for their households and all other expenses and invests only in gilt-edged securities.

And don't forget the taxes. The motion



John Halliday took a holiday from the stage a few years ago and hasn't returned to Broadway since. He's one of the screen's most popular character actors. "State's Attorney" is his next flicker.



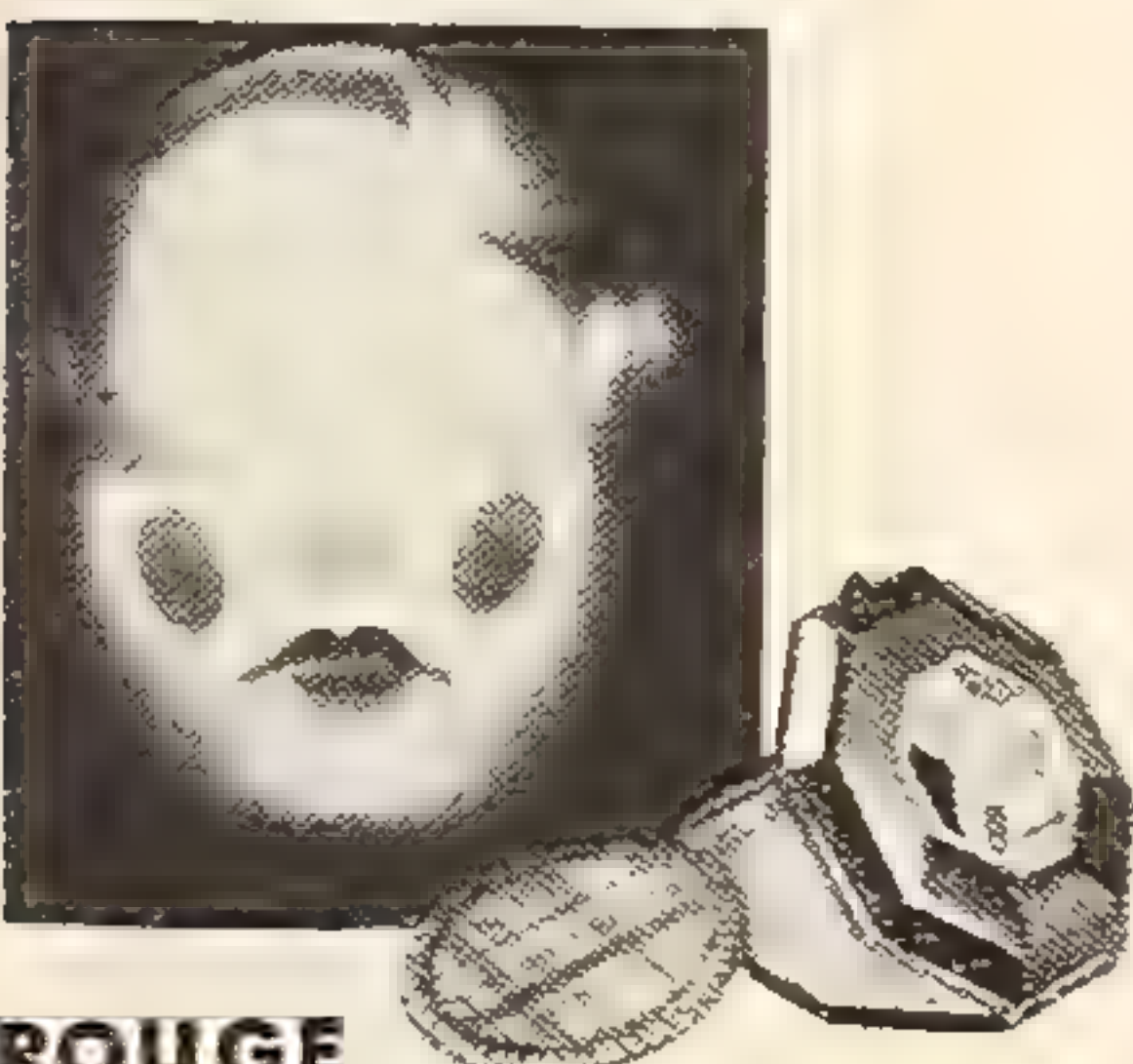
Look at Bob Gilbert's victory smile. In "Never the Twain Shall Meet" he played a small part so impressively that his fan friends requested a picture of him in SCREENLAND. Here you are!

What would it mean to you to BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT?



LIPSTICK

Apply Seventeen Lipstick to the upper lip and to the center of the under lip. With your finger, gently work in the rouge until the outline is soft and natural. You will be delighted with the soft, natural effect—possible only with youth-tone shades. Light, medium and dark... in a smart black-and-silver case.



ROUGE

Apply Seventeen rouge to skin made firm and dewy by Seventeen Creams and Freshener. Remember that youth lines are up lines—avoid color placements that emphasize downward lines of the face. Choose your shade of Seventeen Rouge from five fascinating youth-tone tints.



TWO-TONE POWDER

Here's the Two-Tone Powder that lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth! Ingredients of two weights are blended. The heavier clings closely to the skin. The lighter weight, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone! What a glorious difference—from the masking dullness of ordinary powders!

HAVE you heard the thrilling news? That Seventeen has put youth's own subtle coloring in powder, make-up? That your complexion may have the charm of seventeen tonight? Here's what you must do!

Forget previous disappointments with make-up. Forget the rouges that deceived no one. The lipsticks that made your mouth look—not soft—but hard and old. The powders that seemed to coat your skin as with a mask, clouding natural transparency, discovering tiny lines.

Forget all that. It's in the past. Your complexion's future—is Seventeen!

For Seventeen Make-up comes in Youth-Tone shades. Soft, glamorous tints that bring the fresh, natural glow of youth to your complexion. Shades carefully compounded, by wise beauty workers, to lend your skin the fugitive color tints of the seventeen-year-old complexion.

You'll want Seventeen Rouge. Seventeen Lipstick. And by all means, Seventeen Powder. For perfect results, use Seventeen Creams, to prepare your skin, and leave it smooth and dewy.

Then the make-up. And the glorious thrill—of seeing your own mirror reflect the radiance of seventeen!

Seventeen



picture industry contributes more income taxes to the government than any other single industry. Mary Pickford, for instance, is worth about \$5,000,000, but oh, those taxes!

Hard-headed agents, the successful ones, as you may imagine, are stern about extravagant purchases. No, a new car cannot be purchased this year; try a re-paint job instead. No, that pearl necklace is an

unnecessary luxury, have the old one reset. Naturally merchant's don't approve of these smart agents; it isn't good for trade when rich stars are economical. But the stars all find themselves so beset with people offering everything from gold mines to old Paisley shawls, that if someone did not look after them they would not have very many dimes left on which to support their vast number of relations—and inci-

dentally, themselves!

Relatives, we may add, swarm around successful stars. It is nothing unusual for them to be supporting three, four, six, and, in one case we know of, ten relatives! But agents now keep these relations on stern budgets and remain unmoved in the face of woeful pleas. And under their contracts with these agents, stars themselves may plead in vain.

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

SUICIDE FLEET. *RKO-Pathé.* A marine battle plus good gags by James Gleason and Robert Armstrong and romance by Ginger Rogers and Bill Boyd.

SPORTING CHANCE. *Peerless.* William Collier, Jr., and Claudia Dell struggle gamely with another version of the old race-track thriller. The horse has a different name, but that's about all.

SURRENDER. *Fox.* The war as seen from a German prison camp. Warner Baxter, Leila Hyams and an excellent supporting cast make this film worth seeing.*

THE CHEAT. *Paramount.* Tallulah Bankhead takes it on the chin again in a moth-eaten yarn. Tallulah's talent is wasted in this melodrama. Irving Pichel plays a naughty villain.*

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG. *Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.* Recommended chiefly because of Lawrence Tibbett's voice and Lupe Velez's "Rumba" dance. The story, not as hot as the stars.*

THE GUILTY GENERATION. *Columbia.* Leo Carrillo gives a good account of himself as a racketeer. Nothing new about the story. That nice Constance Cummings is the girl.*

THE STRUGGLE. *United Artists.* A depressing account of the wages of gin. Hal Skelly is featured and Zita Johann plays a long, suffering wife. Dear, dear, Mr. Griffith!*

X MARKS THE SPOT. *Universal.* A fast-moving, gripping murder mystery involving a Broadway columnist. Wallace Ford and Mary Nolan do nice work.*

Short Features:

ACROSS THE SEA. *Educational.* Another "Romantic Journey" with Claude Flemming at the helm. This time it's the Hawaiian Islands. Beautiful photography, charming scenes.

ALL-AMERICAN KICKBACK. *Educational.* Kidding the football films. Harry Gribbon plays the hero who wins the game in the last minute. Good fun.

DARN TOOTIN'. *Vitaphone.* Rudy Wiedoeft's sax tooting, Dixie Lee's torch singing, Lucille Page's astonishing acrobatic dancing and a rather novel plot.

HARE MAIL. *Universal.* Oswald's pen-and-ink adventures with a vicious villain and a beautiful blonde. Really funny.

HORACE HEIDT AND HIS CALIFORNIANS. *Vitaphone.* Good music, agreeable singing, snappy dancing and novel camera effects.

KITTY FROM KANSAS CITY. *Paramount.* Rudy Vallee sings his famous song as part of the plot in this Max Fleischer cartoon. Cleverly done.

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS. *Educational.* Tom Patricola gets himself into amusing trouble with some bad hombres. But he gets the girl.

RELATIVITY AND RELATIVES. *Vitaphone.* Dr. Rockwell shows us the funny side of relativity—and it's relatively a scream!

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS. *Columbia.* Screen stars in their less formal moments. Interesting for dyed-in-the-wool fans—as who isn't?

STUNG. *Radio.* Well-made murder trial story. Raymond Hatton is a dumb jurymen who gums things up.

THE HIGH SCHOOL HOOFER. *Vitaphone.* Hal Le Roy does some of his spectacular hoofing. The "story" isn't much—but Hal Le Roy is!

THE LAND OF ISLAM. *Ideal.* A refreshingly different travel film made by Allyn Carick, with monologue by Arthur Hale, the radio announcer. The setting is Morocco.

THE MENACE OF GUATEMALA. *Ideal.* Here's another unusual and interesting travel short. The camera takes us through a volcano region in Guatemala.

THE VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD. *Educational.* Andy Clyde acts as guest announcer and introduces such stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Buddy Rogers, Richard Arlen and Edwina Booth. You'll enjoy it.

THE WEEK-END MYSTERY. *Vitaphone.* Donald Meek does some more scientific detective work in the third of S. S. Van Dine's series.



Norma Shearer in a beaver-lined travel coat of beige wool. Her perky hat is of brown felt. (Aside to little girls—an upright feather in your hat will make you appear taller.)

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Are you flat-chested?
Do ugly, sagging lines rob you of
your greatest charm? NOW it is SO easy
to have the full, firm bust that Fashion demands.

Just Give Me 30 Days

YES, in just 30 days, you can increase the size of your breasts and mould them into that firm, shapeliness that is so smart and alluring. The application of my wonderful Miracle Cream and easy instructions will work wonders. Thousands of women everywhere praise this simple, harmless home treatment for the splendid result obtained in just a few minutes each day. Read what they say below. Then take advantage of my big special offer and see how easily you can have the charm of a full, firm, shapely bust.



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Beautiful Breasts for YOU

No matter what else you have tried, no matter how small or flabby or sagging your breasts may be, you owe it to yourself to try my wonderful method. Day by day you will see them grow in size and loveliness. And it's so easy and simple! Nothing to do but apply dainty Miracle Cream, follow the instructions, and watch the wonderful change take place.

No longer need you be self-conscious of your undeveloped, unwomanly form. No longer need you be pitied by women and ignored by men. My Miracle Cream treatment will make your life a fuller, richer one. Let me increase the beauty of your bust. Decide, *right now*, that you will not rest until you have mailed the coupon at the bottom of this page. It brings you the newer, quicker, *safer* way to make your breasts the lovely things you have always wanted them to be!

• PROOF •

"I am the mother of four children, and although pretty young my busts became flabby and started to sag. Now after completing the treatment I have once again achieved for myself that feminine loveliness which I thought was out of my life forever."

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"I feel that I must write a few lines about your Miracle Cream method. It is just what you say it is. My chest was so thin, but it surely is rounding out nicely, and my bust is coming along fine. Just tell the world if they want to know anything about your Miracle Cream method to write to me."

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FREE a Beautiful Form



This fascinating illustrated book tells how you can gain the ideal proportions of perfect womanhood. And it is yours, *free!* In it you will find the secret of feminine charm and how you can quickly and easily develop the alluring beauty of a lovely full bust. Accept my great special offer at once. Mail the coupon with only \$1.00 for your large container of Miracle Cream and Instructions and I will include my valuable FREE BOOK. Send now, before this offer is withdrawn.

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816 Broadway, New York.

Dear Nancy Lee: I enclose only \$1.00. Please send me your large container of Miracle Cream with Complete Instructions. Also your new FREE Book.

Name

Address

Town State

Medals and Birds!

Continued from page 53

A corsage of orchids for Tallulah Bankhead for being the best business woman in pictures. I suggest orchids because I don't think anything less would receive notice. And a girl who can negotiate a contract at \$5,000 a week without ever being in a "hit" picture certainly deserves something.

And another one for Norma Shearer for her pluck in staging a comeback. When Miss Shearer was beginning to slip as a silent picture star the talkies came in and she has established herself as one of the real draws of the speaking cinema.

A medal for Lew Ayres for being one of the best showmen in the business. There are mighty few older actors with Lew's sense of timing and when a scene falls flat, bet your last dollar it isn't his fault.

Maybe I'll have to take back the alcove to your hothouse, too, Connie. It's for Mary Brian for being the sweetest girl in pictures, despite her success. At that, though, I've heard tell that Mary isn't above pulling a fast one when the occasion demands.

A medal for Neil Hamilton for his unfailing good humor. He might have furnished the inspiration for that old book, "He Comes Up Smiling." I've never seen him any other way and his buoyant disposition is second only to his intelligence and versatility.

And oh, yes, Connie. You won't mind if I give the anteroom to your hothouse to Sister Joan because she looks so 100% feminine and plays such a 100% masculine game of tennis.

And, dear, I'm terribly sorry but I've simply got to give something to Helen Twelvetrees for being one of the most hospitable girls on the screen. She had me to dinner once and liked—or pretended to—my company so well she has invited me out to her home on innumerable occasions since. And such discernment can't go unrecognized.

A medal for Tom Douglas for being the most honest and outspoken person I've met in pictures, as well as one of the best read.

And a little bird—not a big one like Mary Astor got—but still a bird, for Sally Eilers because I've been introduced to her ten times and as far as she's concerned I'm still brand new.

And a couple of medals for Dick Arlen and Regis Toomey for being the most "regular" guys in pictures. The worst insult you can hand either of them is to tell him he acts like an actor.

And, Connie, I'm going to slip Beryl Mercer the bed of hollyhocks and Marie Dressler the bed of Mumm's chrysanthemums for being the best character actresses I've seen. You won't miss them, darling, because they're really quite old-fashioned and you, my pet, are simply *ne plus ultra*.

And while we're on this process of weeding out the things in the hothouse you won't need, Connie, precious, we'll award the bed of sweet Williams to Mae Clarke for having the keenest sense of humor to be found in any girl in Hollywood. Now, Connie, with *your* sense of humor, you'll simply laugh this off and not mind a bit.

Honestly, dear, this is getting past the joke stage but I really believe Lilyan Tashman should have the bed of gardenias for being eight years in pictures and sticking right near the top all that time in the same kind of parts without becoming monotonous in them.

And, oh-my-gosh, I mustn't forget these: a brace of the fattest birds in the larder for the Messrs. William Powell and William Haines for having what looks to me like the worst cases of inflated ego I've come across. If I'm wrong, don't sue me.

Connie, really, I feel simply awful about this, but something from the hothouse has to go to Joan Blondell for being the up and coming young miss of the screen in my fast failing eyes. The bed of tulips, eh?

And, say! Gentlemanly or not, a great, big, overstuffed bird for Kay Francis for going "Hollywood" quicker than any girl who's hit here in a long time. She got \$750 a week at Paramount, she's getting \$1,750 a week from Warner Brothers and her air is already so grand that when she's raised to \$7,500 a week she won't have to alter her manner a particle.

We won't give her a bird exactly because she *could* be an awfully sweet kid, but we ought to give something to Nancy Carroll to help clear up her head in hopes that she'll come to her senses and realize that even though she has had some good notices there are quite a few other good actresses in Hollywood who *could* take her place, and will—if she gets too temperamental.

I can't make up my mind about Robert Montgomery and Ruth Chatterton. Bob should have some sort of medal for his acting but his rudeness seems to me unpardonable. And Ruth deserves praise for her technical ability but her grand lady air can be very wearing.

Baby, somehow the shrinking violet isn't becoming to you so let's divide the violets between Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding,

ZaSu Pitts, Una Merkel and Barbara Stanwyck. They contrive to make themselves among the most arresting figures on the screen and to make you remember their work regardless of the merit—or lack of it—in their pictures.

Now, as far as George Arliss, Robert Armstrong, James Cagney, James Dunn and Clark Gable are concerned, I'm fresh out of medals, but wait until I get a fresh supply. All medals and no birds for these boys.

And now we'll have to award that other bed of petunias to Dorothy Jordan for playing leads ever since she's been in pictures and not getting a swelled head. She's still as unspoiled as the day she came to Hollywood—even though she's no longer unsophisticated.

Listen, Dorothy. Of course, the petunia bed is gratis and all that, but Connie and I have just had a terrible argument over it—not that she really cares what I do with the old hothouse—because she says there's nothing left for her but the asparagus fern and not much of that. Of course, I told her just to keep the house and we'd grow a new crop of posies next year but she's had a muffler put on her door bell so it doesn't ring when I call and, after all, I mean, you *were* the straw that broke the camel's back and—

Gosh, Connie, nobody's calling you a camel. I was merely speaking in metaphors, and—

If you want to call me up some evening, Dorothy, to say thanks or you're sorry you caused the trouble and everything, my number is Granite 5151 and I'm always in after dinner, if you know what I mean.



Margalo Gillmore, lovely young stage actress, makes her screen debut in "Wayward." The handsome lad with her is Richard Arlen and this is a scene from "Wayward."

The Real Mata Hari!

Continued from page 21

few nights after their first meeting. She had come to him, as he says, radiant with hope and excitement. A German couple had found her crying in a theatre because the manager thought her dancing too fantastic. She had learned dancing in a Buddhist temple in Burmah where she had been placed by her Javanese mother at the death of her Dutch father. But she could not sell her art in Paris and she had no friends to whom she could turn. Her husband, an English peer—still living a secure life in England—had cast her off because of the savage vengeance she had taken on the suspected murderer of their little son. It was supposed that the baby had been poisoned by a gardener who fancied that he had a grudge to settle with the half-Oriental wife of his employer. And she had scored it off by shooting him through the heart. After that there had been no home for her with her husband. She had brought her small daughter with her to an Amsterdam convent, only to lose her to death, a few months later.

"Neither of us realized that the career offered her in Germany would be that of international investigator," Cheiro continued his story. "But so it turned out. Officials in that country soon convinced her that her talents for dancing, her beauty, her charm, her knowledge of languages were Heaven-sent for the glory of Germany—and she had come to love Germany.

"Before coming to St. Petersburg, where she was living in an expensive hotel, under the name of the Baroness von Mingen, beloved and respected as a worker in the cause of international peace, she had gone through a systematic training in the political aims of the world's leading countries; in deciphering secret codes; in the giving and sending of Morse signals and in navy and military plans. She was extremely popular in Russia and I believe that, for the only time in her life, she was happy. Mata Hari did not need a heart to complete her happiness, you see.

"A few months before the beginning of the world war, I heard again—in London this time—the deep-toned cadences of her vibrant voice. She called me on the telephone inviting me to dinner—and with a throaty gurgle—'a study in love!'

"I wondered on my way to the hotel if passion had by any chance revived her heart, softening it in time to save her from disaster. I cannot explain to you the surprise that the evening held for me. In Paris and in St. Petersburg Mata Hari had been intoxicatingly rare and exotic. But she could change her type with the color of her hair and the expression of her face. On this night she was an angel, too fragile and lovely and spiritual for this earth. The Parisian masters of design must have been granted a vision of Paradise when they created the soft clinging thing that was her gown. And she wore it with the serene grace of a queen. She radiated sweetness, simplicity and love. But not for me! Ah, no! I was merely the foil. In her coils, basking in blissful fascination, she held one of the great statesmen of the war period. One whom I had frequently heard denouncing Germany with the rage of a roaring bull. Now all was divinity, sweetness and light. 'Didn't I think that the Baroness did a wonderful work promoting international good will among nations?' 'Didn't I think that she was largely responsible for the wonderful harmony that had come between our three countries the last few months?' In fact, 'didn't I consider the Baroness wonderful in every wonderful way that could be imagined?'

★ A smart fur and cloth costume for street, a glamorous ivory chiffon evening gown reveal the excellent taste of Marian Marsh, charming young star of Warner Bros. Pictures.



MODERN FASHIONS make no secret of the figure

EVERY style worn today needs a good figure to set it off—dashing sports togs that are so trim and youthful—clinging evening gowns and the very feminine afternoon frocks.

A good figure is possible to nearly every girl by wise exercise and diet. But we must be careful in dieting to balance the menus so as to retain beauty and not harm it.

Every reducing diet should contain a reasonable amount of "bulk" so as to promote proper elimination. Without this, beauty soon fades—eyes lose their sparkle—and the skin may become sallow and colorless.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides the needed "bulk"—and also furnishes Vitamin B to help tone the system. Its bulk is very similar to that of leafy

vegetables. In addition, it is rich in available iron, which helps build up the blood.

You will enjoy eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN either as a cereal with milk—or in many delightful cooked dishes, salads and soups. Two tablespoonfuls daily are sufficient for the average diet. It is not fattening and is prescribed by eminent dietitians.

Your grocer has Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

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"I'm going, anyway!"



"My headache? It's gone!"



"Mysterious recovery? Not at all."



"I took some Bayer Aspirin."



HER mother used to suffer in silence. Declining invitations because she was "indisposed." But the modern Miss knows an antidote for those inconvenient pains. She just takes some aspirin and goes right on—in comfort. If it's genuine Bayer Aspirin, it can't possibly do any harm.

Have you always Bayer Aspirin in the house? And do you always remember to take it? Two tablets, and the headache that threatened to keep you home is *gone!* Or that sudden cold that might have spoiled the party.

Has your throat ever been so sore you could hardly swallow? A gargle made from Bayer Aspirin tablets crushed in a little water will bring you complete ease in five minutes!

Even neuralgia and neuritis have lost their terror for those who have learned to rely on Bayer Aspirin. And those little nagging aches and pains that bring "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night, are forgotten half an hour after taking these remarkable tablets!

Keep this antidote for pain handy, and keep your engagements. There is not the slightest harm in its free use. Just be sure you get the genuine tablets bearing the Bayer cross:



"What an actress was lost in that woman!"

"We sat on the balcony after dinner while she spoke in gentle exaltation of the beauty of life, the comfort of prayer and the goodness of good, even unto the third and fourth generation. She confided trustingly of the joy she felt in witnessing the kaiser replace his famous battleship pictures with mottoes on peace; spoke approvingly of the army having allowed its supplies to run low; rejoiced that dangerous gases had been abandoned as impractical. And the love-intoxicated statesman agreed that it was all just too marvelous, and in all likelihood returned to upbraid his countrymen on any unworthy policies of preparedness they might be regarding as timely and wise!"

"Of course, in the war which followed, Mata Hari was revealed as one of Germany's most skillful workers in the field of espionage. And many were the high officials who found themselves possessed of broken hearts and humbled pride.

* * * *

"Once more I met Mata Hari and was privileged to play, for the last time, the appreciative audience to her dramatic skill. I was paying my bill in a Dublin restaurant when a little old Irish peasant woman asked me for the time. On learning that it was seven-thirty she abandoned herself to wailing lamentations.

"Seventy-three, is it sir? How, thin, can I get my train leaving Kingsbridge at eight o'clock?"

"Touched by her simple distress I took her in my car and raced to the station, depositing her and her bundle in a third class compartment, just as the train prepared to depart.

"Thank you, Cheiro," she called softly from the moving window. "Sure, and may the Lord bless you!"

"And the unmistakable laughter of Mata Hari left me dumbfounded on the station platform!"

"The next morning, as far as can be ascertained, she was picked up by a German submarine, waiting for her off Kinsdale. Later, she braved a return trip to France but her valor was of a stronger caliber than her judgment and she was eventually detected.

"So in the end it was as I had foretold! Death! In the bleak dawn of a wintry morn! Unromantically backgrounded by walls that rose to blend coldly into the gray mists of the coming day. Faced by the hard, unsympathetic eyes of betrayed soldiers. But she died gallantly. Dramatic as ever! She did not, as has been reported, wear to her execution an ermine coat, nor did she throw it back at the last moment to dazzle the eyes of the soldiers with her naked body. I have been told by one who witnessed the scene that she watched the whole proceeding with fascinated interest. Her nerves calm! Her poise perfect!

"You see, she knew! Had known, from the beginning, how it would all end. She died bravely and coldly, just as she had lived. In fact, she was what your American advertisements call nonchalant. With her last breath she puffed a cigarette."

* * * *

"But tell me, Cheiro," I said. "The famous beauties of other days seem so sort of oddish to us now. Would she have clicked, do you think, as a screen actress today?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered. "Remember that she had the ability to adapt herself to any rôle. However, I believe that the picture-loving public will be just as happy

in seeing her personality interpreted by the great Garbo."

"You regard Garbo as temperamentally suited?" I asked.

"I would not venture my judgment, as it is susceptible to human prejudices. But I will translate for you the truth as pointed out by the stars.

"Mata Hari was born in the zodiacal sign of Aries—Garbo in Virgo. But Mars was in so similar a position for both that Garbo should be able to vibrate perfectly to the happier nature of Mata Hari. Strong will and tempestuous temperament mark each, while both are mental in type, mysterious of nature. Each was attracted to a foreign land to fulfill her destiny. Happiness or contentment is equally impossible for either. Their powers of concentration are tremendous, but given, in both cases, exclusively to their careers. Garbo should be great in the rôle. Prophesying has been my life, so I venture nothing in assuring you that the rôle of Mata Hari will mark the height of Garbo's career!"



Glitter is important in formal fashions. Juliette Compton wears a gorgeous costume of white chiffon massed with crystals. Note the corsage effect—the pom-pom is made of white chiffon, too.

Who Wants To Stay at Home?

Continued from page 81



Extra! Extra! Here's Hollywood's most beautiful extra. She's Helen Spence and you'll see her in "Manhattan Parade."

restless roving across the seven seas.

The adventures and hazards that go into the making of these exotic travel reels can be only guessed at by the comfortable spectator in his theatre chair. Consider, for example, Flemming's expedition to Marrakech, North Africa, and points inward, for the shooting of his Moroccan film. Although elaborately chaperoned by the resident French authorities, it was made clear to Flemming and his authorities when they penetrated into native territory that the sooner they had done with their business and pulled out the healthier it would be for all concerned.

This expedition first took the party into the interior of the Sultan's Palace and Garden at Marrakech, where they were treated to a performance by the dancing

girls of the Sultan's Harem, as well as various gyrations by a bevy of acrobats, jugglers, magicians and snake charmers. Then across the Atlas Mountains to the farthest outpost of the Foreign Legion at Cuazazat—(incidentally a virgin field for the motion picture camera), in which dangerous region only thirty-six hours were allowed the foreign interlopers for their stay.

It was little enough time in which to experience the antique charm and loveliness of this age-old village perched on a high cliff at the edge of the desert. For the entertainment of the party the chieftain, or Caïd, ordered a native dance to be performed by 150 women in their colorful costumes in the village square. Later they were received as guests in the Caïd's palace, and served with a real Arabian meal which included several different fowl courses, half a goat cooked "on the hoof," mint tea, and the native "cous-cous" or balls of cooked rice. Knives, forks and plates were strictly taboo. After this feast the entire party, consisting of four men and two women, were graciously invited to pass the night on the floor of a single community bedroom!

Proceeding thence to Rabat, the present seat of the Government of Morocco, they were treated to an exhibition of fancy riding by two hundred horsemen of the Sultan's colorful bodyguard, as well as to views of the surrounding old gateways and mosques, and the ancient walls and cliffs on which the city is built. Moulay Idriss, the Holy City of Morocco, was the next stopping-place; whence they arrived at Fez, undoubtedly the most picturesque of all Moroccan towns, with its ornate old archways, narrow, crooked streets, lattice-covered souks and abundant mosques. And finally, after stopping at Algiers, the retinue passed through Biskra, famed as the site of the beautiful Garden of Allah, and concluded its journey by taking scenes of the camel corps of the Foreign Legion in the Sahara Desert. All of which is just a sample page out of the life of Claude Flemming.

Leslie Howard

Continued from page 23

"Why not live there and work happily for five years?" I asked.

"That was impossible under the terms of the contract that was offered me," he replied. "It was a very generous contract, I might say. But it allowed no say in the choice of parts. And I couldn't see myself doing anything and everything for five years. That length of time devoted to dull rôles would be out of the question.

"I understand perfectly what the producers out there are up against. They have a vast, standing overhead, a tremendous capital investment, and everything must be arranged to dovetail into their scheme of things.

"Mr. Thalberg is aiming at a large and elastic stock company that is necessarily subject to call for any part in any picture. I cannot and could not work under those conditions."

During his visit at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Howard played in a shredded wheat

epic called "Never the Twain Shall Meet," as well as supporting Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul" and Marion Davies in "Five and Ten." Then there was "Devotion" with Ann Harding, for which he was loaned to Pathé, at his own request.

"I liked that one best. It was a nice thing. And I did a little comedy in Paramount's London studio that I rather think will turn out. It's from 'Service for Ladies'—that picture Menjou played in, you know. Benita Hume is in it. The technical end is fine. I have hopes for it."

He was enthusiastic over "Animal Kingdom," the Philip Barry comedy that he is doing for Gilbert Miller. "I read it in California, and thought it one of Barry's best plays even then."

Howard was not particularly insistent upon being permitted to sandwich in legitimate plays with his picture work. New York has no magic hold on him. But he was adamant in the matter of choosing his

THE VERY MOMENT
THAT HE MET HER

He Fell for Her Eyes!

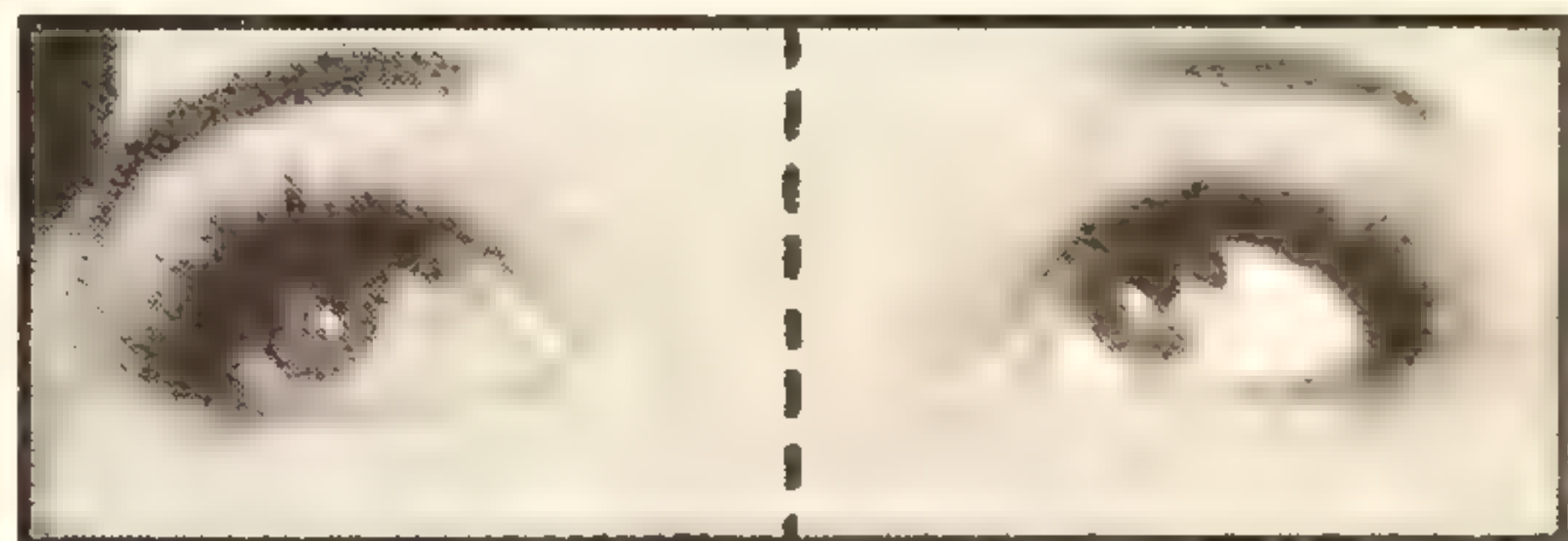


*Your eyes, too, may capture
love at first sight if kept
clear and sparkling this way*

First impressions are so important that no woman can afford to neglect the one thing strangers invariably notice first . . . her eyes! Always, before your eyes meet others intimately, make sure they possess the clearness and brilliance nature intended them to have.

To make yourself bright-eyed when going to a party, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that causes eyes to look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. You can use *Murine* freely as it contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

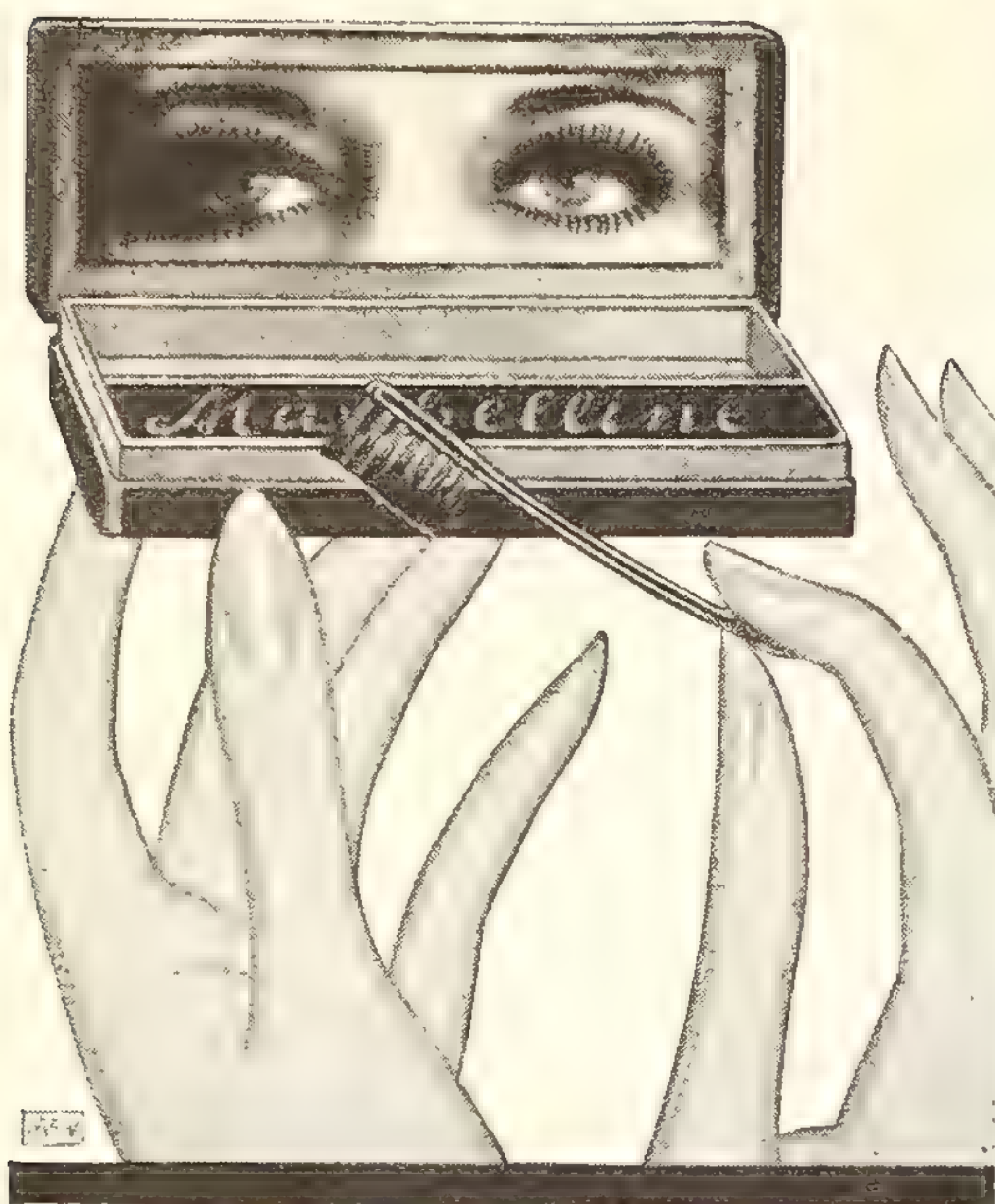
No eye cup, which may transmit infection, is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle *today!* For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine Co.*, Dept. B, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



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A delightful experience awaits you. The *new* Maybelline is so easy to apply—it goes on so evenly—it adds so much beauty, brilliance and expression to the eyes. *Instantly*, it will make your lashes appear *naturally* dark, long and luxuriant. Non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof.

●Also—the *new* Maybelline contains beneficial oils that keep the lashes soft and that tend to stimulate their growth and luxuriance. Enthusiastically approved by millions. Try it. Entirely harmless. Black or Brown, 75c at all Toilet Goods Counters.

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own rôles for any and all pictures. "Doing silly things isn't worth while," he said. "Money is beside the point. After all, one gets paid well for doing good things, too."

He was probably thinking of "Berkeley Square," that exquisite, spiritual fantasy which he presented in New York not many years ago to artistic acclaim as well as liberal financial rewards. I asked if he thought it would make a good picture.

"Extraordinary, I think. But it would have to be done on a different scale than a program picture. It couldn't be a run of the mill affair. That is what terrifies me about Hollywood, the factory scheme of things. Please understand that I sympathize with the problem they face of pleasing many masters—the bankers, the stockholders, the public, the critics—I sympathize with them, but I refuse to be a burnt offering."

He said that he would like to see a small group attempt to make highly specialized pictures for a limited outlet. Just

as a fine play may appeal only to Chicago, New York and Boston, without venturing on the road, so would these pictures be designed for the sophisticated audiences of half a dozen cities.

"Overhead could be kept down. There would be no gigantic spectacles, no fires, floods or battles. You know that was a phase of picture-making that is now happily past—the idea of trying to spend more on a film than anyone else had ever spent."

Regarding his future in pictures, Mr. Howard was evasive. He is a tactful soul, expert in saying the correct thing at all times. And certainly he is sincere in his obeisance to art.

There will be an occasional picture, when the part meets with his approval, and there will be an occasional play, when he comes upon an "Animal Kingdom." But this much is quite certain: there will be no artistic compromise. Leslie Howard will not lend his considerable talents to picture or play unless he sees some genuine merit in the enterprise.

The Outline of Jean Harlow

Continued from page 55

languid, far-off look steals over her face. She rises and stretches, the very picture of artistic temperament.

"Ay tank you go now," she says abruptly.

Ever one to catch the subtlest hint, I take my leave, assisted by a rearguard

action on the part of the butler who by now has recovered from his wounds. Being above all a good reporter, I arrive at the street with my ear to the ground; my feet, as it happens, are high in the air.

And that, sweet fanlets, is how I learned about the REAL Jean Harlow.



Ruth Hall is playing cameraman and director, and also telling herself to look at the birdie—in other words, she's taking a picture of Miss Ruth Hall. Maybe there's no film in the camera, Ruth!



Grace Moore visited the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio and introduced her new husband, Valentine Perrara, to the grandest of all troupers—Marie Dressler. Marie is dressed for her rôle in "Emma."

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 83

No. 2 — — (the dashes indicate a lapse of time during which I put the nice, rich cream on my own face as the first step in the treatment!) I smoothed it under my eyes where my skin needs it so badly and almost instantly I could feel its softening effect. My, it feels good! Across my forehead and down on my throat—don't let the skin on your throat get dry and crepey—and patted well into my cheeks. After a little while I'm going to wipe it off with a piece of cotton saturated with the Facial Lotion No. 2, which is the other part of the treatment. The Lotion is formulated to act with the cream so always use them together. Lenthéric makes a cream and lotion for oily skins and that is Treatment No. 1. But I have a dry skin and the No. 2 treatment for it, is a boon from heaven.

The jar and bottle of Lenthéric's treatment are so handsome that you will want them to decorate the top of your dressing table. The jar is black with a triangle of silver on the lid, a modernistic touch. The bottle furnishes the angles of the geometrical style that goes so well with black and silver. An artistic combination, effective inside and outside. \$3 for the cream and lotion together, and they may be purchased separately for \$1.50 each.

When everyone is wondering what color rouge really is most becoming and natural looking, a simple solution to the problem is furnished by Tangee lipstick and rouge. If you have never tried Tangee you don't know how much fun it is to apply this rouge to your lips and cheeks and watch it change color right before your eyes to the shade that belongs to your own coloring. You see, it is the contact with your skin that causes the change in color. So the color is really your own.

In a season when "natural" effects are smartest, everyone is trying desperately to get away from artificial effects and that's where Tangee comes in. What a pal! Think of all that co-operation for \$1! The

cream rouge in a cute little pot is also \$1 and so is the powder.

Tangee powder must be chosen the color you want, for it doesn't change. But to make your decision easier Tangee has put a little cellophane window in their powder boxes so you can see the exact shade of the contents. Wasn't that thoughtful of them? Names of colors are so uncertain after all. Haven't you asked for a *rachel*, bought it, and after you got it home discovered that it wasn't at all like the *rachel* of some other powder with which you are familiar? So it is just grand to see it before you buy it.

Having enjoyed these products I called up the Tangee people to see what was new and they simply sat on me in the politest but firmest way! "New?" they said, with a couple of lifted eye-brows in the voice. "Why should we make something new when Tangee products have gained the confidence of a large public? We are more interested in serving the real needs of women than in searching for novelties. Besides, how could you improve upon Tangee rouge?"

So, thoroughly contrite, I began thinking of other old friends, and Ybry bobbed up in my sentimental mood. And I went to my dressing-table to get my bottle of their exotic perfume, *Amour Sauvage*—"Wild Love"—so I could tell you about it in case you don't know. Its most dramatic name would seem to limit its use to "heavy" dates and hopeful hours, but as Shakespeare says, "What's in a name?" for it is a most attractive perfume to use on any evening. Perfumes are powerful influences, and while *Amour Sauvage* is stirring, it is enticingly sweet.

Next month I'm going to tell you about the Perfumes Astrologique made for folks who want to harmonize with their planetary influences. No end of fun even if you don't believe in it, and if you do—well, here's your chance!



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

**"WHITENED my
muddy skin
when ALL
OTHERS
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Also removed my fine lines while bleaching and overcame my oily skin. KREMOLA Bleach Cream banishes facial blemishes such as pimples, blackheads, eczema and acne and makes it easy for a woman to have a YOUTHFUL complexion.

The regular size, \$1.25, lasts three or four months. At your druggist or write the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. S. 3, 2975 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., to send your KREMOLA parcel post C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed when used faithfully 60 days. Sales representative wanted.

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Depicting the captivating charm and physical attractiveness which chic slenderness brings.

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Mrs. C. La Follette of Shepardsville, Ky. writes: "I take Kruschen and find it fine. Reduced 24 lbs. in 31 days. Ate all I wanted, 3 meals a day. Feel like a new person."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and leading drugstores the world over heartily recommend this pleasant, effective treatment. Many folks hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Remember Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a marvelous blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—then just watch excess fat gradually disappear!

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Dolores Del Rio has a beautiful olive complexion and she keeps that lovely figure by "exercising." You'll see Dolores in "Girl of the Rio," which is the new name for "The Dove," with Leo Carrillo. And her following picture will be "Bird of Paradise."

The Body Beautiful

Continued from page 67

woman who take short cuts to everything. (Let me suggest that you put some cream on your face to be taking effect while you exercise and while you bathe. And don't forget your elbows!)

In these winter months, the body needs sun and air quite as much as at any other time. It is splendid to do your exercises in the light of a sun-lamp in a room where the air is fresh and pure. The lamps that really are sun lamps and not just catch-penny imitations are wonderfully beneficial. They will raise your resistance to colds, and help to tone your muscles. Haven't you noticed in the spring how white and flaccid your body is after a winter of little exercise and practically no air reaching your body? Our bodies are really so grateful for every little advantage we give them. Nature is so very co-operative. She does her rebuilding and revivifying so eagerly as soon as we give her the slightest stimulation. And what is more satisfying than to feel the surge and beat of health in a fine body? Why, after a good round of exercise and bath you feel so good that you simply must sing or whistle. The problems of the day look like ant-hills instead of mountains. For you feel that the strong life forces of the universe are flowing through you like a singing stream and you develop a confidence that gives you the charm of poise.

Do your exercises eagerly; romp through them; dance through them—any-

thing but dutifully counting and puffing. Turn on your radio and get some music into your body. Well-being and joy are inseparable twins.

In one expensive health salon here in New York, they teach tap-dancing in a gay little room that is so colorful and cute that you laugh when you see it. Happiness is beauty, they say. Well, they certainly turn out beaming faces and graceful bodies!

No one is interested in your solemn conclusions. No one is interested in your sedate dignity. No one is interested in your personal sadness. It is quite possible to have a fine character without wearing it on your sleeve. The world wants beauty and joy from you. These you must generate within yourself and let them bubble out.

Don't let the years and too much seriousness sag your body and your mind. Exercise to lift the years and dump them out. Exercise regularly. Exercise joyfully. Stand before your mirror, put your tongue in your cheek and wink at yourself, then go stand on your head. Take the perfect exercise and help yourself to a perfect body. Exercise points the way to health, beauty, magnetic physical presence, poise and the charm that follow in their wake. If I could only say one word of beauty advice to the world I would shout "Exercise!"

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 89

FLASHES

Some of these wise critics and so-called censors of recent films ought to be chloroformed for classifying such fine pictures as "The Beloved Bachelor" and "Over the Hill" as "sentimental trash." What a relief to have a little real life, pathos and humor depicted, instead of these everlasting gangsters, bootleggers and baby vamps strutting around!

Ruth O. Rutherford,
9438 216th St.,
Queens Village, N. Y.

Whether she goes back or advances a few generations in her rôles, Ruth Chatterton will always captivate the movie fans.

Eleanor Bernard,
1407 Hillsboro St.,
Raleigh, N. C.

When I saw the Four Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business" I was sitting next to a little boy about eight years old. I offered him some candy, and his reply was, "Sorry, lady, but I'm too interested in the picture."

Gladys Adam,
13906 Cort Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Why doesn't Irving Pichel get better breaks?

Harry Yellen,
P. O. Box 445,
Kilgore, Tex.

Here's a cheer and a good wish for bigger, better and more college stories.

Bess Sadler,
101 N. Denver,
Kansas City, Mo.

The movies—Heaven bless them!—we couldn't carry on without them!

Mrs. E. C. Limbocker,
5419 Mercedes St.,
Dallas, Tex.

TSK! TSK!

I notice that a great deal of enthusiasm is being shown because of the overwhelming success of certain "sweet, simple plays." I'm mighty glad to see them, too, but I'm thankful that the portrayers of "bad ladies" like Chatterton and Shearer are holding their own. None of us is perfect or like the Laura Jean Libby heroines, and when I see the flaw-speckled heroine getting her share of happiness, it makes me want to cheer!

Francys Kay,
6220 37th Ave., N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

SALUTING A GREAT PERFORMANCE

Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" brings something to the screen that makes one want to cheer, as at a brave deed.

It isn't her newness. Many from the

stage have been disappointing. It is her refreshing "differentness," which is yet deeper than that. Her acting meets the real test—not once does she seem to be acting, in all the wide and trying range of impersonation in which she succeeds so completely.

Her girlishness is sweet and natural, yet never approaches the trite, the typical. She remains individual and interesting. Her scenes as a young mother are properly gay, defiant, dignified, or sad, without strain or sentimentalism. As a dissipated, aging woman, she is pathetic, but still a real character. And throughout, her voice is fascinating in its utter lack of affectedness.

She will surely be a favorite on the screen as on the stage.

Vivian Rhodes,
1324 Romany Road,
Charlotte, N. C.

100%, AND EVERYTHING!

If I were a producer, I would send a few of these foreign actresses, who aren't interested enough in our country to become citizens of it, back where they came from, and give some of those "most beautiful women in the world" that all countries are raving about America's having, a chance to show what they can do when co-starred with our handsome heroes.

It looks as though our producers are going abroad to find something of which they have better examples right around

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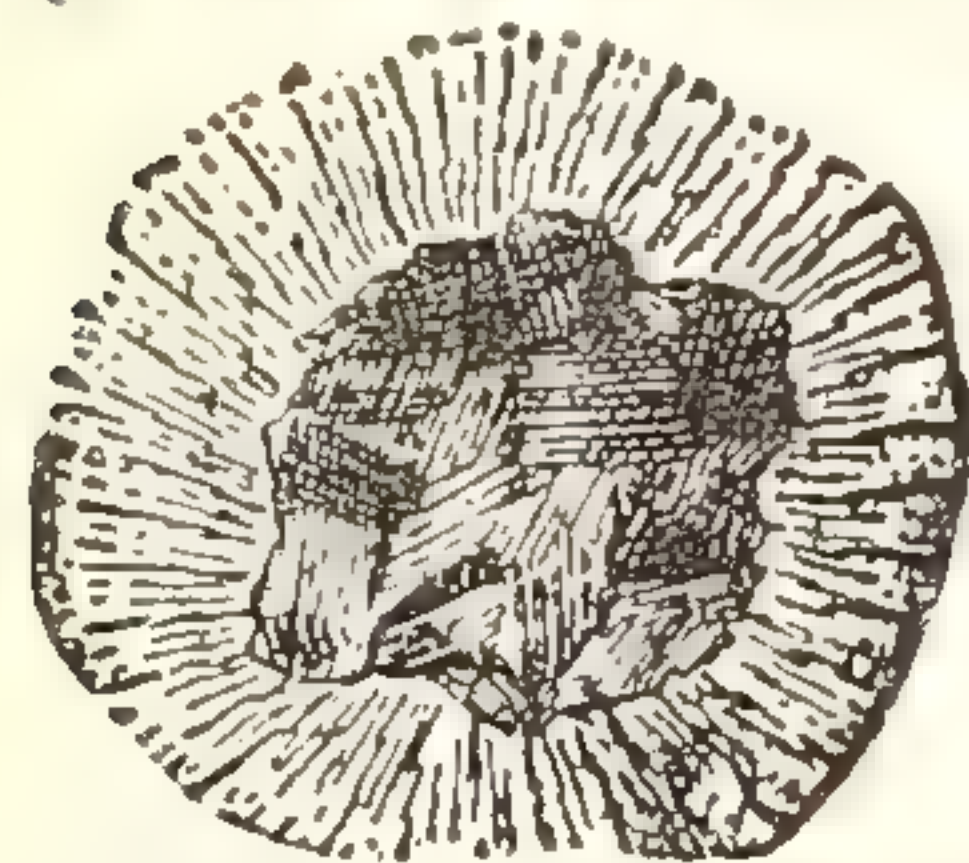
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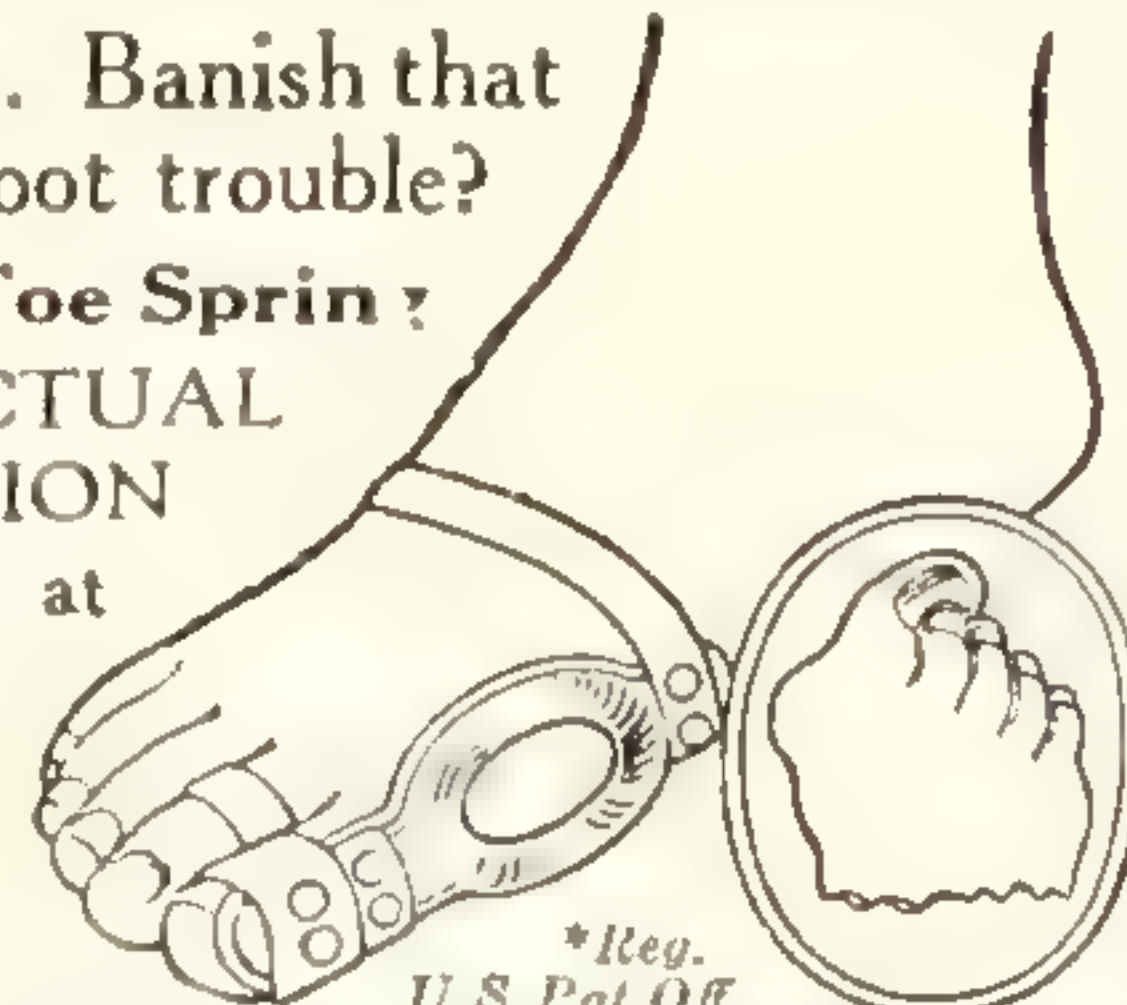
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He knows his stuff! Robert Montgomery had to apply a little jiu-jutsu in the famous struggle scene with Norma Shearer in "Private Lives"—so what more natural than to seek instruction from Douglas Fairbanks, who's an expert at it?

them. Later they'll come back and discover the beauty and talent that the fans knew was in the background all the time, waiting for a chance to show itself.

In the meantime we'll have to look at big mouths and sneaking, slanting eyes and take up foreign languages so we can understand what they are talking about.

Mildred Shannon,
3730 Piqua Ave.,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

FOR M. MOUSE, ESQ.

I go to the movies for only one reason, to see one star—an actor who has got under my skin and haunts me day and night. Upon my bureau, in a little green frame, is a sketch of him. I don't care for Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford leaves me cold. Yet I am drawn into the theatres by some irresistible power, and I endure Garbos, Crawfords, Shearers and Bankheads in the hope that afterwards my favorite will appear before me on the screen.

He isn't good looking, and has no figure to speak of, and yet if I had fifty million dollars and a lot of pull, not even then would—nay, *could*—that dear one speak to me.

Because, you see—it's Mickey Mouse!
Gilberta Sturdy,
4555 Sherbrooke St.,
Westmount, Quebec.

GABLE GABBLE

I believe that the public will agree that Clark Gable, through the sheer dominant

force of his personality, is the leading artist on the screen today.

An ideal, through that strange, magnetic, indefinable something that has brought him to the front on the screen—for brutes, a brute; for women, a man and a lover.

But it is silly to say that he is like Valentino. There was only one Valentino as there is only one Gable.

Let's hope we'll see him in more parts similar to the one in "Possessed."

Jack C. Page,
620 Oregon Street,
Lafayette, Ind.

FOR A FINE ACTOR

There is much ado in these parts over the work of Leslie Howard, who, we think, marks a new era in filmdom.

Many have expressed themselves here as never having seen so fine a thing either on the stage or in films as "Devotion," in which Mr. Howard played with Ann Harding.

I. Jones,
936 W. 8th St.,
Anderson, Ind.

WEE, WEE MARIE

After hearing about the presentation to Marie Dressler of the award for the best performance of the year I couldn't keep from writing this letter, and also a fan letter to Miss Dressler.

The performance for which the award was given was, of course, in "Min and Bill."—It may seem impossible for anyone to sit through six performances of a pic-

ture, but being the daughter of an exhibitor I often see the same picture that many times, and Marie Dressler is one I never get tired of seeing.

You may enjoy seeing a Joan Crawford or a Norma Shearer picture once, but there is only one Marie Dressler, and you can always take the family to see her pictures. If I had my way about it she would get the award every year!

Marion Mortimer,
701 Westbourne Drive,
Hollywood, Calif.

CARRYING CULTURE ABROAD

Here in Central America there are practically no amusements for children. No playgrounds, no swimming pools, no gymnasiums, in short, no organized amusement of any sort for the little ones. From the bottom of my heart I am thankful for the motion pictures. And not only have they affected the lives of the children. There has entered into the life of the Latin a new ideal, both as home-maker and as member of society. Manners and dress have radically improved; homes are now tastefully, even beautifully, arranged.

Where girls used to look on every male acquaintance as a prospective husband, there now pervades a spirit of frank camaraderie. Where boys used to lounge, bored, on street corners, there now pervades a spirit of eagerness and interest in

the various sports and games that have sprung up.

I have lived here long enough to know that most of this is due to the motion pictures and the extensive influence they have cast over the people of the Latin Americas.

N. Fernández,
P. O. Box 1427,
San Jose, Costa Rica.

A TIBBETT LOVE SONG

Welcome to the perfect actor of the screen—Lawrence Tibbett! What ease, what grace, what charm, what a man! And how he can sing! When he sings "The Cuban Love Song" in the movie of the same title, it becomes a classic. And when he sings the sailor's song in the same picture one feels as if one were really on the heaving sea. No matter how difficult a song, Tibbett sings it apparently as easily as he draws his breath.

And he acts with the same ease. One has the impression when watching him that he has a great ocean of reserve power yet untouched. There is not a hint of self-consciousness, effort, or posing in his acting. One forgets that he is acting, so perfectly does he carry his rôles. Let's have Lawrence Tibbett often. He brings a fresh, new life into the movies.

Gertrude G. Seaford,
2433 Irving St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

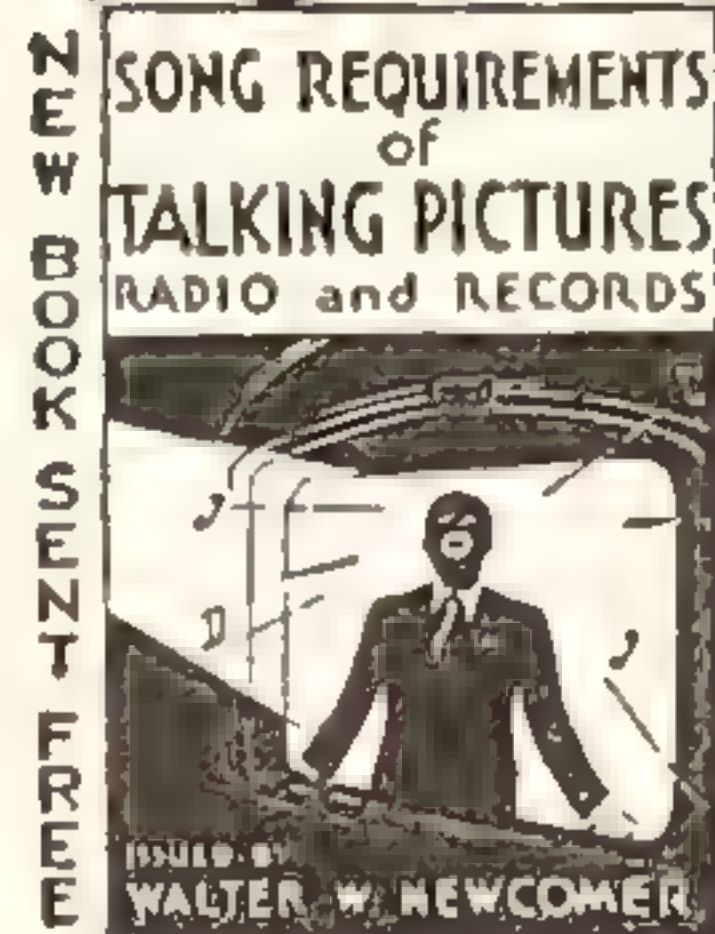


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Madge Evans and her "Pal." When Madge has an afternoon of freedom from studio work she and Pal go out for a canter. "The Greeks Had a Word For Them"—that's her next picture.

The Stage In Review

Continued from page 65

the head of the Public, and when he takes it on the chin he bobs up again, like Eddie Robinson and Jim Cagney: no matter how many times they are slain utterly, they reappear in their old jobs. So I tilt my lid to Maurice Schwartz, unconquerable idealist.

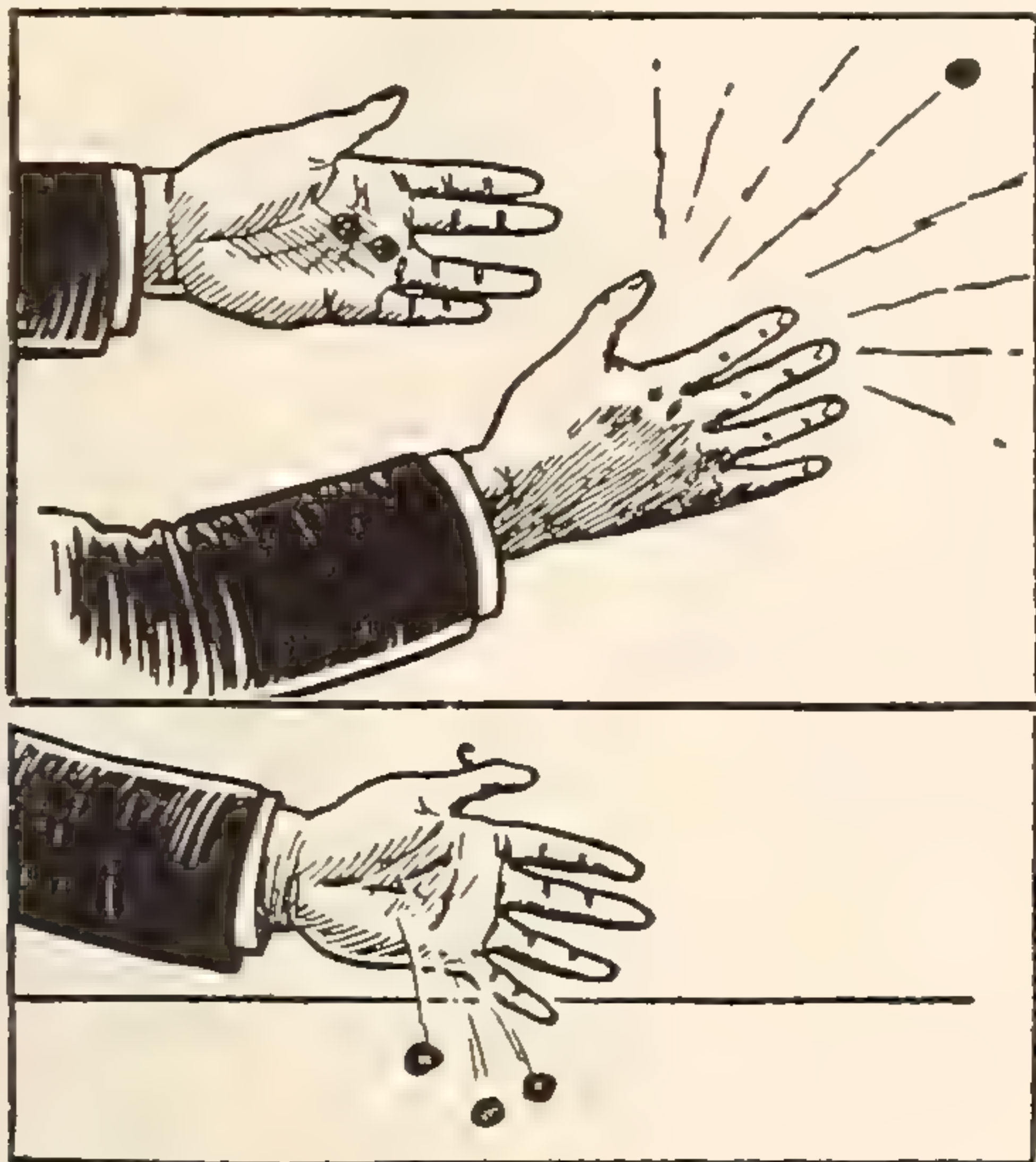
"Bloody Laughter," by Ernest Toller, Mr. Schwartz's latest product, is a powerful satire on war, humanity, the rich and the poor. Toller gives the whole of God's creation the works. You may choke on this bitter stuff, but you'll never forget it once you've seen it.

It's about a married soldier who lost his vitality in the war, the infidelity of his wife, who loves him nevertheless, and how this man became "the strong man" in a circus to earn a living. It winds up with a double suicide. The dialogue gashes everything. But go to see it when you are in a serious mood. It is a chunk out of that well-known farce called Life.

Maurice Schwartz and Helen MacKellar were both effective, and the scenes of Robert Van Rosen were bizarre. There's some laughter in it, too—the scene between a bricklayer and a stonemason at a bar.

Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner

Continued from page 13



This is an astral trick which Neil Hamilton will explain in the next issue of SCREENLAND.

—and the other one I throw under the table. But now notice—its astral form has returned, and you see”—opening hand and pouring the pellets onto the table—“we have all three joined together again.”

The magician can repeat the trick three or four times quickly. Pick up the pellets, and count as the first and second go into the hand and the third is dropped under the table—one—two—three, then open hand and drop them all out again—one, two, three!

The little trick is practically undetectable, and requires only the simplest sleight-of-hand move. As is the case with most tricks, it all depends on how you do it. Can you think of the explanation? Next issue will make it clear; in the meantime borrow a pack of cigarette papers and get ready for it!

Cast of Current Films

Continued from page 85



Guthrie McClintic, well-known director of Broadway plays, recently turned his attention to the screen.

“THE CHEAT.” Paramount. Written by Hector Turnbull. Adapted by Harry Hervey. Directed by George Abbott. The cast: Elsa Carlyle, Tallulah Bankhead; Jeffrey Carlyle, Harvey Stephens; Hardy Livingston, Irving Pichel; Terrell, Jay Fassett; Mrs. Albright, Ann Andrews; Croupier, William Ingersoll; Japanese Servant, Hanaki Yoshiwara; Butler, Henry Warwick; Judge, Willard Dashiell; Defense Attorney, Arthur Hohl; District Attorney, Robert Strange.*

“THE CUBAN LOVE SONG.” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From a story by Gardiner Sullivan and Bess Meredith. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Terry, Lawrence Tibbett; Nenita, Lupe Velez; Romance, Ernest Torrence; O. O. Jones, Jimmy Durante; Crystal, Karen Morley; Elvira, Louise Fazenda; John, Hale Hamilton; Aunt Rosa, Mathilda Comont; Terry, Jr., Philip Cooper.*

“THE GUILTY GENERATION.” Columbia. Based on play by Jo Milward and J. Kerby Hawkes. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: Mike Palmero, Leo Carrillo; Maria Palmero, Constance Cummings; Marco, Robert Young; Tony Ricca, Boris Karloff; Nina, Emma Dunn; Nellie, Ruth Warren; Jerry, Murray Kinnell; Benedicto, Elliott Rothe.*

“THE STRUGGLE.” United Artists. From a story by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: Jimmie Wilson, Hal Skelly; Florrie, Zita Johann; Nina, Charlotte Winters; Nan Wilson, Evelyn Baldwin; Johnnie Marshall, Jackson Halliday; Mary, Edna Hagan; Sam, Claude Cooper; Cohen, Arthur Lipson; A Catty Girl, Helen Mack; Mr. Craig, Charles Richman; Al, Scott Moore; Tony, Dave Manley.*

“TONIGHT OR NEVER.” United Artists. From the play by Lili Hatvany, adapted by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Written for the screen by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: The Prima Donna, Nella Vago; Gloria Swanson; Rudig, Ferdinand Gottschalk; The Butler, Robert Grieg; The Maid, Greta Mayer; His Excellency, Count von Gronac, Warburton Gamble; The Unknown Gentleman, Melvyn Douglas; The Marchesa, Alison Skipworth; The Waiter, Boris Karloff.*

“X MARKS THE SPOT.” Tiffany. From a story by Warren Duff and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: George Howe, Lew Cody; Sue, Sally Blane; Riggs, Fred Kohler; Ted Lloyd, Wallace Ford; Vivyan Parker, Mary Nolan; Hortense, Virginia Lee Corbin; Gloria, as child, Helen Parrish; Gloria, seven years later, Joyce Coad.*



Doesn't Janet Gaynor look cute? Her destination is Europe. Enjoy yourself, Janet.

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Continued from page 59

de la Falaise de la Coudraye, appeared the name of Henri, with the sign that means marquis, and denoting that his estate, La Barre, is situated at St. Florest, des Nesumy, Vendee district. It also shows him to be a member of numerous clubs.

"And this club and this one," explains the marquis, "are very exclusive. My brother, the Count, you will see in this next line. He belongs to the Jockey Club, and only the aristocracy can belong to that."

But that wasn't all. Hank obligingly brought out some sacred old yellow parchment documents, in French. These set forth that as long ago as 1270 A.D. an ancestor had held honorable position as feudal bailiff. Another showed that in 1650 A.D. a de la Falaise had served at the court of King Louis. A third appertained to the bestowal of the marquisate upon this honorable family.

"I still feel rather foolish trotting out all this stuff," he smiled, "but perhaps it is just as well to have it straight."

"Tell us about your professional career," I suggested.

"My first connection with pictures was in Paris," said the Marquis, "when I was European representative for Pathé. That is when I met my first wife, during the making of 'Madame Sans Gene'."

It sounded a little odd to hear Gloria so casually referred to as "my first wife"!

"Then when I came to Hollywood, I was associate producer for French versions of American pictures, which I also directed. These included 'The Queen's Husband,' 'Transgression,' and 'A Woman Between.' Then I took another trip to Europe and it was understood that I should direct English versions when I returned. In the

meantime, another shake-up at RKO-Pathé. So I have not worked for a month or two. But I have not been idle. I am writing scenarios. One is from a story of my own which appeared in *Liberty* last year. As Constance has two pictures to finish under her contract, we shall not leave for Europe until February. After that trip I expect to return to directing."

What is the special charm of this man, who certainly is not wealthy, that he can ensnare our picture charmers in this conspicuous manner? He is of medium height, dark of hair, blue of eyes, wears a tiny moustache above a mobile mouth, dresses perfectly—but dozens of men in Hollywood can equal any of those characteristics. His voice would never do over the microphone, I'm afraid—rather like Jack Gilbert's used to be before it was taken in hand.

But he has charming manners, an easy, pleasant *savoir faire* that is most engaging. He is far more simple and natural in manner than most famous male movie stars ever achieve. And he's essentially likable. If this is the impression he creates to the rest of us, perchance he is even more subtly impressive in private. He is perhaps 33—and we all know that in heaven all men are always thirty. He has kept his figure in good trim, somewhat the effect of a lazy athlete.

And perhaps he is masterful. At all events, some friends who came over from Europe on the same boat with Connie and the Marquis, just prior to their marriage, told how when celebrities were being introduced at a benefit concert one night, Hank put out a hand and kept Connie firmly in her seat. There are times, however, when Connie has pretty much her own way.

Irish!

Continued from page 84

ing else. All who know her agree that she is one of the hardest working of actresses, putting in an enormous amount of work on a part before portraying it to the public.

"This 'sophisticated' exterior which the world pins on me is not really myself. I like simple things. I love my work. I like people. Try and tell that to the world! They simply won't believe it. That's why I never hesitate to say I'm Irish. There's always some good in those people." The blue eyes twinkled, and the flexible voice laughed. Undoubtedly Ina would succeed at any work, born under any circumstances.

Although Nancy Carroll was born in New York City, the blood of old Erin flows in her veins, for her father, Thomas LaHiff, hails from County Clare, while Anne, her mother, first saw light in County Roscommon.

Nancy started her career as a dancer with her sister in New York. The Carroll Sisters, as their act in the "Passing Show" of 1923 was called, was responsible for Nancy's obtaining the leading feminine rôle after the first three weeks. Other shows followed before she got her real chance as a dramatic actress in "Chicago," when this play was produced in Los Angeles.

It was at this time Paramount was in search of a girl to play *Rosemary* in the film version of "Abie's Irish Rose." Nancy secured the part after an amusing display of temper at the studio gates, so typically Gaelic was it. Other rôles followed in

quick succession, each bringing greater success and additional opportunities for this young Irish girl to display her talents. Most certainly Nancy's Irish heritage is responsible for much of the charm, beauty and talent which have combined to win her success on both stage and screen.

Sally O'Neil! There's an Irish name for you, although the latter part was chosen for professional purposes. But that fact doesn't alter the truth of her Irish parentage. Sally was born in Bayonne, N. J., where her father was Judge Noonan of the Supreme Court. Hannah Kelley, the grand opera singer, was her mother. Fame has also come to other members of Sally's family, Molly O'Day being remembered as one of the most promising young stars of the silent screen. One of her six brothers, Jerry, is a former All-American of the Notre Dame team and another, George, was hockey champion of U. S. in 1920.

Sally was "discovered" by Marshall Neilan in San Francisco, and he starred her right away in his production, "Mike." She was subsequently in many other films, but like so many stars of the silent screen, had not been heard from in talkies, until her recent come-back as the star of "The Brat." Typically Irish in appearance and temperament, she has dark blue eyes and black hair and is a vivacious and interesting conversationalist.

The only girl of note in Hollywood who actually hails from the land of the shamrock is Maureen O'Sullivan. The blue-eyed dark-haired Maureen arrived from the

'Ould Country' only two years ago, where she was living with her mother and father, the latter a retired major of the famous Connaught Rangers, at their home at Saintsbury, Killiney. She at first surprised Hollywood when they heard her beautiful soft voice with barely a trace of the traditional Irish brogue. But then Maureen had received her schooling in London and Paris as well as at a Dublin convent, and had acquired the cultured accents of the cosmopolite.

Miss O'Sullivan's sole experience in acting was a school version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," before Frank Borzage came across her one night in a Dublin café while seeking a true colleen type for John McCormack's picture, "Song o' my Heart." Like most all the Irish, she is superstitious and loves horses. Sweet and winsome, she is the picture of perfect health.

A new blue-eyed, Irish and red-headed girl on her way to fame is Peggy Shannon. Bad luck dogged her in her attempts for success on the New York stage. Then a chance came to try her luck in films, and what an opportunity it was! She arrived in Hollywood the same week-end that poor Clara Bow was prostrated with a nervous breakdown, and her picture, "The Secret Call," scheduled to start on the Monday. A release date had to be met, so Peggy was called in to play the lead in Clara's place. Costumes had to be fitted, screen tests made, lines to be learned, all overnight. It was enough to scare anyone into failure, but instead Peggy was launched into immediate stardom by her superb handling of the work. Peggy appeals for the same reason that Irish girls as a whole are appealing, because she sees the world cleanly through her blue Irish eyes.

Another clever newcomer to the screen who also has a claim to Irish antecedents is the fascinating Irene Purcell from the New York stage, where she played with such great personalities as George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and under the direction of the late David Belasco.

Irene's first two films were with William Haines in "Just a Gigolo" and Robert Montgomery in "The Man in Possession." M-G-M officials thought so well of her performances that they immediately renewed her contract. Like so many of these girls of Irish temperament, Irene was at first scared upon arrival in Hollywood. She says, "When I arrived here I was afraid to call the studio and tell them I was in town. I was sure I'd never be able to make good. At ten o'clock the next morning the studio called and told me they were sending a car for me and that I was to start work that morning. Well, I packed and unpacked all my clothes three times while waiting for the car—not that the car was slow in arriving, but I was so undecided about what I should do. At length I made up my mind I was going to stick and do my best to make good!"

The stunning Lola Lane changed her name for the second time recently when she became Mrs. Lew Ayres. Lola's name was originally Dorothy Mulligan. Is that Irish? And another lovely actress, who in her childhood romped under the name of Virginia Sweeney, is known to us all as Virginia Valli. Marion Davies was born Marion Douras—Irish and proud of it!

Of course, the greatest star of all the Irish girls was Colleen Moore. Colleen had ups and downs in the film firmament for a period of over six or seven years, and for a time was one of the highest paid stars in Hollywood.

There is very little doubt that the liking for these blue-eyed Irish girls is no mere vogue in eye-coloring. These little ladies announce a new era in films.

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Screen News

Continued from page 79

Clark Gable has a close rival in Fredric March as the matinée idol of the maidens. At a recent sorority convention at which Dorothy Jordan was guest of honor there were more votes for Fredric, and his fan mail shows it's a close race. How must it feel to be the wife of one of these adored ones?

Mrs. Gable, by the way, loves to go to restaurants and hotels and watch the stars like any tourist. Florence Eldredge March, on the other hand, although doing a stage version of "Private Lives" with Eddie Horton, says she yearns for private domesticity.

Marguerite Churchill finally decided to shake the dust of Hollywood from her pretty feet, and return to her highbrow stage plays, in which she originally made her name. It was undignified to hang around any longer and try to feel hopeful.

One never knows how these rumors start, but there actually was talk to the effect that Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., were considering a separation. However, they returned from their New York holiday the same fond pair as ever, declaring they had had a marvelous vacation.

Norma Shearer will be as different as can be in "Smilin' Through," the ultra-sweet picture, which made Norma Talmadge famous. None of your sophisticated stuff there, no healing broken hearts by carrying on with other gentlemen—but abiding single love unto eternity, etc.!

Same old story. Directly Clara Bow was slated to begin work, they decided it wasn't such a hot story after all. So she and Sam Rork are reading stories and plays for dear life.

Remember "So Big" with sweet Colleen Moore, in which she started very young and ended as an old woman? Well, since Helen Hayes' success in this type of rôle in "The Sin



Music certainly hath charms for Maurice Chevalier! Sidney Fox is up on the piano, Joan Marsh is on the floor, and the other cuties are Barbara Weeks, Marian Marsh, Marion Shilling, and Anita Louise.



Helen Mack, red-haired "débutante star," makes her official début in "While Paris Sleeps."

of Madelon Claudet," Barbara Stanwyck is slated for "So Big," with Junior Durkin to help the situation. Barbara will have to go some to excel Colleen's portrayal. That picture was always considered Colleen's *chef d'œuvre* from a dramatic standpoint in silents, although it didn't make as much money as her rollicking comedies.

Linda Watkins and Erwin Gelsey appear to be very much interested in each other, dancing a great deal together. Linda, as you know, was proclaimed a "débutante star" when the Wampas failed to nominate her a Baby Star. Then she showed 'em in "Sob Sister."

At this writing there is a chance that the new Mrs. Neil Miller may be free-lancing when this appears in print. Dorothy Mackaill and Warner Bros. don't seem in a mood for renewing contracts on terms to suit them both.

Dolores Del Rio will play in "Bird of Paradise," and it is to be filmed in Honolulu, so they say.

There were twenty-seven weddings in filmland last year, and sixteen divorces. That's a wicked percentage!

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